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THE "DARKEST ENGLAND" SOCIAL SCHEME.

THE

"DARKEST ENGLAND"

SOCIAL SCHEME.

A BRIEF REVIEW

OF THE

FIRST YEAR'S WORK.

98489

Shall the prey be taken from the mighty,
Or the lawful captive delivered?
But thus saith the Lord,
Even the captives of the mighty *shall* be taken away,
And the prey of the terrible *shall* be delivered.

Isaiah xliv., 24, 25.

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PREFACE.

In common with the writer, and probably with every reader of this book, I deeply regret the absence from England of General Booth at a time when it has become necessary to prepare and issue some account of progress in the experiment described on the pages of "In Darkest England and the Way Out," and which was undertaken at the beginning of the year now drawing to a close. On a subject so intimately connected with the General's own name, all would have been glad to have had his own estimate of the work already accomplished and of the prospects of that which still remains to be undertaken. In his absence, however, the following pages will not, I venture to think, be without interest.

Perhaps this is not quite the right place, and yet I feel that on the very opening page of this, the first Official Account of what has been done in connection with the "Darkest England Scheme," there ought to be a very big "Thank You" to everyone who bore any share in the generous response which last winter met the General's appeal. In his name, therefore, and in the name of the suffering ones whose cause he has espoused, and indeed in the name of all who care anything about the poor, I do thank every one for every penny, and for every prayer, and for every courageous word in furtherance of his Scheme.

I commend what follows to the sympathetic attention of all who feel any interest in, or responsibility for, the unhappy section of our population which has "gone under" in the struggle for existence. No matter whether they approve or disfavour the methods here described, I think they will find ground for hope that this great effort, now just emerging from the immature stage, is already justifying its claim to general sympathy and giving promise of abundant success when once it is brought complete and entire in all its parts into fully developed operation.

Our friends should, in reading what is here written, bear in mind that this first year has been largely occupied in "building" the machinery of the Scheme. The wise outlay of so large a capital sum as that entrusted to the General has

necessitated enormous labour as well as large deliberation and caution, even at the expense of seeming loss of time. Further, it should be remembered always that nearly the whole of the Fund has been expended in providing the organism by which the work in hand is to be accomplished.

As to the future, very much will depend upon the readers of this little volume. Should they, as I expect, find here evidence of the successful working out of sound principles and proofs of the operation of the true spirit of both human and Divine love, I do not doubt that the money immediately required for the ensuing year's work, and the additional £10,000 to which we are pledged over and above the actual sum received, will speedily be contributed. After all, the £30,000 per annum estimated by the General to be the cost of effectually maintaining the Scheme in operation is a small sum, compared with the gigantic nature of the problem, the large numbers of sufferers to be dealt with, the vast scale on which the work must be and, indeed, is being carried on, and the infinite value to the whole nation of its successful accomplishment.

I have, in anticipation of the reader's wish, expressed my acknowledgments to the able author, already well known to many of them as Editor of "All the World," to whose pen we are indebted for the following pages.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH,
International Headquarters of the Salvation Army,
101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Christmas, 1891.

INSTITUTIONS IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

In connection with the "Darkest England" Social Scheme.

Headquarters and Offices: 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

Shelters.—Men.

LONDON.

LIMEHOUSE—21, West India Dock, E.
WHITECHAPEL—272, Whitechapel Road, E.
WESTMINSTER—83, Horseferry Road, S.W.
BETHNAL GREEN—Green Street.
RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY—Royal Mint Street.
CLERKENWELL - 61a, St. John's Square.
LISSON GROVE—53, Lisson Street, W.
BLACKFRIARS - Blackfriars Road.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL - Castle Street.
LEEDS—36, Lisbon Street, Wellington Road.
BRADFORD—Peel Street, Leeds Road.

Food Depots.

LONDON.

CENTRAL FOOD STORE—Fieldgate Street, E.
POPLAR—21, West India Dock Road, E.
WHITECHAPEL—272, Whitechapel Road, E.
DRURY LANE—Stanhope St., Clare Market.
BETHNAL GREEN—Green Street.
EDGWARE ROAD - 2, Burne Street, W.
SOUTHWARK - The Ark, 96, Southwark St.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL—Castle Street.
LEEDS—36, Lisbon Street.
BRADFORD—Peel Street, Leeds Road.

Poor Man's Metropoles.

LONDON.

THE ARK—96, Southwark Street, S.E.
THE HARBOUR—Stanhope St., Clare Market, Drury Lane.
THE LIGHTHOUSE—Quaker Street, Commercial Street.

PROVINCIAL.

BRADFORD - Peel Street, Leeds Road.
BRISTOL - Castle Street.

Labour Bureaux.

LONDON - 36, Upper Thames Street.
LEEDS - 36, Lisbon Street.
BRADFORD - Peel Street, Leeds Road.

Workshops and Labour Factories.

LONDON.

ELEVATOR—159, Hanbury St., Whitechapel, E.
ELEVATOR—88, Old Street, St. Luke's, E.C.
MATCH FACTORY—Lamprell Street, Old Ford.
BAKERY—Hawthorne Street, Balls Pond Rd.
SALVAGE WHARF—Wellington Road, Battersea.
PRISON GATE HOME—30, Argyle Square, King's Cross.

PROVINCIAL.

ELEVATOR—LEEDS: 36, Lisbon Street.
ELEVATOR—BRADFORD: Peel St., Leeds Rd.

Rescue Homes.

LONDON.

The Receiving Houses.

29, Devonshire Road, Hackney.
2, Hardens Lane, Woolwich.

The Homes.

LONDON—Grove House, Stamford Hill, N.
,, 28, Clapton Square, Clapton, N.E.
,, 183, Amhurst Road, Hackney, N.E.
,, Ivy House, Mare St., Hackney, N.E.
LONDON—90, Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill, W.
,, Albert House, Cintra Park, Upper Norwood.

PROVINCIAL HOMES.

GLASGOW—125, Hill Street, Garnett Hill.
PLYMOUTH—2, The Octagon.
CARDIFF—9, Moira Terrace, Splotlands.
CARDIFF—Receiving House: 11, Moira Terrace, Splotlands.
BELFAST—90, Donegal Pass.
MIDDLESBROUGH—Blue Hall, Linthorpe.

Farm Colony.

PARK FARM—Hadleigh-on-Thames, Essex.
CASTLE FARM—Hadleigh-on-Thames.
SAYER'S FARM—Hadleigh-on-Thames.

The Women's Social Work.

CENTRAL OFFICES, HELP AND INQUIRY DEPARTMENT, SERVANTS' REGISTRY — 259, Mare Street, Hackney, E.
SHELTER, FOOD DEPOT — 194, Hanbury Street, Whitechapel.
WOMEN'S METROPOLE—Splotlands, Cardiff.
LONDON LODGING HOUSE—Grove House, Stamford Hill.
BOOKBINDING FACTORY—Rawston Street, Goswell Road.
KNITTING FACTORY—Clapton High Road.
THE LAUNDRY—14, Maury Road, Stoke Newington.

Slum Officers' Posts.

BERMONDSEY—Rotherhithe, S.E.
BETHNAL GREEN—Parliament Street.
BLACKFRIARS—Martin Street, S.E.
CANNING TOWN—Fulton Street, E.
SEVEN DIALS—Drury Lane, W.C.
HACKNEY WICK—Daintry Street, N.E.
MARYLEBONE—Lisson Street, W.
MILLWALL.
RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.
ST. GEORGE'S—Cable Street, E.
SOMERS TOWN—Euston Road, N.
SOUTHWARK—Blackfriars, S.E.
SPITALFIELDS—Whitechapel, E.
TIDAL BASIN—Canning Town, E.
WALWORTH—East Street, S.E.
WHITECHAPEL I.—Wentworth Street, E.
WYBERT STREET—Euston Road, N.W.
ST. LUKE'S, WESTMINSTER, SHOREDITCH, and KENSINGTON, with eighteen in Provincial Towns.

Visitors are welcomed at any of these Institutions, but application to pay visits should in all cases be made to Commissioner Cadman, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. (This does NOT apply to Slum Officers' Posts.)

A FEW FIGURES

FROM THE

"DARKEST ENGLAND" SCHEME.

Number of meals supplied by Cheap Food Depots :—	
Free (Special Fund)	25,000
@ One Farthing (mainly to children)	96,555
@ One Halfpenny	1,097,866
@ 1d. 2d., 3d, and 4d.	1,161,727
Total number of meals of cooked food	2,606,548
Total number of Cheap Lodgings for the Homeless at 4d. and 2d. per night... ...	307,000
Total amount of Cash received from the people for Food and Lodging	£26,570
Total number of men received into FACTORIES	2,080
Total amount realised by the Sale of Goods manufactured in the LABOUR FACTORIES and by various other industries in connection with the "Darkest England" Fund—exclusive of the Match Factory	£15,191
Total number of unemployed, registered at LABOUR BUREAU	15,697
Number of men for whom employment (temporary or permanent) has been obtained	4,863
Number of Ex-Criminals received into first PRISON HOME	200
Number of applications for lost persons	2,354
Number of lost persons (chiefly women) found...	605
Number of Women and Girls received into RESCUE HOMES during the year ...	1,484
Number of visits to families in the SLUMS	445,170
Number of sick persons cared for by Slum Officers	10,904
Total present accommodation for the destitute (exclusive of Farm Colony)	4,000

Cheques and Postal Orders in aid of the "Darkest England" Social Scheme will be gratefully acknowledged. They should be sent to The Secretary, 101, Queen Victoria Street, made payable to WILLIAM BOOTH, and crossed "City Bank —Social Account."

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"DARKEST ENGLAND" SOCIAL SCHEME.

CHAPTER I.

A BOOK OF BEGINNINGS.

DUNGARA, the Indian god of things-as-they-are, has but one eye Dungara's votaries are like unto himself. He has many in England.

These are they who look on unmoved at sleep-stupefied wretches, drooping over the cold iron seats along the river-edge of the Embankment, or pacing to and fro, trying to fight the bitter cold, with hunger-weakened limbs, and who decline to see well-clad, decently demeanoured Salvationist men and women pass along the other side to and from their daily work for such! When, last year, all England roused at once over the book which has probably brought help, and heart and hope to more hopeless creatures than did ever any other volume, Dungara's people wrote to the papers and said that what had been would be: that if General Booth's scheme had been practicable, it would probably have been launched at the beginning of the world; certainly, in the dawn of civilisation; most assuredly when the present beneficent Poor Laws were formulated, for these embraced all things necessary for the continued existence of a certain class of human beings. Happiness, holiness, not being included in things-as-they-are, came outside the range of vision of these Dungara folk.

But we of the Salvation Army serve the Christ of things-as-they-ought-to-be, and His people see always two sides of a matter—the wrong that is and the right that shall be, or else the right that is and the wrong that may be, unless they watch and fight. His old men among us dream dreams, and His young men see visions, and for hard toil and patient effort the dreams take form and substance on earth, and shape out the things-that-ought-to-be and build His Kingdom.

A year ago, the General opened up to the world the plan that some people said was a beautiful dream. But the best known and most successful philanthropists and humanitarians of the age said that it contained the grand element of success in that very complexity which

shallower thinkers fancied to be unwieldiness. Complexity does not necessarily mean complication. A recent writer on the industrial condition of the poor says of the "Darkest England" Scheme :—

"It has two special claims on the consideration of social reformers. The first is its clear recognition that the disease is at root an economic one, requiring an economic remedy. The second is the perception that the close and intricate relations existing between the various material and moral forms of social disease require a multiform remedy applied simultaneously at the different points, and with the character adapted to the special need of the disease."

Or, in simpler language, the experience already gained in his tentative work in Shelters, Food Depôts, and Rescue Homes had shown the General that these were comparatively useless, unless supplemented by permanent industrial agencies. The conditions of domestic service largely supplied this need so far as the occupants of the Rescue Homes went. To the surprise of our earliest Shelter workers, they found that existing institutions and charities, even when these were willing to co-operate with the Salvation Army, barely enabled them to touch the fringe of the crowd which passed through their hands.

Bread and cocoa and bunk were all very well. But what about next morning? How to put the man who fell on the Shelter floor, exhausted from nights of tramping about the streets for warmth, and days of walking them for work, into the way of earning at least fourpence for the next night and a bun for his dinner? So the Factories and Labour Bureau grew.

Not because "Darkest England" was written. On the contrary, it cannot be too often or too strongly affirmed that the General wrote of what he already knew something about, and that his scheme grew out of practical experiment. The first Poor Man's Métropole had to be planned because it had already prospered and made men prosperous. The doors of the Prison Gate Home were not opened till after parents and friends were writing from all directions asking us to have a care of sons and brothers and neighbours, and to do for them systematically what had been done for chance ex-convicts in the Shelters. The Army Match Factory was forced into being through knowledge of existent unrighteous conditions of labour, borne in on us by our officers' almost fruitless toil to obviate their results; while as to the Farm it needed no Henry George to show that when our operations reached a certain magnitude, we must of necessity fall back upon Mother Earth for supplies of work which should give food, and stores of food, whose price should be honest, healthful labour.

The social work has been what somebody has said religion must be—

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

"a growing thing." Now, a thing that grows, like a plant or kitten, is harder to dissect than a thing that is formed, like a crystal, layer on layer, so it is a little difficult, in this first Annual Report of our operations to map out the work done by different departments into chapter and paragraph which shall fit with an analysis of "In Darkest England," or exactly follow the plan of its marvellous chart.

For instance, here is a case of a destitute family, visited first by Slum Sisters, reported by a Board School Inspector to Colonel Barker, investigated by his Criminal Investigation man, temporarily aided from the Samaritan Fund, and merging finally into the work of the Match Factory, which took in a daughter and gave the mother work at double the price she had been paid. Much of our most successful work with discharged

prisoners has been done with men who came straight to Shelter or Labour Bureau for decent lodging and honest work, and were passed on to our workshops without the *viâ media* of the "Bridge," our Prison Gate Home. And everywhere, and in all departments, thank God, one finds men saved and blessed and spiritually made over, in all sorts of corners and at all sorts of odd times outside of meeting places and meeting hours! But if this tendency of departments to over-lap does make a mere chronicle difficult, it is just the difficulty one must meet in writing contemporary *history*, for history is a warm, vital, progressive setting forth of the doings of live people.

All we can hope to do is to make a "Book of Beginnings," and show from what has been done in this first twelve months since the social scheme was fairly launched, what manifestly may be done. Our own estimate of the number of practically homeless people nightly needing such aid as we offer in London alone is between 8,000 and 10,000. At a hundred centres, as is shown in our preliminary pages, help of some sort is offered such. Men and women have been placed by us in situations where, if they will, they may permanently prosper; and if they fail to do so through weakness of will or strength of temptation, or that general inefficiency which seems the outcome of generations which have lacked food — physical and spiritual—why! our millers are all the time gaining experience in their art, and we shall put the poor stuff through the social mill as many times as seems necessary. True, all this *is* an expensive process. But the Forth Bridge, whose sole purpose was to afford a little more rapid transit to railway passengers, cost two-and-a-half million of pounds, or twenty-four times as much as has the building of this social bridge, which we may reckon now fully erected.

"HOMELESS."

CHAPTER II.

HOMELESS AND STARVING.

LITTLE red and green and blue and yellow banners were dancing all down Queen Victoria Street. A fine mist was making limp Castle Cardboard, whose ramparts were to frown their share in the municipal greeting, look limper still. Some of the people who were expected to smile theirs, were hungrily reckoning up the best points to dispose of penny panoramas. In short, London was getting ready for the Lord Mayor's Show on Monday, while three Salvation Army officers in a train bound Eastward, wished they could take the late Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor elect with them to see one representative of a guild not likely to be allowed to parade on Monday, the Worshipful Company of the Out-of-Works. This representative was to appear for the last time on Sunday, when the Poplar branch of the Stevedores' Union proposed to bury him. The current newspaper account of his qualifications for representative of said guild runs as follows :

"Joseph Atkins, 35, of 12, Chilcott Street, Poplar, hung himself in a fit of despair, consequent on the distress of his wife and five children, for whom, being out of work, he was unable to provide food. The widow stated that for some time past her husband had had no regular work, and for the past five weeks he had had none at all. A neighbour named John Bussey, who cut the deceased down, testified to his depressed state the night before his death. He was very sensitive, and hid his misery from witness and the neighbours. A couple of hours before the suicide, witness learned that some relatives had called on deceased, and that on being told that they had not brought anything, he broke down, and, going into the yard, laid his elbows on the wall and sobbed.

"Continuing, he said that had he or the neighbours known that the children were absolutely starving they would have given them food. As it was, he had gone without his own dinner on Sunday in order to feed them. The deceased was a very sober man, and had a nice home till he lost his work.

"Mrs. Atkins (recalled) substantiated Bussey's statements, and said neither she nor her husband had ever sought parish relief, because they were hoping for work from day to day, and did not like to go to the workhouse.

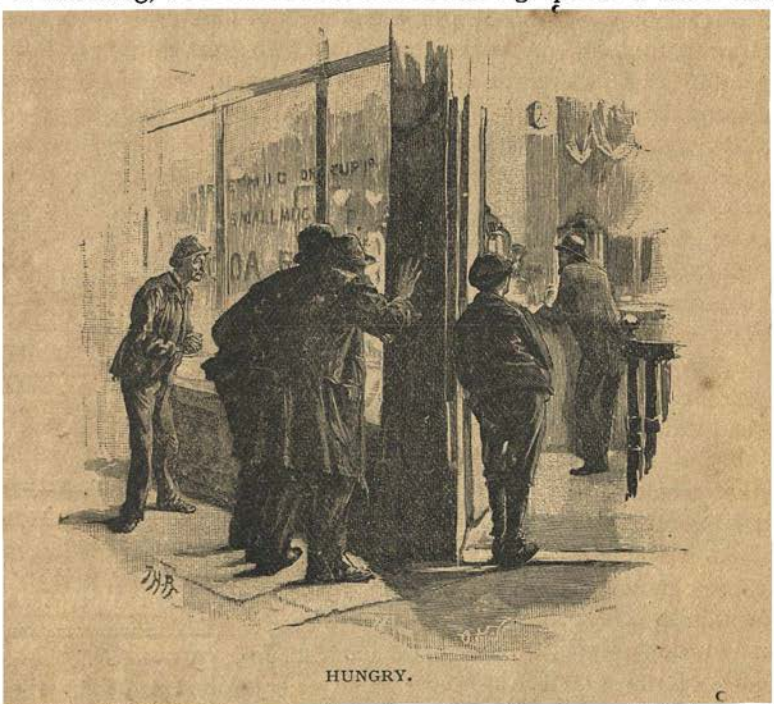
"'He said good-night to the children just as usual,' said little Mrs. Atkins

to our officer, that Saturday, 'and I left him reading a book when I went out to buy a few things for Sunday. Eightpence was what I had!"

Eightpence to spend! Five little hungry mouths to feed! The woman roused to action on the problem. The man, stopping moodily at home to work it out, found it too much for his hunger-weakened brain. So, his tired eyes will never see his plump, bright, well-cared for little brood grow thin and bony and hunger-pinched, or his wife's face grow to wear the look of weariness and despair his own bore even in the coffin.

What help has the Salvation Army for a case like this?

For one thing, we could have stretched that eightpence a little further,



HUNGRY.

and tided the little Atkins over that dinnerless Sunday which lay before them! That is exactly the thing which our Food Depôts have done in innumerable cases. They enable us to deal with a class who are not yet homeless and who are straining every muscle and every nerve that they may keep a tiny home together. Cooked food necessitates fire —an expensive luxury. We furnish food not only to be eaten on the premises, but to be taken away. A quart of good nutritious soup can be furnished to customers in their own jugs for a penny at the Food Depôts at Marylebone, Limehouse, and Whitechapel.

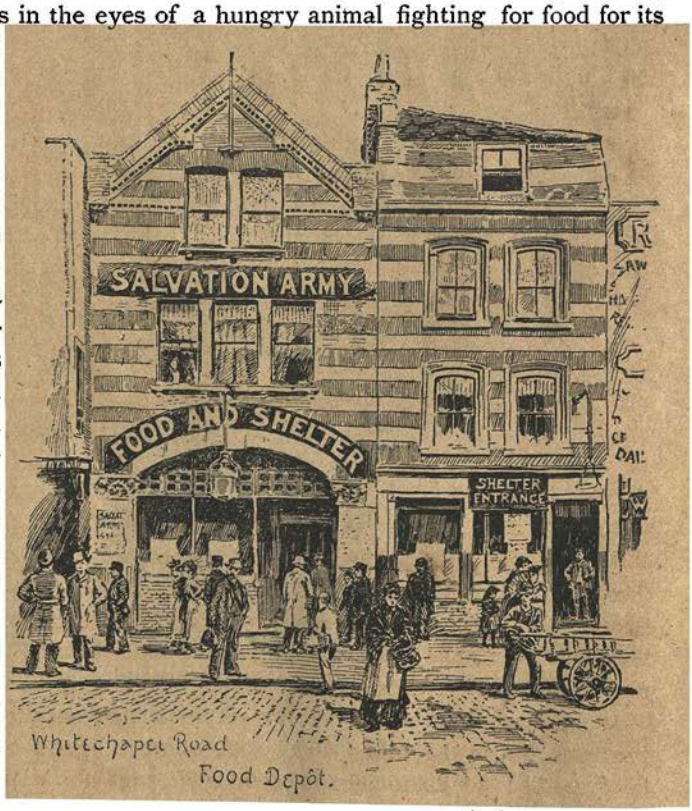
No busier, more bustling place can be found in all London town than one of our Food Depôts at "early dinner time." From seven o'clock, stray workmen begin to drop in for breakfast before a late-beginning job or a cup of hot coffee "to put heart into them" on a discouraging search for some means of earning a more substantial dinner. But from ten o'clock the real stir of the Depôt day begins.

"That's when the soup is ready," says a Depôt officer. "Soup is the charming sound, harmonious to their ears." One hundred and fifty gallons per day are retailed at Whitechapel Depôt.

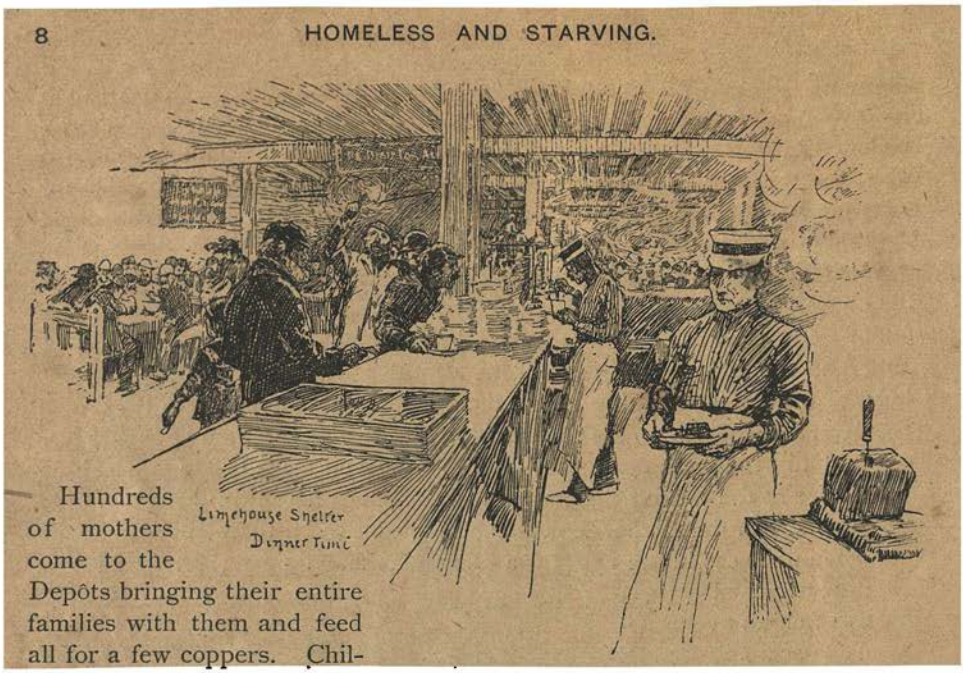
And the big, steaming cauldrons of thick, deep-coloured, "heartening" stuff form a charming sight when one can look away from the crowd that lean their elbows on the counter, dotted with great shining Lockhart-like urns. Only the faces draw one—gaunt, unshaven faces of hungry-looking men stare at the tempting stores on the shelves behind; sharp-featured faces, whereon the mother-look that was meant to be there is replaced by the gaze one sees in the eyes of a hungry animal fighting for food for its young; wizened faces of children who can scarcely reach the counter to take their bowl of soup or plate of rice, or piece of bread and jam.

Some idea of the tremendous quantities of food we sell may be gained from this specimen "little order" of the officer who does the buying for the depôts.

"100 Cases of Milk.
50 Pails of Lard.
2 Tons of Meat.
3 " " Potatoes."



Whitechapel Road
Food Depôt.



Hundreds of mothers come to the Depôts bringing their entire families with them and feed all for a few coppers. Children sometimes come, bringing a bit of bread to eat with a farthing bowl of soup. During the present winter, it is proposed to furnish several thousand Board-School children each morning. Through last winter's fearful distress, 210,000 free meals were furnished from these commissariat centres, and five thousand free tickets for bread and cheese distributed to famishing households. During this period of special distress, we distributed on an average eight thousand quarterns of bread per day and forty tons of cheese. The total number of meals supplied within the past year has been 1,817,188. Experience shows that these Food Depôts can be made largely self-supporting. A large building in Green Street, Bethnal Green, is just being opened as a Food Depôt and Night Shelter. At Clerkenwell, Royal Mint Street (just opened) and Westminster Shelters, food is only provided for the occupants of the Shelter attached.

Are these cheap Depôts needed? If our figures which show the demand are not sufficient assurance, let the leading light of a system so far removed from that of the simple Salvationist that no one can fancy the same attractive power sways both to the same bias, answer!

Mrs. Besant writes, in the organ of the Independent Labour Party:—

"At what time of the history of mankind, during its darkest days of ignorance, was there known such ghastly starvation as we see now?

"When has a poor man wept and suffered as he weeps and suffers in the present day, say, in London, where for every club-visitor who dines and wines

himself daily at a price that would feed twenty-five families for a whole day, one may count hundreds and thousands of starving wretches? Under the very windows of the fashionable city restaurants, radiant with warmth and electric lights, old, trembling women and little children may be seen daily, shivering and fastening their hungry eyes on the food they smell each time the entrance door to opened. Then they 'move on,' by order, to disappear in the dark gloom, is starve and shiver, and finally to die in the frozen mud of some gutter."

IN WHITECHAPEL DEPÔT.

But into that gloom open already nine bright doorways, and more will swing back before winter is fairly upon us. Clerkenwell, Westminster, Limehouse and Whitechapel Shelters have during the year ending November 30th, 1891, supplied 208,019 beds with meals. The Ark, opened January 23rd, 1890, and the Harbour, opened in March, have supplied 50,039 beds and meals to a set of men somewhat differently circumstanced. The Métropole and Shelter just opened at Bethnal Green and Royal Mint

Street will accommodate 290 men, while the great buildings being fitted up in Blackfriars Road and at Marylebone will shelter 1,200 more.

To no one of these Shelters is admission free. At the same time, no man whom the trained eye of its officer saw to be really needy would ever be turned away.

"Our people can smell a man who is really destitute," says Commissioner Cadman, and this statement is borne out by their experiences. Once a young ex-barrister lieutenant was very near disobeying the orders of his wiser captain and letting in a man whose vows of poverty were of an extremely convincing nature; but, clinging to the sheet anchor of his instructions, his perseverance was rewarded by seeing the man sit him down on the pavement, pull off his boots, and then from the toe of his stocking extract the requisite fourpence!

"Character" is not required for admission to any building under control of the Social Wing.

"In any meeting in any Shelter," writes the officer who held for the greater part of the year a sort of general chaplaincy over them all, "can be found the strangest group that ever gathered together under the same roof. From memory I can give a rough list of one at which I was present:—

"A clergyman's son, an ex-Baptist minister, an evangelist, a schoolmaster, lawyers' clerks, commercial travellers, medical men, journalists, clerks, mechanics, workmen of all grades, drunkards, loafers, pensioners, and a crowd of jail-birds."

Still, a certain classification of them is arrived at. There are many grades even among the homeless. Clerkenwell and Westminster are what may be termed lower-middle-class Shelters. They are largely frequented by "odd jobbers," sandwich men and the like whose average earnings would be about five shillings per week. Fourpence here secures a bunk with seaweed mattress and sheepskin coverlet in a warm room, a good wash with hot or cold water, supper and breakfast of bread and cocoa.

Clerkenwell is one of the most popular Shelters, and is always crowded. A fierce attack upon its cleanliness lately made through an evening paper called forth not only a most complimentary letter concerning it, written to the same paper by the Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the Clerkenwell Vestry, but—sweeter praises still!—a letter signed by two men, on behalf of two hundred who had lodged there for two years on and off, saying that the Shelter was "clean as any place could be."

Indeed, cleanliness and good order are two elements of such importance in the atmosphere of Christian home-life which we aim shall pervade all our buildings, that our enemies have specially sought through several agencies to discredit our Shelters in this respect. We subjoin a portion of this overseer's letter:—

TO "THE EVENING NEWS AND POST."

DEAR SIR,—Having carefully read the article on "The Homeless Poor" in Tuesday's issue, and especially the horrible description of the Salvation Army Shelter at St. John's Gate, as Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the Clerkenwell Vestry, I, together with the Inspector of that district, paid a visit to the same without notice last night, and found that in every instance you had published a gross misstatement of facts.

The Shelter is remarkably clean, all the floor-boards caulked, the bunks painted stone-colour, the walls lime-whited at top and pointed dado, no smoking allowed on either of the sleeping floors, well heated and ventilated; the floors are scrubbed three times a week, the leathers used as coverings have a dry rub daily, and a wash weekly with disinfectant. In the basement I found ten galvanized washing baths and six taps to procure water, five large roller towels; as to soap, a large piece is supplied for a halfpenny. The w.c.'s and urinals are on the trough system, with automatic flushing arrangements. I tested all appliances, and could in no single instance find fault.

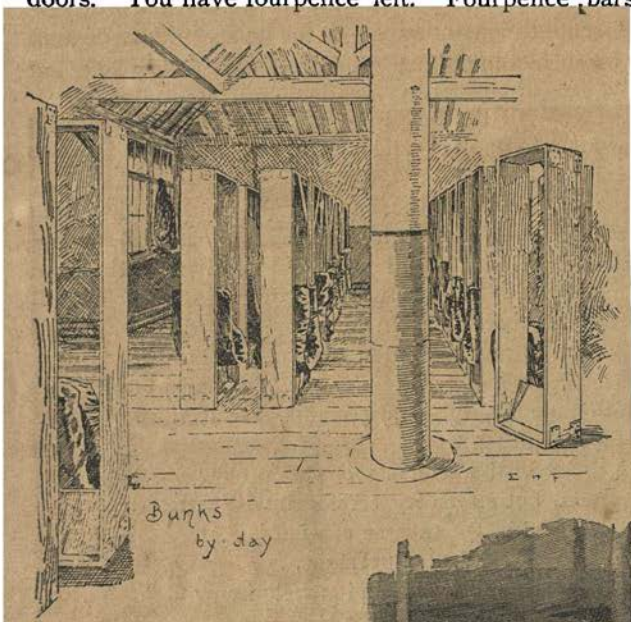
I went quite prepared to act in the interests of these our poorer brethren by enforcing the Sanitary Acts, but after very careful investigation I find you have stated, though in all good faith, the reverse of what is fact.

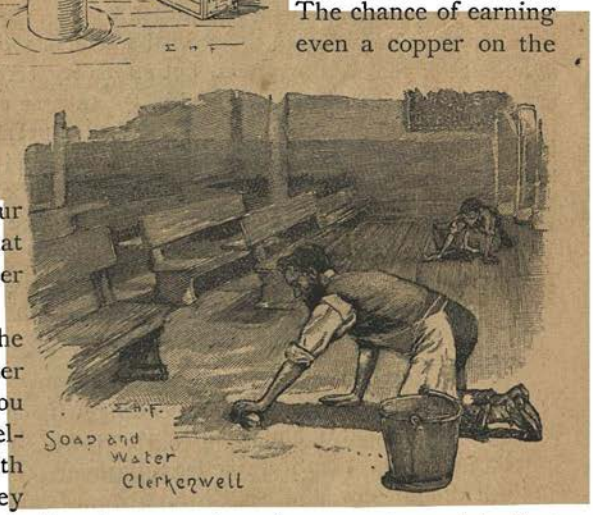
W. R. PUTTERILL,
Chairman of Sanitary Committee Clerkenwell Vestry,
Overseer of the Poor, etc.

Similar statements have been made by the Chairman of the Workhouse Committee of the Hackney Board of Guardians, inspectors, and gentlemen of experience, who have made it a point to pay surprise visits to the various Shelters at unexpected hours. Indeed, it was the attraction of "a wash" that brought R.C.——, one of Whitechapel's "good cases," to the Shelter doors one Sunday morning after a night spent in the streets. While he was proceeding with his ablutions, he heard some of the saved men holding an early prayer-meeting! Before they had finished he was in their midst asking them to pray for him. He was saved on the spot, afterwards entered the Elevator and is working his way up.

Limehouse and Whitechapel are known to the officials of the Social Wing as the "dredges." At present they receive the lowest classes of men who come to us. A man who has but twopence can, at one of these, get "a warm, a wash, and a bed." His food he buys separately at the Depôt.

Suppose, for an instant, you, dear reader, have come—for reasons best known to yourself, and which you do not propose to communicate to friends, whom you are pretty sure would help you with nothing but disagreeable advice—to your last sixpence. It is not an impossible supposition. Few classes or professions but have sent representatives to our "dosses" doors. You have fourpence left. Fourpence bars you from the hospitality of the parish. The Casual Ward is the only hostel on whose cordiality money throws a damper. Fourpenny lodging-houses are plentiful. You may not be squeamish as to sights and sounds. Probably you are fond of tobacco-smoke. But what are you to eat? The chance of earning even a copper on the morrow depends on your physical strength, and that depends largely on supper and lodging.





"Try the House on the Square," says a friendly coster in Farringdon Road, and you hie you to Clerkenwell Shelter, St. John's Square, with only one scruple. Will they let you out early enough in the morning for you to catch that prosperous old mate you hoped might know of a job before the rush of his custom begins in Covent Garden Market? "Yes," you are assured by the men waiting around the door. The night watchman will put you on his slate and call you any time you specify. In you go, laying down your groat with the air of a man who pays as he goes. It is

a satisfaction to you. Why should you not have it? No hateful questions are asked you as to your trade, circumstances, last lodging, etc. Time enough for that, the officer thinks, as he looks at you. Unless he is mistaken, you would be glad of a friend, once you could be convinced that such a thing existed on earth or in heaven for you. After you have refreshed yourself with a wash and indulged in a smoke of "hard-up"—pipe tobacco made of desiccated cigar-stumps—in the lavatory, you deposit your weary limbs on a form in the supper-room. It is not very soft, but

IN THE WHITECHAPEL KITCHEN.

you lean your elbows on the ledge at the rear of the form before you and find it not half bad. The room is warm, and the men are friendly enough. Conversation is plentiful; red-guernseyed orderlies are in and out; a smell of distant cocoa pervades the air, and, shortly, supper is served. It consists of a big mug of cocoa and a huge nine-ounce roll of bread. At eight a meeting begins. You are not compelled to be at it; the odds are you will. A cheering lilting song, a prayer or two, a handful of testimonies from men who start up here and there, many of whom, you are surprised to see, look no better off than yourself, though they have an air of hopefulness about them to which you have been a stranger for many a

long day, precede a short Bible-reading by the captain. At nine all is done. Anybody who wants a word of private counsel or help can have it now; otherwise you go off to bed—a curious shallow wooden box with a comfortable-enough American cloth mattress inside—tuck yourself in so far as your skin coverlet will let you, and go off to sleep, reflecting that at least there is more bread and cocoa due you in the morning, if you choose to claim them.

All these Shelters are open at five in the afternoon. At seven, supper is served; and from eight to nine a bright, simple meeting is held. During the year the attendance at these after-supper meetings has been 136,579. Of these 708 men have claimed to be converted. We do not find that men readily or lightly seek or profess salvation at these, nor is the percentage of those claiming to be converted and falling back above the average of such in ordinary mission work.

Charley ——, one of eight men saved in the first Shelter meeting held at Limehouse, February 18th, 1888, is now an orderly at Westminster Shelter. Another man of the same date, left us a few nights after he was saved and took lodgings elsewhere. He began to work for God and goodness among his mates, holding meetings, etc. He has now a responsible position in a certain philanthropic institution connected with the Church of England. These are only typical cases.

Limehouse is the smallest Shelter, only containing about 140 men. Although presence at these night meetings is not compulsory, the weekly attendance averages six hundred. In the last eight months, fifty men have professed conversion here. The number of mere lads counselled, warned, and sent home just as they were beginning a life of crime is most gratifying. Take a recent report of the Limehouse Captain as a sample:—

"Among those who have come to our penitent form were four young fellows who had left good homes and came to us in rags. Two of these were persuaded to write to their parents and ask to be taken back. The result was that money was sent to them for their return, and they were soon on their way to their home in the States. One I wrote to his father myself about. He is now at home. Left home a runaway and returned a Salvation Army Soldier. The fourth is now working in the Social Wing and giving every satisfaction. Another young fellow who came to us friendless is now working at M—— and giving every satisfaction. Another is working at our Stanhope Shelter. Another is on the Farm Colony. One is a soldier at one of our slum corps, earning his living by boot-cleaning.

But the lowest depth of misery, so far as homeless night-birdism goes, is not to be found at the East End. It hangs about the West till

A SHELTER MEETING.

Belgravia sleeps ; till there is no more possibility of a parcel to carry, or a carriage door to open ; till the theatre doors are closed, and the markets of vice are thinning, and there is no hope of the four paltry brown round things that mean warmth and ease and companionship ; and then it curls on a doorstep up a dark alley, or lies along the stairs, or spreads a bit of old sack in Covent Garden, or crouches under the abutments of a bridge, or, if it has good fortune, pre-empts a seat on the Embankment.

The police wouldn't let it lie abroad under the open sky? Not in some quarters. An unwritten code makes Lazarus free of the Embankment seats. One of our officers found thirty men and women thereon between the hours of one and three on the night of November 3rd. Careful interviewing convinced him—and he was a man of many years' experience of slumdom—that the majority of these were totally destitute. One was a girl, manifestly respectable, spending her first night in the open air. She was a dressmaker, formerly employed by a well-known firm, who had lost her work through a ten weeks' bout of rheumatic fever. She came out of the hospital penniless and owing for a week's rent. Her landlady retained her box for the debt, and the girl had pawned first her watch and chain, then all her available clothing, failed to obtain work and came to an iron seat overlooking the tempting Thames! She is now under Mrs. Bramwell Booth's care.

In a report of the Special Committee of the Charity Organisation Society on the Homeless Poor of London, published in June, 1891, a portion of the testimony of a police inspector runs as follows :—

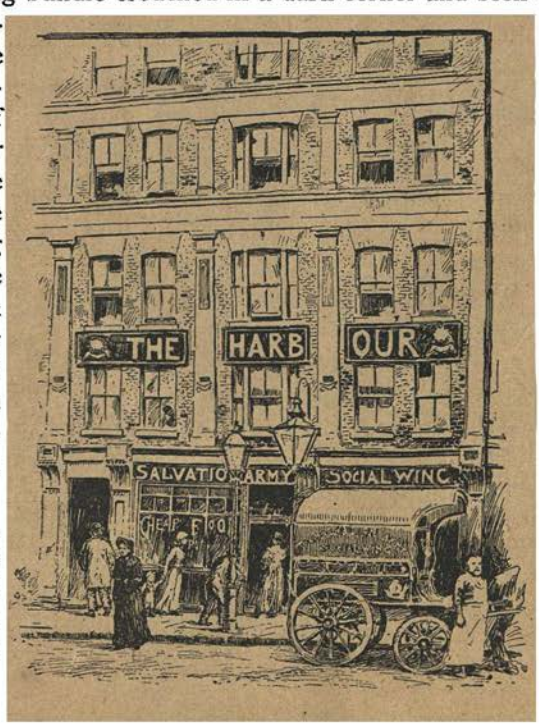
"What is the area of your division ?—Roughly speaking, it extends from Blackfriars Bridge, Old and New Kent Roads to the Canal, and along the Canal to the back of the docks, taking all between that and the river side."

"Your district does not include the bridges?—No, but it reaches to three of them."

"Have you ever come across any persons who sleep on the bridges at night ?—My portion of the division does not touch there. As a matter of fact *it is known that they would if they were allowed.*"

Policemen are not likely to see what it is part of their duty to put a stop to!

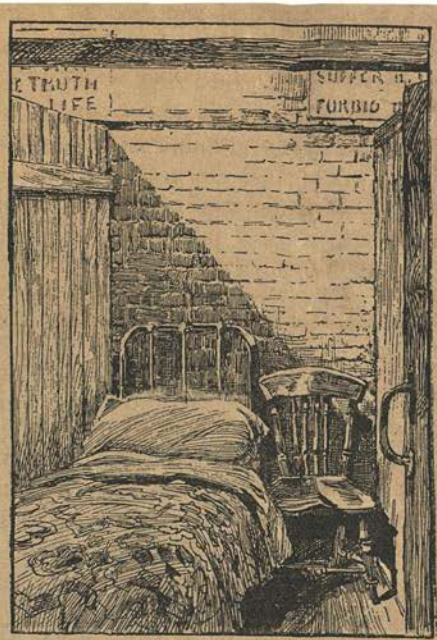
"I'm doing no harm, sir!" cried a miserable woman to the officer who passed over into her lair under the abutment of a bridge the other night. Part of the misery of "sleeping out" at the West and South-West is being forced to rouse once in fifteen minutes and make a pretence of going somewhere. The writer has stood repeatedly in converse with some shivering bundle crouched in a dark corner and seen it start into a nervous semblance of vigour at the sound of the heavy oncoming tread of the officer of the law.



Another policeman admitted to the Special Committee of the C. O. Society that a working man out of work would be likely to avoid his order when pacing the streets by night. "He would walk away and would not speak." Most likely! So would have K. P—. His record runs as follows:

"Good abilities; teetotaler fourteen years; has held good situations; was the comfort and support of an aged father; thrown out of employment through sickness; failing

to get work in the town in which he lived, he made his way to London; walked about the streets for two months, and through sheer want applied to us for assistance; sent into factory; is now holding a foreman's position and giving every evidence of a Christian life."



CUBICLE AT "ARK."

Down in the West and its bordering colonies of poverty, therefore, our very cheapest and largest Shelters are just opened: one in Blackfriars Road, holding four hundred, another at Marylebone for eight hundred men. One penny will be charged for a night's shelter here. The accommodation is to be of the rudest, but it will mean warmth and light and a roof over one, and a helping hand and a cheering voice, and a heart of love and pity to whomsoever chooses to lay claim to these. The Blackfriars district has no other Refuge or Shelter whatever beside our own.

Labour yards are to be attached to these fresh Shelters, where any man who is literally penniless can chop wood for his housing, thus making it absolutely unnecessary for any man on that side of London, up to the number of 1,200, to choose between the open air and the casual ward.

At the other end of the City Colony's ladder from these are our working-men's lodging-houses, the Ark and the Harbour, respectively situated in Southwark-street, S.E., and in Stanhope-street, Drury Lane. Each is thus in a neighbourhood crammed with low lodging-houses, whose rates are no higher than ours, and which offer the utmost freedom for card-playing, smoking, and unrestrained conversation. It seems to us to speak volumes for the prospect before us that in face of this fact the Ark and the Harbour are crowded nightly, while we are forced to turn scores of men away. The Ark can accommodate 176 men, and is managed as closely as possible on the ordinary lodging-house system. It will serve as an exact type of all our Métropoles in London, Bradford, Leeds, and Bristol.

Look at it for a few moments, as we saw it one windy, rainy night in November. The first impression made on you, as you push open the door of an ordinary fourpenny lodging-house—of the stamp concerning whose influence in increasing his daily labours Mr. Montagu Williams has spoken so strongly—is one of dinginess and discomfort, except within the immediate radius of the rays of its large kitchen fire. The first impression made by the Ark's hall-way is of light and heat and colour. The second is of spotless cleanliness. Terra-cotta paint wonderfully takes the place of open fires.

On the right, as you enter, is the reading-room, supplied not only with our Army publications, but with the daily papers. At the left is the ticket-window where a man is just putting down his money in exchange for a cheque for his bed and the key of his locker. Fourpence secures a bed in a room with three others. Sixpence gives the right of a separate cubicle just large enough for a bed and a chair. This cubicle arrangement, proves thoroughly satisfactory, in that it gives a man a sense of privacy, while securing uniform ventilation at the will of the officer in charge. A man occupying a bed one night has the right to ask that it shall be retained for him until eight the next night. Of course, if he has money, he may pay in advance—or engage it by the week at a reduction of sixpence on the whole amount. While we stood talking to the Captain, a little note was brought in to him. It came from three men all on one job, who were unexpectedly kept late.

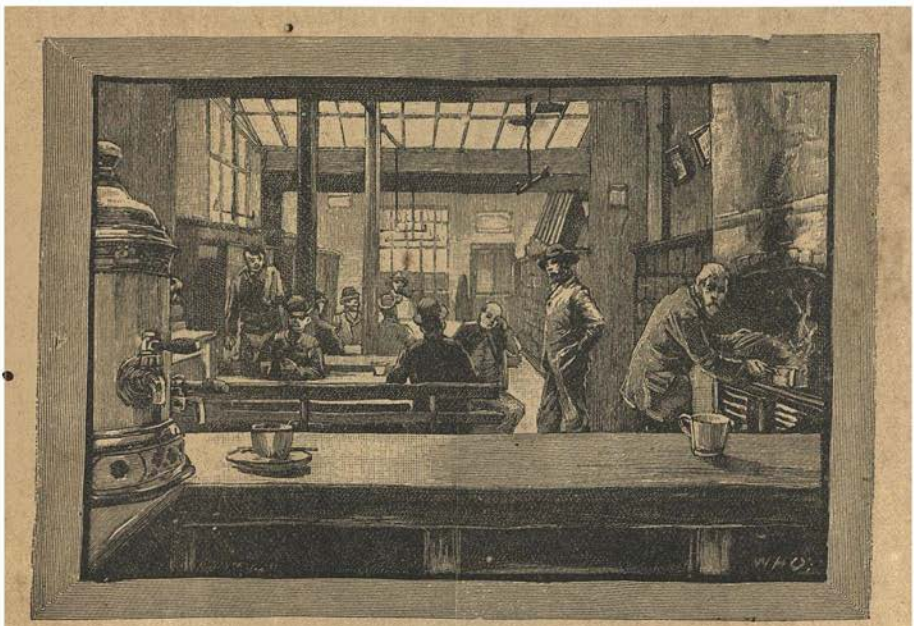
"Please keep our beds till eleven. Working late. Sorry to trouble you."

The courtesy of that last sentence touched us. So it did the Captain's wife. "Bless them!" quoth she, "there's no trouble about it."

There is no restriction on coming and going up to twelve o'clock. A man may come in, engage his bed, and go out to spend his evening where and how he likes. Most of them, however, like to stop in the great cheerful kitchen. Some of them buy their supper ready-cooked at the coffee-bar which crosses off one corner thereof. A substantial supper of bread, cold meat, and tea costs threepence. Any one who chooses can bring in his food and cook it at the big range, utensils being provided him. If the tea at the bar does not please a man, the attendant will give him a ha'p'orth of dry tea and a farthing's worth of milk and let him brew to suit his own taste.

The men ranged at the tables up and down the large room are an interesting set. Lawyers, doctors, engineers find their way to the Ark. A goodly number of working men in regular work at low wages make it their home. The foremen of our own factories lodge there. These are almost entirely saved men, and help to give tone to the place. Red guernseys

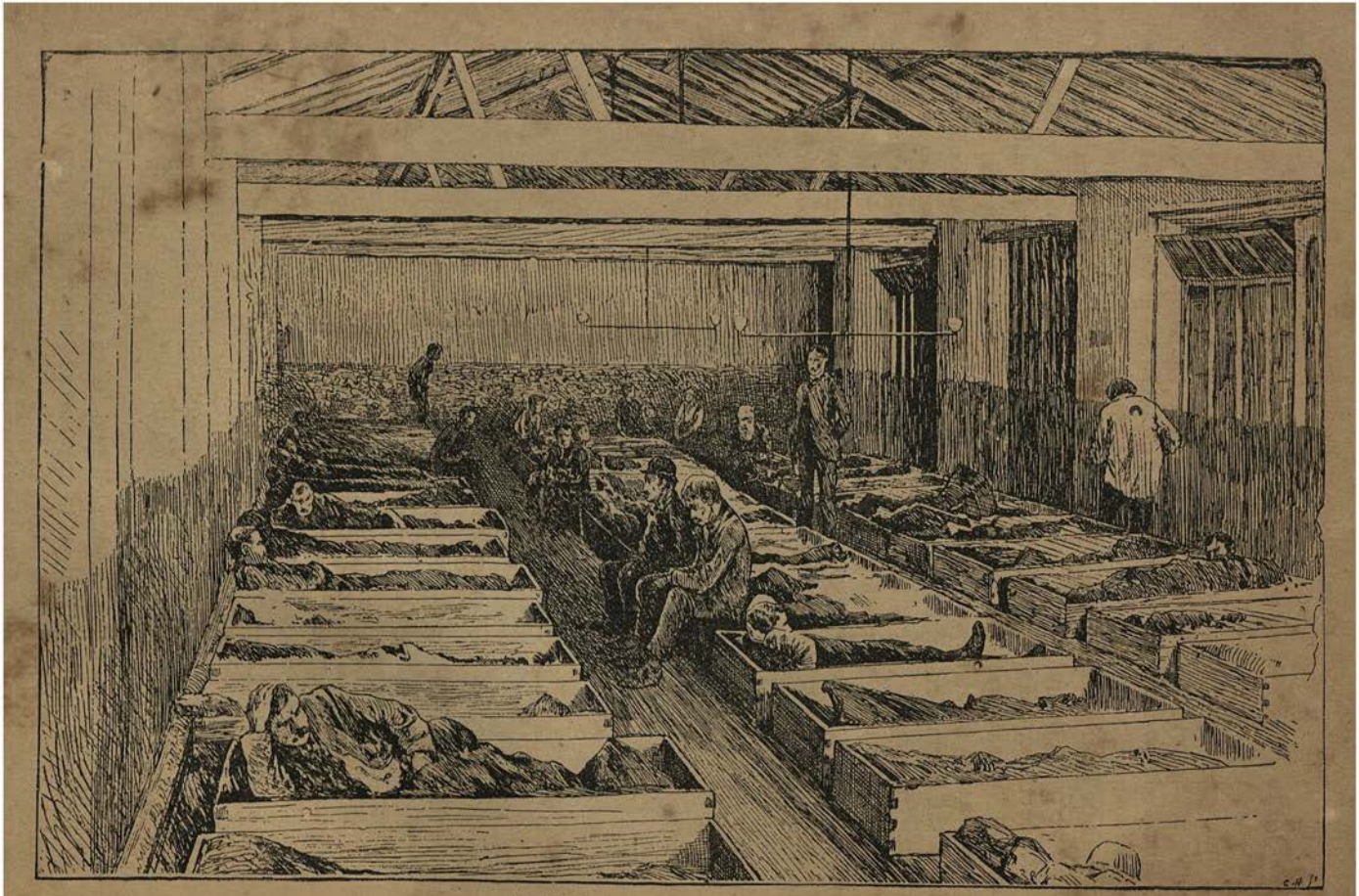
are dotted here and there about the kitchen. On the night we entered it, we recognised the wearer of one as a Salvationist of eleven years' standing, but so deaf that few places of usefulness could be open to him. He is in our Old Street Factory. A little time ago he went to work on a cold morning and saw a new-comer chopping wood in the draughty wood-yard with a ragged waistcoat and evidently shirtless. S——'s heart melted! *He* had one shirt under his guernsey and another in his locker at the Ark. Surely he could divide with this needy wretch. So he that had two shirts gave to him that had none, and never told of his action till the truth broke



THE "ARK" KITCHEN.

from him in a joyful gush of praise, three weeks after, because the Lord had sent him *six more garments* in place of the one given away.

The man behind the bar is worthy of note. Twelve months ago a miserable creature, who had cut his own throat in a drunken frenzy, repented his act, tied the gaping wound together with a handkerchief as best he could, and rushed to the police station to get patched up. He was mended, and then sent to prison for a month to learn the value of life. A Salvation Army officer met him when he came out and hauled him off to Colonel Barker's office, where he came, for the first time, to any sort of knowledge of a personal, present, helpful God—the only kind worth believing in at all, and to that fair estimate of the value of life which can only be arrived at through



A DORMITORY IN WESTMINSTER.

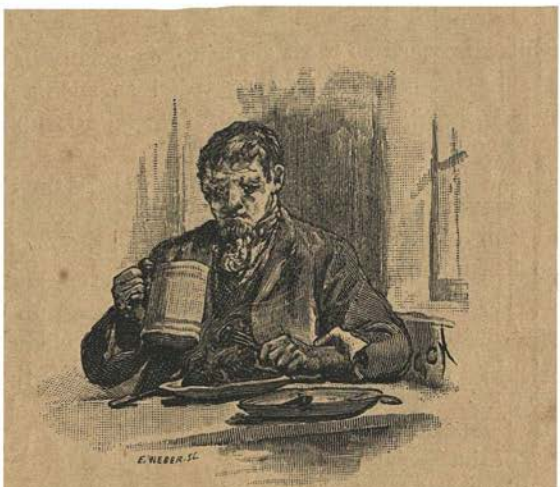
mental scales weighted by eternity. To-night, he dispenses coffee and smiles from the bar in that bright, be-texted Ark kitchen.

Meetings are held in the reading-room for an hour each night. Nobody need come. The kitchen and the smoking-room beyond are free from song and prayer.

Downstairs a hot bath may be had for a penny, while miniature coppers and wash-boards, with a huge fire and a drying-frame, are at the service of every occupant.

"There's nothing in London to touch the Ark," say its patrons, proudly. We say proudly advisedly. They feel that they support it.

We need a great expansion of premises in this neighbourhood. At present the reading-room has to serve as barracks, orderlies' supper room, and then undergo a late-at-night transformation into a supplementary dormitory for twenty men, while the crowd of new-comers at the doors, waiting for eight o'clock to see what beds are disengaged, grows larger each night. The Harbour has exactly the same difficulty to contend with.



HE PAYS AS HE GOES!

CHAPTER III.

THE LABOUR BUREAU.

UPPER THAMES STREET is not such a very bright place. It is usually muddy. It is always crowded. Walking down it from St. Paul's Station to the Labour Bureau at No. 36, one finds it almost impossible to realise that work is a scarce commodity in this big, bustling, shouting, car-driving, horse-galloping kind of a world.

Yet to the doors of our unadvertised, unconspicuous Bureau come, on an average, a hundred workless people every day. In the last year their numbers have counted up to 15,697, and for over thirty per cent. of these some kind of employment has been found. We have had 14,045 applications from employers.

This result we regard as most cheering, especially in view of the fact that a Labour Exchange has been regarded as such a hopeless kind of enterprise that nobody else has even cared to take it up except after the most limited fashion.

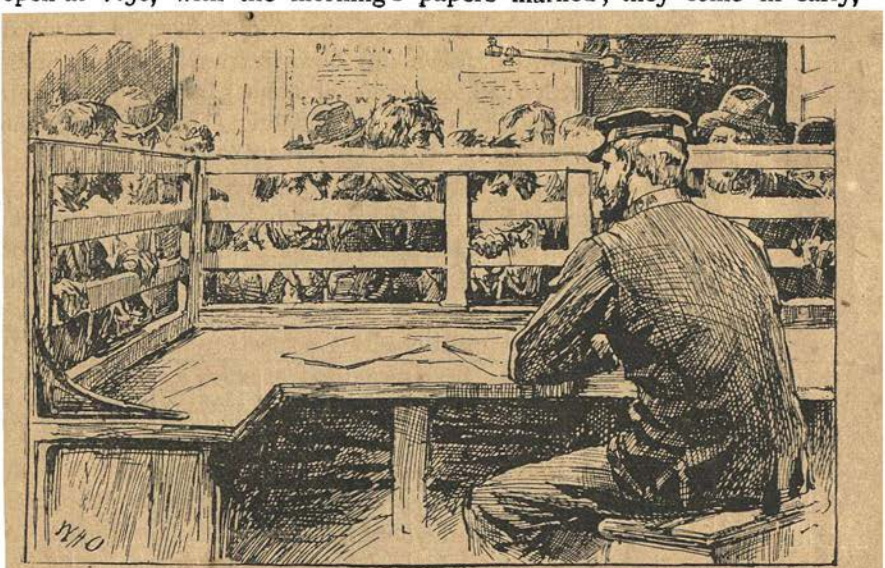
"There is no free Labour Bureau except that of the Salvation Army," answered *The Star*, laconically, to a correspondent the other night. Strange as this may seem, it is true. Did you ever stop to wonder how an out-of-work, who has no money to spare for tram-fares, and can only buy a newspaper by the sacrifice of food he needs to keep up his strength for tramping about, manages to find out where he has a chance of work?

We asked this question in the office of the Head of the Labour Bureau the other morning. The shorthand writer who undertook to answer was a young man of experience in that direction. Most of the employés and under-officers of the Social Wing are.

"Up just under the bridge above you'll see a copy of the *Chronicle* pasted up, and a lot of men hanging around waiting for a chance to look at it. The *Chronicle* people paste it up on purpose. Then they'll let you go into the offices of the *Telegraph* at certain hours to look at their paper. I suppose it advertises them. But no man would go in there who was as shabby as the men we get here! Or into the reading-rooms of the free libraries, either. If you've a penny, you can go to the City Reading

Rooms in Ludgate Circus. Then some of the cheap book-shops have an arrangement by which you can pay a halfpenny and have a look at all their papers for a week."

"I spent my last ha'penny for that once—to have a read of the papers on the chance of getting a job," put in the captain, from behind his desk. "Lots of men get situations through our room downstairs that way, who don't go down on our books at all. From what I can make out, I should say we average one out of twelve every day who gets a job that way without our getting any credit for it. The room downstairs is open at 7.30, with the morning's papers marked; they come in early,



LABOUR BUREAU APPLICANTS.

take a look, and off they go. I met an old hand of ours the other day, hurrying along Queen Victoria Street. 'Where are you off to?' I asked. 'After a job,' he said. 'How did you know of it?' 'Newspaper round at the Bureau.' He got the place. Besides, 250 men have found situations through Shelter officers in the last year."

Downstairs, while we talked, the dingy, butternut-coloured crowd was thickening in office and passage-way to the door, and out on the side walk. Even on a sunshiny day it is a thing so monotonous in hue! All colours and all hues known to English working-man garments seem to fade under the influence of time and fog and adverse circumstance to the same ugly sepia tint, like nothing but the butternut jeans which, in the

later days of the American Civil War, replaced the trim gray of the losing side. In London, as before Richmond, yellowy-brown is the uniform of the beaten and baffled!

Captain Trenhail was registering them as fast as might be—name, number of application, trade or occupation, references, if any, age, and native place. A page from his daily returns, picked up at random, shows ten natives of London to seven born in the provinces. Most of them, too, have a "London look," which tells of years of residence. Neither at the Labour Bureau nor anywhere else do we find indications of that influx of country folk to share in the charity we do *not* offer, about which there has been so much croaking.

Upstairs, in a temporary lull, Captain Osborne handed us a return for the week ending Nov. 6th, to glance at. We read it with punctuation marks made by the constantly swinging office door—"Gentleman to see you, Captain."—"Colonel Barker has sent this man with a special note."—"Commissioner says this case must go into the Factory, room or no room."—"The sandwiches are ready, Captain."—"Here's a tin-plate layer wanted, and we have none. Must I put up a notice?"

Yes.—"This is a pretty free morning," remarked the Captain, genially.

We fixed our eyes steadily on the return—

New applications.		Old appl. on hand.		Employers' applications.		Sent to work.		Permanent.	Temporary or Factory.	
Male	Female	Male	Female	Male	Female	Male	Female			Fact'ry
252	32	236	41	17	32	103	17	23	97	55

Of those 97 marked temporary or factory, it should be noted that only 55 went to the factory. The other men were of a stamp which could be provided for outside. Temporary work may run from one day to three months. Its average term is three weeks. Six men had just been sent off to unload barges for three weeks at 7d. an hour. Happily, temporary employment often leads to permament.

"A man across the street sent to us the other day for two men to fit up his shop. It took a week, and then he kept one of them on as a permanent hand at 18s. a week."

Here came an interruption—the sandwich men were ready, and the Captain was wanted to give them final instructions. There is no "sweating"

about our board carrying! The usual custom is to pay the men 1s. per diem out of a 2s. 4d. job. The Bureau lets out men to no profit, keeping out of the 2s. 4d. twopence for paste and rent of boards. To-day's was work for the International Head Quarters in announcing some oncoming meetings.

"Good pay to-day, lads," said the Captain, to his assembled dozen of human turtles. "Two and three for yourselves. No shirking. No leaving your beat. He that is faithful to a sandwich board proves that he will be faithful to a better job. If we can say of a man, 'He's carried boards for us for six weeks, off and on, and we've found him a good reliable fellow,' that's so much in his favour when there's a chance of steady work anywhere."

One gentlemanly-looking young fellow, having his first experience at board-carrying, was a clerk. He spoke German and English, his references were good, and was a professed Christian, yet he had come to the Bureau from the Ark, where he had spent his last penny for food and bed. He applied for a night porterage in Dublin at 18s. per week. Everything proving satisfactory, he was to be sent by the next day's boat, and was going out with sandwiches to pay for that night's bed and next day's dinner.

"I could lay my hands to-day on a hundred fine men with good education and business tact, clerks, and even shorthands, who would jump at steady situations to do anything whatever at 12s a week," quoth Captain Osborne."

Not that we advise anybody to take a clerkship at 12s. a week! He would very much better learn to use more of his hands than two over worked fingers in our factory! Nor are workmen ever knowingly supplied to take the places of men engaged in a 'strike,' or at rates below those recognised by the labour world as fair and right terms for the class of work and grade of workmen.

Stories by the score could be worked out from the notes of the Labour Bureau! Look at the people who passed under the writer's eyes in two hours of an ordinary morning.

Mr. X. comes in with some reports. Mr. X. labours under the disadvantage of having been brought up to do nothing. He is the son of clergyman, who was suddenly killed in a railway accident. Fifteen months more of life would have made him the needed link between his son and a competency of £4,000. The railway collision threw X. on the world penniless, to swell the ranks of "incompetents." Happily, he came into the hands of the Labour Bureau, and is now being trained by them for some regular occupation.

The next incomer is a tall Frenchman, sent by Colonel Barker. Says he has been secretary to the Comte de Flandres, etc., etc. Speaks no English. Evidently a gentleman. A case for investigation. Colonel Barker desires he be sent to the Factory meantime. Off he goes!

"What, before you have found out whether or no he is an impostor?" somebody asks.

Certainly. The men who have characters are the men for whom we can get outside situations.

"We work on a different principle to them," remarked Commissioner Cadman of a certain charitable society. "They believe in the survival of the fittest. We're after the survival of the worst. We wouldn't have the fittest. The basis of admission to the Factory is a man's *need*, not his character. Once we have ensured his survival, we go in to *make* him fit."

Then comes a voluble Irishman. He wants that night porterage too. Drink has been his curse, but one can look on him leniently, reflecting that he has been working in a stifling bakery, fifteen, sixteen, and even seventeen hours a day for 12s. a week.

"Jessie——." The captain knows her well! But for him, she would be waiting for a coroner's inquest this very Saturday morning. Never mind her story. It does not hold what the world counts sin. Sheer misery of soul was urging down to the muddy bottom of the Thames this time last week. She has come for an officer to take her to the situation found for her with a nice motherly woman.

One curious thing about the Bureau is that it has far more applications for women servants than it can possibly supply. That morning, November 10th, their books showed 37 domestic servants wanted to 23 servants on hand. Servants out of place, please note—We average five mistresses to one servant. During the year the Bureau has received 471 applications for women servants and supplied 361. 121 women of various other occupations have been furnished with situations.

Then comes a lad of seventeen or eighteen in charge of an older man. Except for the latter, the boy is friendless. He is out of a situation, destitute, though still well-dressed. He is not clever at his work, printing, and is thoroughly discouraged and disheartened. He is promised admission to the Factory and packed off to Old Street *instanter*, with his pitifully little bundle.

Downstairs there is a commotion. A dozen men are wanted for bills, and faces peer between rails of the wooden fence which protects Capt. Trenhail; hands are held up, and all manner of pathetic devices resorted to. A day's work is so much—so very much! We never realised all it might mean so clearly before.

Let us turn back to the Captain's notes for relief :—

A. This man was in constant employment with his father at the docks. Owing to the great strike he was thrown out of work, and his home had to be sold, bit by bit, for rent and food. At last he and his wife—the latter with a new-born infant in her arms—found themselves homeless, penniless, and starving, *compelled to walk the streets both day and night.* "He was recommended to the S.A. We made arrangements for his wife to return to her friends, while he was admitted to one of our factories. He remained there six months, and was then transferred to the Labour Bureau as boot repairer. He was there seven months, when we were able to get him an outside situation at a commencing salary of £1 per week. He is now able to make a home for his wife again."

"C. McI. had been out of work for nearly five months, and was, in consequence, greatly involved in debt. We got him work at a commencing salary of 25s. per week. He wrote, thanking us, and saying; "May God bless you and the noble man who started this scheme! May He help me to prove myself worthy of your goodness! I can't help telling you how kind all the friends at '36' have been to me. The brotherly interest they have taken in me I shall never forget."

M. B. This young man, age 21, belonging to Toronto, came to England recently, and, being out of work, applied to the Labour Bureau to find him employment. It succeeded in doing so, and he is now in an office in Q—— Street, at a commencing salary of 15s. a week.

A. F. wrote September 8th, 1891, saying that her husband had been suddenly dismissed, with three others, from the London Omnibus Company, without any reason being given. These two had only been married about four months, and had no time to save much money.

"We have to pay 7s. 6d. rent to-morrow," she concluded, "and then we shall have two shillings to keep us from starvation."

A month's temporary employment was found for this young couple, pending the appearance of some permanent work.

H. H., formerly in the Danish Horse Artillery, came begging for work, and telling of an old mother at home in Denmark, depending upon him for support. Temporary employment was found for him, and he was afterwards sent to a farmer at C., who is so pleased with him that he has engaged him for two years. He is able to send his mother £1 a month, gave 5s. to the Self-Denial Fund, and is so ardent a Salvationist that he sometimes comes *twenty miles* into London to attend the meetings at Regent Hall.

It was with a thrill of delight that we came to that entry of a man gotten back so speedily off the pavements on to the brown earth! And the next entry was better still, even though it *was* one of those mixed up affairs that *ought* to have come under Colonel Barker and worked around

through King's Cross and the Factory and—didn't! But if we don't know how to classify J. H. the angels won't have any difficulty, for he will go up for *their* inspection, we trust, by the way of Christ's Cross!

He came to London last summer straight from Bristol, after serving a sentence of two years for attempted murder. Two days after he came to London, he applied for work at Thames Street, and was sent down for five weeks hop-picking, as were 303 others. H. went to a Salvationist farmer, got gloriously saved, and is now in permanent employment at the same place. He wrote to the Labour Bureau as follows:—

"If you had not sent me down to W—— I should not have been as I now am—that is, a saved sinner through Christ. You will be glad to hear that I have got a home with Salvationists, and right real good ones they are too."

"I found Christ in a small cottage last Sunday week—I have heard the Gospel before, but never as I heard it in that little cottage. I heard it day after day in a convict prison, and I never got any good by it."

But here we must stop! For are we not running off into the survival and the re-making of those who are *un*fit for one reason or another? And that is the work for which the machinery of the Factories is especially designed.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ELEVATORS.

"You must work and obey orders, otherwise there is no salvation for you. I can see a way to save you if you will work."

Thus the General, in his first speech to his first handful of "dossers," looking sheepish and askance at him, the night when Limehouse Shelter was opened, now nearly three years ago.

But where and at what? Ragged, destitute, hopeless, tickets-of-leave far more plentiful among them than testimonials of a more useful character, it used sometimes to seem a mockery to exhort the men who sought our Shelters in those early days to "labour with their hands," or to press upon them a religion whose votaries were to be "not slothful in business." Still, those of them who flung themselves out on God's promises with a sturdy determination to die rather than steal, found marvellous openings, although *our* only opportunity of assisting a man was to give him a job of scrubbing or get him on temporarily in the kitchen. Manifestly we were not far on the road to permanently bettering things for that helpless "Tenth," to provide for whom throughout Great Britain would, at an estimate of 8d. per day, require a charity fund of £73,000,000 per annum!

"When "In Darkest England" was published, the General had forty men at work in our Hanbury Street Factory. They were fairly representative of the various classes who have been run through our duplex mill of Factory and Special Home ever since. An officer has classified them roughly as follows:—

"Half starving, but honest.
The occasional criminals.
Those ashamed to beg and afraid to steal.
Those *not* ashamed to beg nor afraid to steal.
All four drink."

Generally speaking, the last clause is true. The General has distinctly stated that nine-tenths of all the power of this Social work has to be expended in offsetting the results of England's annual Drink Bill of £130,000,000. Still, some sterling, temperate, even Christian men have come up to the Factory gates and handed in this little admission form.

Take J. A., for example, now on the Farm Colony. He is fifty-seven years old, and has worked as a joiner and carpenter all his life. He was thrown out of work by the death of his old employer, and then, on his weary search for a fresh one, learned that "masters don't like a bit of grey hair." We kept him some time in our factories, and passed him on to Hadleigh.

S—— is even a better illustration of the fact that poverty need not necessarily imply either intemperance or laziness. He has been a consistent Salvationist for eleven years, but is now stone deaf, which is not a recommendation in most places of business. His little daughter is cared for in Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Creche at Hanbury Street, and he is foreman of a department in the Old Street Factory, living, as do most of the Factory foremen, at the Ark.

However, most of the sober, well-charactered men are left in the hands of the Labour Bureau. The Factories work over poor material. They exist for the men who think they could support themselves, "if they could get tools, if they could get clothes, if they could keep from drink, if they hadn't been in prison."

Such are they who fill in the

TEMPORARY LABOUR APPLICATION.

I, ...aged,.....
of....., by trade a
....., ask for temporary work, as I am completely destitute.

I quite understand the only return promised for my willing work is food and shelter if I earn sufficient and obey orders, and that the officers in charge shall not be bound to supply to me full-priced tickets if I do not work satisfactorily.

I am not responsible for the support of parents, wife, or children.

I have not been at work in any way in the Salvation Army before.

MEN'S LABOUR BUREAU.

Signed .....

Register.....

Date.....

No.....

Time.....

Attested by.....

REMARKS :—

The last two sentences of the admission form may be struck out or modified. Married men and men supporting parents or sisters are, under special circumstances, admitted to the Factory.

"Nobody brings a reference here," remarked Adjutant Bullen, their overseer, in response to an inquiry. "If a man is willing to work, he stays ; if not, he goes."

BRUSH-MAKING SECTION.

Comers, stayers, and goers for the last thirteen months sum up as follows :—

Number of men received into factories	.. ..	2,080
" "	for whom employment was found..	352
" "	sent to Farm Colony	291
" "	temporarily assisted	857
" "	sent to hospital	75
" "	discharged for misconduct	98
" "	left dissatisfied	85
" "	in Factories, November 27, 1891 ..	322
		2,080

Their "previous occupations" have been multitudinous. Here is a page, taken at random from the Factory Admission Book, showing the past work of twenty-nine men:—

Baker, bonnet-block maker, stoker, carman, carpenter, painter, carpenters' labourer, toy-maker, coachman, carpenter, clerk, labourer, painters' labourer, labourer, labourer, painter, butcher, labourer, labourer, French polisher, carman, handy-man, wholesale draper, tailor, carman, carman carman, clerk, joiner and carpenter.

"Temporarily assisted" means, sometimes, that a penniless workman on his way to a place where he feels tolerably certain of a job, has come to a Labour Bureau and begged to be allowed to go to the Factory for a day and work out the food and lodging which will give him strength to get over to Hammersmith or up to Woolwich. If he accepts the hospitality which the State is supposed to provide for such as he, it means, he pleads, the loss of three days instead of one, and food so disproportioned to his task that he will lose the little power privation has left in him. We always take in such a man when there is room for him in any corner. On him and not on the lazy vagabond to whom "time is no object" do the penal laws of the casual ward weigh heavily. Others have left after they had gained a little strength and hope to find situations for themselves.

The number of men sent from the Factory to permanent situations is gratifying to us for many reasons. The more men we are able to push, almost at once, off the first round of our social ladder, able to stand on a fair level in the world without our aid, the more positive our right to expect that a good proportion of those who pass through City Colony and Farm Colony will be men of whom Australia, or Africa, or Canada may be proud. This is a point quite aside from the matter of the Army's ability to work over very poor material into fair average citizen-stuff. The number of our men who, when once set on their feet, have already proved quite capable of maintaining themselves in the fierce struggle of England's bread-battle, helps to justify our expectation that a very much larger proportion will be able to maintain themselves with credit in a new country.

Such a man is T——, who left the Elevators, as our Factories are termed, on October 31st, 1891. During the nine months of his stay with us he proved himself steady, diligent, trustworthy, and grateful. He has naturally a quick temper and a rather restless disposition, but since his conversion, seven months ago, has been in all ways what a consistent Christian should be. During his last four months with us, he received the superior accommodation of the Ark, and earned sufficient to buy clothes and save 30s. towards a kit of tools. When a situation was

found for him, he had not quite enough for his kit, and Commissioner Cadman lent him tools to the value of 22s. T—— was so overjoyed at this that he actually cried.

The Commissioner had really intended to give him the tools, so good was his record; but nothing could have been farther from our man's intent than to take them as a gift. He brought 5s. to the Elevator cashier toward their value at the end of his first week's work, saying, "I shall bring the money every week till they're paid for, and then I shan't forget you either."

He belongs to the class of men of whom one officer said, "If you offered them a sandwich, they'd knife you." But such men can weep like children over help which is not charity and has no taint of the "Guardians' Room" about it.

Every man who enters an Elevator comes, as has been shown, on the understanding that he receives only food and shelter for the first four weeks, and must, so long as he stays, if unmarried, live under our oversight at the Lighthouse, or at the Ark. He is paid at first in twopenny tickets. Four of these entitle him to three full meals and a bunk at the Lighthouse. A twopenny dinner ticket is usually good for soup, potatoes, and bread. As soon as his sectional foreman announces that his labour is worth more, he is put on "full-value tickets," viz., breakfast and supper, threepence; dinner, fourpence; and a dormitory ticket, valued at twopence, fourpence, or sixpence, according to circumstances. This last will depend partly upon his deportment and cleanliness.

The new-comer goes into the first-floor dormitory of the Lighthouse as a "third class man." His accommodation is like that at the Shelters—a coffin-like wooden bunk, a seaweed-stuffed mattress, and a skin covering. The second class men have the same, in a rather better lighted, cheerier-looking room on the floor above, while a first class man rejoices in spring-mattress, sheets, and blankets.

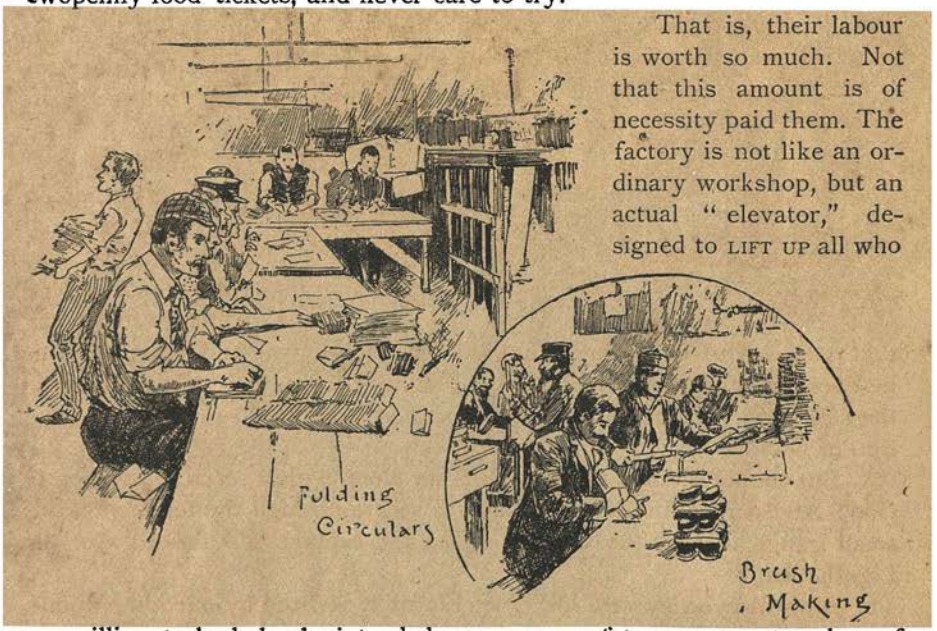
All this visible, tangible reward of industry is part of the process of moral education which the majority of the Lighthouse inmates must undergo before they can be of much use to themselves or the world. Usually, the broken-down man who gets a berth in the Factory and a bunk in the Lighthouse feels that he is fairly on the second round of the ladder. Bitter was the protest made by the first class men when one tender-hearted captain prepared to fill some empty bunks in their dormitory with "transient lodgers."

"Going to let dossers in here, Captain?" they wailed; "you're never going to let dirty chaps from anywhere in with us Elevator men!"

And at the initial stage of their moral and spiritual elevation, this feeling is a healthy one. Did not the Apostle warn his young converts from heathenrie to be "*first* pure, then peaceable"? Separation from evil and

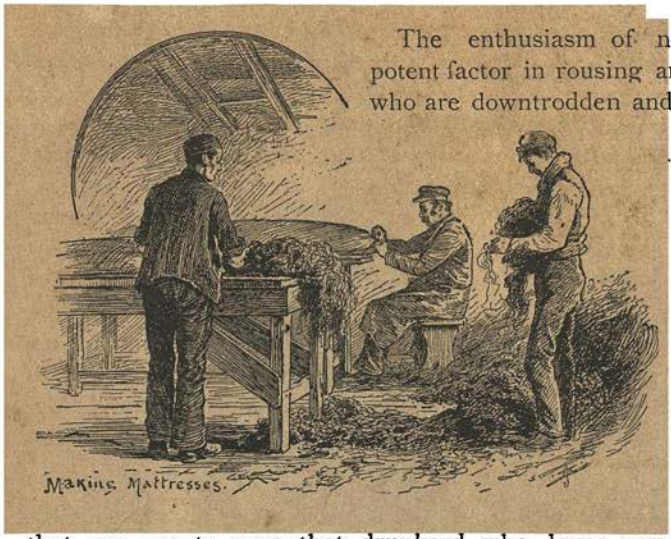
dirt is the first instinct of a man struggling into a better life. Later on, he may be able to walk through the one unharmed and to endure the other in effort for his fellows.

But part of our work is to create ambition. Some men seem as if they would never be able to earn much more than their lodging and their twopenny food tickets, and never care to try.



That is, their labour is worth so much. Not that this amount is of necessity paid them. The factory is not like an ordinary workshop, but an actual "elevator," designed to LIFT UP all who are willing to be helped; intended as a means of transport, not a place of residence. If one man's work produces more than he is paid, why, he knows perfectly well that the surplus goes, not to enrich the Salvation Army, but to offset the expense connected with maintaining the fellow who, with the best will in the world, hasn't skill for anything more remunerative than firewood cutting, which is what a man with no trade of his own is generally set to at first. If he seems likely to stop, however, we try to teach him one. Of the thirty-one brushmakers at work in Hanbury Street Elevator on October 31st, not one had any practical knowledge of his work before coming. Mat-making and basket-making we have succeeded in teaching to several.

Mr. Merrick, late chaplain of Wormwood Scrubs, who paid a visit to our Elevators and spoke to the Hanbury Street men last summer, pointed out to us the educational value to our ex-prisoners of seeing the work of their own and other men's hands shape itself before them. On this account especially he commends the Elevator system.

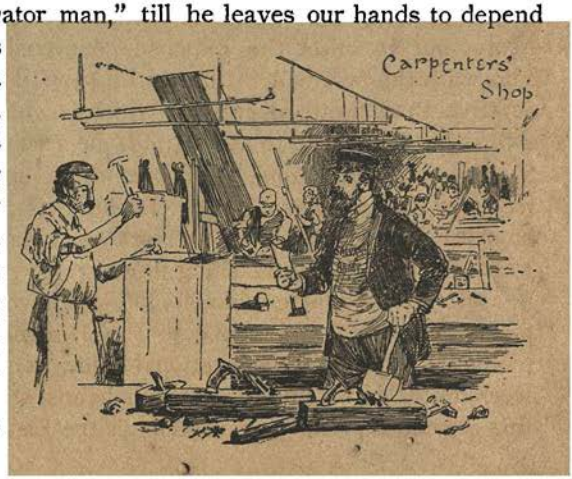

Making Mattresses.

The enthusiasm of numbers is a very potent factor in rousing and stimulating men who are downtrodden and downcast. Salvationists are the last people on earth to depreciate the value of personal intercourse and face-to-face dealing of man with man.

"In the world of the apostles, or in the world here and now: in the way that Jesus saved Peter, or in the way that you are to save that drunkard who loves you and trusts you as he does no other man: it is always the lower laying hold of the higher—the son of man forever saved and sanctified and fitted for heaven by the Son of God."

But the multitudes swept each other along within reach of the Son of God! And personal influence we aim to secure through the foremen of our small gangs, and by the chaplaincy of the captain and orderlies of the Lighthouse.

A bird's-eye view of Old Street Elevator, assisted by our illustrations, will give some idea of the atmosphere of busy life and cheery work which envelope a man from the time he fills in his form and leaves the Labour Bureau a recognised "Elevator man," till he leaves our hands to depend on God and himself. This factory was formerly a brewery, and cost £1,500, which necessary alterations brought up to something like £2,100. Only absolutely necessary alterations have been made in it, and its accommodations are of the roughest. So far as air and space go, it is a model workshop.


Carpenters' Shop.

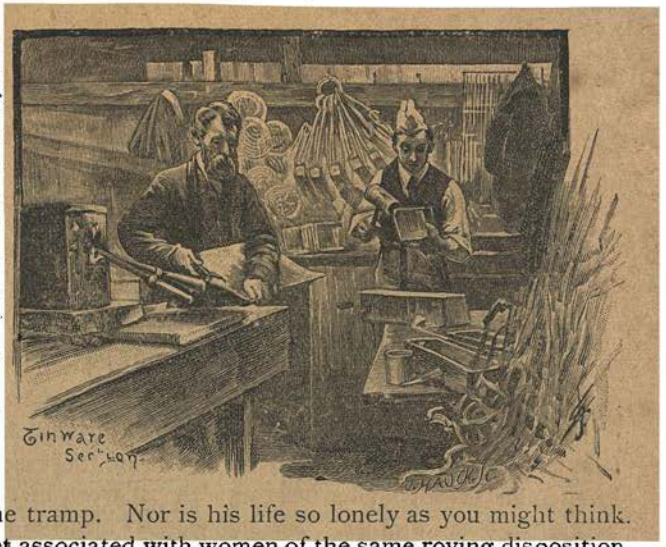
In at the office, where

are kept the time-books on which the issue of tickets is based, he will at once be given a penny ticket for hot coffee and bread if he needs food. It will be stamped as good "for that day only." A man *must* have his regular meals at regular hours. He may not save up or exchange his food tickets. He receives also a numbered brass ticket. This, when he goes to work, hangs on a hook outside the office door. When he goes to his meals he must take it, as well as his food-ticket, since it proves that he came fairly by the latter. Indeed, if he loses the food-ticket the Lighthouse officials will accept the work-ticket and give him his meal.

Here are the factory vans and the five horses which are already too few for the delivery of our manufactures. Seven wheelwrights are at work in their portion of space—all Old Street Elevator is like a big, roofed-in field as yet!—making a new van. Four of these are learning the trade. Lieutenant Tasso, our harness repairer, at work in a small room close by, is one "of our own men," and has worked up from a scrubber at Clerkenwell Shelter, through posts as second orderly and first orderly, to a lieutenancy.

There are only six carpenters at Old Street. Most of the carpentry and cabinet-making goes on at Hanbury Street. But one very interesting sight, the day we last had "a look around," was that of a man making wooden patterns for the fourteen or fifteen engineers. A stove for a Shelter was on the boards. In the tin-shop, breadpans for the Bakery were occupying the men on hand. The head man in this was a most interesting specimen of the habitual casual when he first came into the clutches of the Salvation Army. He is a man of education and has been a schoolmaster. Domestic trouble drove him to liquor, liquor pushed him down to the level of the professional tramp. He has sold silver polish made out of red brickdust and manufactured "giant cement" out of simple resin. Out of an experience of some twelve years, during which time he has tested the accommodation of about twenty casual wards, he gives the following opinions concerning the class of men he is now as anxious to help up as is the General himself:—

"The difficulties are legion, but the chief difficulty lies here. These men are exceedingly selfish. Their immense acquaintance with the seamy side of human nature leads them to think that everyone who approaches them, whether for better or worse, has got some personal notion for mercenary ends. But if there is any set of Christians who can approach the genuine roadster, it is the Salvation Army, as the chronic poverty of Salvation Army officers is a strong argument for their disinterestedness, which a selfish man cannot answer.



"Then a roving life has such charms for these knights of the road that one of the greatest difficulties which lies in the way of their reform is the fact that they will have to settle down, if they follow their trade or profession. What the love of drink is to the drunkard, that the nomad mania is to the tramp. Nor is his life so lonely as you might think. Most of these men get associated with women of the same roving disposition, and they resolve to tramp together till death do them part; circumstances permitting is a proviso the dosser puts in on his own account. So children are born vagrants, first see the light of day in a workhouse, are nourished in charity, and tended by the roadside, scarcely above the brute creation.

"The life of the professional vagabond need not be hard, aside from the drink. He is acquainted with every charity that applies to his class, very seldom goes hungry, and mostly has a bed to lie on. In the struggle for charity, the weakest go to the wall—those who most need charitable help get the least. But the Social Scheme of the Salvation Army—why, the confirmed vagabond curses it night and day! He sees in it the death-blow to his profession, for if the General's Scheme is successful in giving all who can work employment, then those who won't work become criminals, and their dearly-prized liberty is forfeited."

Still, as yet we are a long way off giving all who can work and will work employment. Mainly for lack of room. More room means more money. This great ex-brewery at Old Street will hold five or six hundred men when thoroughly fitted up, but already the little Lighthouse reading-room has had to be turned into a dormitory, and we can hardly send more men to the Ark, where, every night at eight, those pathetic groups edge around to be close to the door where the captain will shortly appear with, "Five beds to-night, lads," and five-and-twenty or more know they must turn away to the nameless horrors of some "thieves' den" in the Borough.

Brushmaking and basket-making are located here at Old Street. There, too, the most of our wood-chopping goes. The rumours which have been circulated as to the reason for the great popularity of our firewood are absolutely false. Our rates have never been put below the regular prices agreed upon by the Firewood Choppers' Union, and so far from the profits having gone into the coffers of the Salvation Army, there have actually been no profits on this section at all. The continual changes in the workers and the unskilled labour of many of them has involved us in a small loss during the year. But we are quite satisfied that the £500 so expended in employing 700 men have been well invested, and that we see our way clear to making this department pay its way.

We could place 11,000 more bundles per day, and this custom has been worked up without a single agent. Our carmen canvass and solicit orders on their delivering rounds.

The history of one of these same carmen is in itself a splendid sample of the work of the Elevators. He is a baker by trade, has been a hard drinker, and lost many good situations through drunkenness. At last no one would employ him, and he became a regular outcast. Homeless and friendless, having spent five consecutive days and nights in the streets, he had made up his mind to commit suicide, when he met an old friend of his upon the Thames Embankment. Said the latter:

"A little time back, I was as bad as you, but I heard of General Booth's Scheme, went to the Labour Bureau in Thames Street, got a constant job, and here I am, respectable and doing what's right."

This gave our poor fellow a little hope. Off he set for Thames Street, to see what good luck might befall him. His circumstances being somewhat different from those of his acquaintance, he was sent to the Elevator, where, after a month, he got saved. For six months he has proved steady and reliable, and has now been given the responsible position of carman.

We must not pass by the smithy! Six men are kept constantly busy here at the necessary blacksmithing of the Wing. Up above, sixteen mattress-makers are rejoicing over a "big order" for four hundred bunk mattresses and four hundred bed mattresses for a new Métropole.

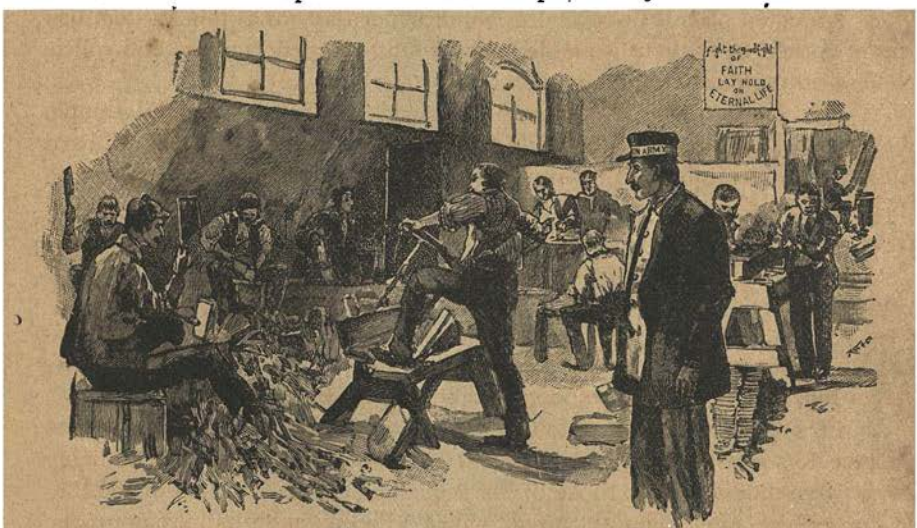
"We sha'n't be taking the bootmakers' trade away," quoth the General to some committee or other, "for we shall set our bootmakers to making boots for people who never wore new ones before."

Just so with much of our mattress-making, carpentry, etc. Work creates work. Each new industry fits into and develops another.

In the little office where the firewood choppers' work is noted might be seen, during October, a superior sort of man about forty-five years of

age. He had been a solicitor's clerk. His last principal "went wrong," he says, "and when a man's name is out of the law lists, people are not over-anxious to employ his clerk." Besides, he is middle-aged, and "just when a man's experience is of use to him, he finds himself run out by young fellows who know shorthand." When he came to the Labour Bureau, he had been out of work for nearly twelve months, eking out a precarious livelihood by "getting hold of a dying person here and an unfortunate suitor there, and making a will or representing someone in court."

Very likely liquor has had something to do with his impecuniosity. But here is another aspect of our workshops. They act as moral sana-



SAWING FIREWOOD.

toriums. If the State will not protect the dipsomaniac, if the Church cannot deliver him from temptation, the Salvation Army can and will shield him so long as he stops under shelter or on soil it owns.

A man whose great temptation had been drunkenness, but who had been saved at a Factory, went out a short time ago to a situation gotten for him by some "friends" who heard of his whereabouts. When he got to the place he found that his first step must be to the public-house to get "a liquor," and that his mate was a drinking fellow. He came straight back to Hanbury Street, and declared he wouldn't go out till he could get a situation "to his mind," and one "where he could do as he pleased."

We know of no permanent cure for the drunkard save the grace of

God. Men have come to the Elevator and begged the officers to keep every penny they earned and let them have none, for fear they should drink again. And yet in no case where the man has not definitely accepted the converting grace of God, has any reformation proved permanent. Here is the testimony of one of many permanent reclamations :—

"W. H.—Good mechanic. In one situation for sixteen years. His admirable workmanship was the only cause of his master putting up with his terrible drinking bouts. In giving him a reference the latter said: 'A splendid workman, but a drunkard.' Through drinking came other sins: gambling, bookmaking, wife-beating. At last, in a fit of drunkenness, he sold and pawned all he had, deserted his wife, left his native town, and came to London. Hungry and penniless, he remembered what he had heard said in a public-house about the General's Scheme, came to the Labour Bureau, and was passed into the Elevator. At a Shelter meeting he gave his heart to God, and has for some time lived a 'godly, righteous, and sober life.'

J. C. came to the Elevator most destitute. He, too, professed to repent of his sins and turn to God at a Shelter penitent-form, but for a long time his conversation was by no means satisfactory. He was a good and faithful enough workman at his own trade of carpentry; but again and again he got drunk, although he always came back and asked to be forgiven. His sergeant was most long-suffering with him, although convinced that there was some reserve in the man's surrender of himself to God. For the only saving faith we believe in is the gift of God to man on the absolute, unchanging condition that its recipient first, so far as in him lies, turns from and forsakes all sin. At last the truth came out. He had a wife and family, who had been forced to separate from him on account of his wicked life. Under the circumstances, the only immediate reparation he could make was to send them half his wages. He signed an agreement to do so, and from that day he has not touched liquor.

"I have never taken a penny from the Army. I have a settled income, and I pay my way," said a gentleman to a surprised visitor, who knew of him only as a recent inmate of the Lighthouse. It was quite true.

He *has* a regular though modest income, which is paid regularly to Commissioner Cadman, Mr. X. requesting that he himself shall not touch a penny of it, lest he should again wreck himself through drink. His has been a hard battle.

This work requires superhuman love and patience. No one need fancy simple *human* kindness and good-fellowship can ever be sufficient for the work of a Social Reform officer.

"They swing this way and they swing that way before they settle," said an officer to us the other day. "Our men take a long time to settle I'll think one is all right and off my hands, and put him off my mind, and then the first I know I get a letter—'Dear Adjutant, I am in trouble; can you kindly come and see me,' and off I go, saying to myself, 'So *he's* not settled yet! Hallelujah! Never. mind. Look at Z. Wasn't he off and on for a year or so, and now he's all right. So will this fellow be yet.'"

NOSEBAG MAKING.

What if he falls when he finally goes out into the world? Then he may come back again, if he will, and begin over again. Through the discipline of hunger and cold and misery, which brought him to Factory and Light-house in the first place, up through the discipline of seaweed mattresses, and two-penny meals, and steady, cheery work, he will come at last, by the grace of God. While, on the other hand, when a man does break a rule, or fail to give entire satisfaction generally, our Factory officers do not treat with him on the lines that they are representing a large trading concern in any sense of the word, but they bear and forbear—show him the folly of a foolish act, explain to him how much more it is to his advantage and always will be for him to be a man, refer him to somebody he works with, as showing an exemplary character, and so on, as long as patience lasts; and when that is exhausted, they go to their knees and get a fresh supply, and struggle for his soul again and again.

One of the most interesting cases which ever came under our personal notice at the Elevators was that of J——H——. He was a splendid cabinet-maker, in good work a few years ago—a master of his trade, having sixty men under him. Trouble with a worthless wife crushed heart and manhood and hope out of him. He left the home which had

become hateful to him and wandered away, sleeping under hedges, and living the life of a mere animal. When hunger drove him to us, he was —— well, read the Elevator overseer's report on him!

"His square, well-set frame was giving way to an alarming extent under the pressure of slow starvation. His jet-black hair, now turning grey, was hanging in clotted locks over a neck that was simply black with encrusted filth. His clothes were not worth an apology for such. As we drew near him, the smell was almost suffocating, and our eyes caught sight of one of the most objectionable realities of living rottenness that it is possible for decent people to conceive."

He was set to work, cheered, comforted, encouraged. In six months he had worked up to our highest class, was lodging at the Ark, earning 22s. 6d. per week, and provided himself with tools and clothes from his reserve fund. Best of all, he had roused to fresh interest in life, and when the Labour Bureau found him an excellent situation, went to it with high hopes.

All this time he was not saved. When Adjutant Bullen had a final talk with him about his soul before he left, all he would say was, that he was sorry he was not yet saved, but "You shall hear from me."

Happily, the manager of the firm to which he went was a Salvationist, and several of the men, and our entry concerning him, in an article written last May, was, "Doubtless we *shall* hear of him again—and the angels will, too."

Soon after he wrote:—"The change has come at last. I am a Salvationist from top to toe. If you write to the Captain at —— Corps, he will confirm what I say."

His history shows, at least, that the Elevator men have no fancy that religious profession is necessary to their aid or advancement. Jews, Catholics, and Freethinkers all help to people the Lighthouse.

The "reserve fund" mentioned above consists of one-third of whatever money grant a man is allowed. This reserve is banked to his credit, and he is not at liberty to draw it until he signifies his wish to leave the Factory. Then, if he goes to a situation, it is laid out in tools and clothes. He has his railway fare to his destination and usually a few shillings to start with. The other two-thirds of his grant he may spend as he likes. Shelter and Factory men, out of their pittances, gave £25 to our Self-Denial Fund. Even some "first-class" Elevator men asked to have twopenny tickets converted into coppers, that they might give, at least, the price of a meal.

The day's routine of our men is much on this wise:—They rise on weekdays at six, on Sundays at seven. On weekdays they work from

6.30 till 8.30, when they breakfast; work again till 12, when a fifteen minutes' prayer meeting is held; dinner at 12.30, and work again till 5. A curious little provision is made for the safe-keeping of their tools. *Two* men share a tool locker. Each knows if the other's tools are all right, and it is extremely improbable that both will agree to connive at the pawning of them. Supper is served at 5.30, and after supper any man can get a pass from the captain to go out until 7.30. If he wishes to be out later he must give a reason and obtain a special permit, for Lighthouse men, unlike the inmates of any other shelter, are required to attend the

nightly meeting, held from 7.45 to 9. The dormitories are closed between those hours, and nobody is allowed to haunt the washroom or drying range on the pretext of washing his clothes. We fail to discover that any man has ever raised an objection to this rule on the ground of religious or irreligious scruples, although we have Jews, Roman Catholics, and Free-thinkers at the Lighthouse. As a result of these meetings, we have just now a band of seventy men at the Lighthouse who are professing Christians, and whose daily lives, we dare to say, would compare favourably with recently saved members of any church or chapel whom you could place side by side with them.

Everybody must go to bed —or to bunk— at ten, and lights are all out at a quarter-past. No man is ever let in who comes home drunk. He does penance on doorstep or pavement. On Sundays, the men may go where they like. Three meetings are held for their benefit, and a large number attend. The holiness meeting is said to be the most popular of the day with the unsaved men! They delight to hear what a Christian ought to be!

A captain and nine orderlies manage the Lighthouse. Discipline is not difficulty. In three months the present captain has only had to put out one man. Public opinion maintains order. If a man feels he *must* misconduct himself, he decides to leave. One of the present orderlies is the scapegrace brother of one of our old and trusted officers who has done duty in India. Said brother had been in the Queen's Army and out again, and drunk himself about as near to destruction as possible. Shaking from head to foot with a threatening fit of delirium tremens, he presented himself at the door of his brother's neat "quarters" in London one night, was taken in, and next night marched off to the Labour Bureau and thence to the Factory. This was on Thursday. The "horrors" were warded off; our captain set to work, cheered and lectured, preached to and loved, and the next Tuesday he was saved as well as at work.

Finally, we come to the question sure to have been raised in some mind before this. What about the married men? Starvation is a very selfish sort of thing. Unless large outside provision can be made for the applicants at the Labour Bureau, is not the Factory system likely to put a premium on wife desertion?

We can only reply that we do not find the facts justify this hypothetical criticism. No case has ever come up before the notice of Elevator officers of a man who appeared to have deserted his family, with intent to share the advantages of the Elevator and the joys of monastic life at Light-

house and Ark. Wife deserters there are in plenty at both institutions! But the first effect of the moral atmosphere, when it begins to take effect on a man, is to convict him of his duty to his wife and his helpless little ones, and we have learned almost to expect, when a man comes to the penitent-form, to find that he must confess to some repudiated domestic duty as a condition of his acceptance with God.

A certain proportion of family men we have been able to assist through the Factories. Some have placed wife and baby in the Women's Shelter, and gone to work in the Factory temporarily. Others we have put on a different basis, paying them daily, so that they might maintain a little home and live therein. One such is B.

Sitting by Mrs. B's. side in the bare little room in a big model building which replaces the trim, bright home of her former days, we drew out *her* side of the story, which, carefully verified in each detail, we had already heard from her husband.

He had "been a Methodist ever since he was born," and a Methodist of the old stamp, which means he has always been a sober, industrious, hard-working, well-conducted member of society. At the time of her marriage he was in a greengrocery business, but failed for lack of capital.

"They wanted him to compound—pay so much in the pound to each creditor, isn't it?—but he said 'No; I'll pay every penny!' And he did, though it left us with nothing at all. Then he got a position as outside traveller with a man who failed. Then he went to a grocer as counter man. But the grocer decided to do it cheaper with two boys, and my husband was out again. He gave him splendid testimonials—you've seen them? He's plenty of characters, hasn't he?—and he got a place as teller at the docks. There he'd twenty-seven shillings a week and overtime, but it was too hard work. He'd not been used to it, and he's forty-five years old, and he got run down and caught influenza, and was laid up ten weeks. I don't know how we lived. We parted with everything—*everything*. My husband had joined the Salvation Army some time before, and no doubt the soldiers would have helped us if I'd let them know how we were. But I wouldn't let anybody know. I said, 'God is good, and we shall get through somehow.' I parted with all but two chairs and a bed, and I got some sewing to do on my little hand machine. Oh, I'd such a nice home once, and I'd never dreamed of working! I suppose my pride had to come down. When my husband got better, he could find nothing to do, so Captain H. got to know, and he sent us up here. At first the two children and me went to the Women's Shelter, and my husband to the Factory. My little girl died while we were at the Shelter. My husband is line foreman now in the

carpentry department at Hanbury Street. He's a very good knowledge of carpentry, it seems. I'm sure I don't know where he picked it up. He was always making odds and ends of things, and I got some marking from the Trade Head Quarters. No, we've very little furniture yet. The couch and the chair-bed I put together at night, and there's the table and a chair or two. But I'd to do with *nothing* to get and keep out of debt. Three pounds would cover all we owe in Liverpool."

Just one more story—heartbreaking in its utter simplicity.

For several nights the orderly of the Women's Shelter noticed that one frail little woman who was a regular lodger was fetched to the door each night by a big, bearded man, who kissed her good-night and watched her inside the door before he walked away. It was a curious sight for Hanbury Street!—how curious may be inferred from the fact that the orderly felt impelled to ask, "Who is the man who kisses you every night?"

But the dignity of still proud, if not happy, wifedom made the little woman almost tall as she said, "My husband;" and it was with repressed excitement, amounting to indignation, that she answered a question about him later on with, "My husband *good* to me? My husband is as good as gold! There isn't a better husband than mine in the whole world."

Night after night passed. The big man grew bonier, the little woman paler. At last came a night when they paused at the door falteringly. There was no money to pay for the little wife's shelter!

Needless to say, the door was not shut till she had been kissed and put inside as usual! The husband went off to the Men's Shelter with a note, in lieu of his customary twopence, and the story behind these two came out at last.

The big man was a paperhanger, and had been able to keep his delicate wife and her sickly child comfortably until last winter's bitter weather put a block on house-building and house-furnishing. Nothing daunted, he went out to shovel snow. It wouldn't be so long till spring, and with spring he should get work again. But spring brought the carpenters' strike, and that damped his hopes. And the sickly baby died, as sickly babies have an odd way of doing during strikes. Some people consider this a merciful dispensation of Providence; but the mothers are apt to think otherwise. To make matters worse, these two had that singular prejudice which it doesn't seem possible to eradicate from the minds of their class, against having that baby tumbled into a promiscuous kind of grave along with several other babies, after the cheerful, offhand fashion peculiar to parish funerals. Granted, it may be foolish; but foolish prejudices are often obstinate.

"Would you like to feel your *soul* was buried down deep, with another baby on top of it? That's how *I* feel," said a woman in like case to us once, with a lurid light in her eyes that made one fancy what a Vera Sassulitch could be made of her only give her misery enough.

At any rate, the furniture went to bury the baby. Then came the day when there was no bread and no rent-money, and the husband looked at his tools.

"Oh, don't!" said the little wife, terrified for the first time. "Then, if work comes, you can't do it. We can get on to-day. Something may happen to-morrow."

But the only thing that happened was that the hunger grew fiercer, and half the tools went, and they began to lodge at Hanbury Street and Whitechapel Shelters. Then the other half went, and then the last bits of clothing they could spare, till they came to that awful night when they had to *ask* for shelter!

The husband went into the Factory, then, and the wife was kept on at the Shelter. But—"It's so slow," said he. "When I've been there a month, I shall only begin to get a shilling a week grant, and it'll be five weeks before I can get my tools out."

"I'll help," said the little wife, stoutly. "If Mrs. Wessberg can get me a situation, I can help you to get them faster."

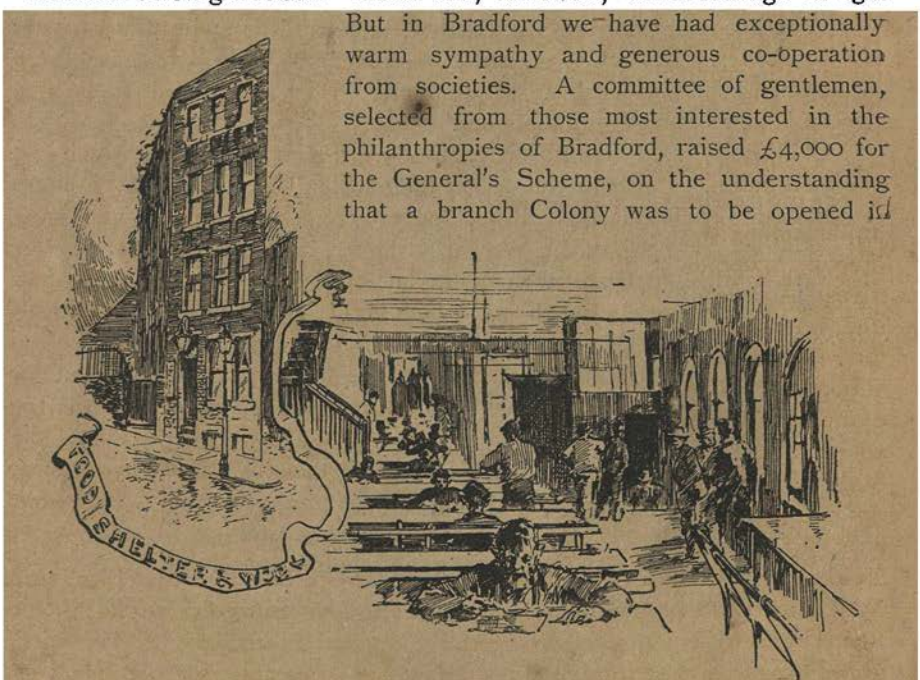
"It was such a hard situation, the only one that turned up," says Mrs. Major Wessberg, of the Women's Shelter. "I couldn't bear to offer it to that little, delicate woman—a lot of riotous children, and only eighteenpence a week! But she said, 'Oh, yes! *Do* let me try. Eighteenpence is far better than nothing.' The husband said, 'I *can't* let you go.' So I've coaxed Staff-Capt. Body, at the Factory, to let him out for two or three hours to look for work, and if he finds it I shall lend him the money for tools myself."

Which, perhaps, goes to show some critic the way in which our wise hard and fast rules in the Social Wing may be jumped over! But we feel that until regular provision is made for *all* circumstances of misery, we must ust do the best we can at loving and helping and aiding, not only *regularly*, but irregularly.

CHAPTER V.

Provincial City Colonies.

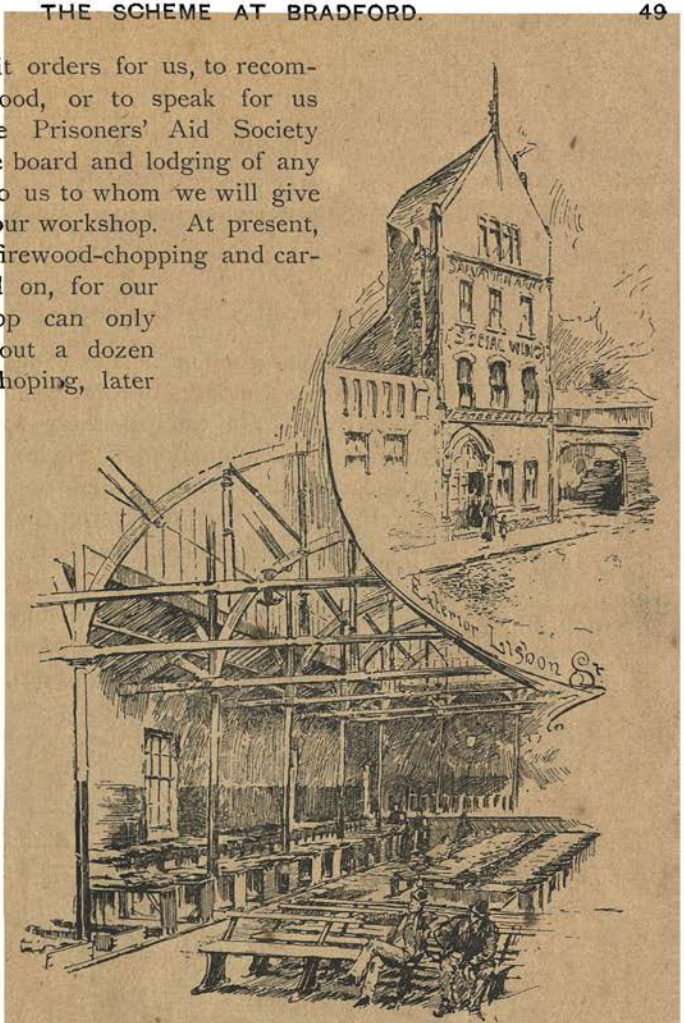
Work similar to that which has gone on in the various departments of the London Social Work for from six months to three years, has been begun in Leeds, Bradford, and Bristol. In each of these towns, however, our single building is thus far a combination of Shelter, Food Depôt, and Workshop. The Leeds building was opened on June 6th, that at Bradford on August 28th. Leeds has, therefore, the advantage of age. But in Bradford we have had exceptionally warm sympathy and generous co-operation from societies. A committee of gentlemen, selected from those most interested in the philanthropies of Bradford, raised £4,000 for the General's Scheme, on the understanding that a branch Colony was to be opened in



BRADFORD FOOD SHELTER.

their own town. Not only did they aid by money, but they have been prodigal of time and thought, two commodities more valuable in this work than even money, necessary as that is. They have not

scrupled to solicit orders for us, to recommend our firewood, or to speak for us anywhere. The Prisoners' Aid Society offers to pay the board and lodging of any men they send to us to whom we will give employment in our workshop. At present, no work except firewood-chopping and carpentry is carried on, for our present workshop can only accommodate about a dozen men. We are hoping, later on, to get much of what may be styled the "waste work" of the factories, such as picking over and sorting wool refuse, etc. The Food Depôt at Leeds does a tremendous trade among the Factory operatives. At Leeds, the workshop is in a better condition, but public sympathy is not so largely active on behalf of our unfortunate clients, partly, we are informed, because of a curious rivalry between this town and Bradford! May it turn to a provocation of each other to love and good works! Our Leeds building is not so advantageously situated as it might be. We learn, as we progress, that we must have a fairly good locality for our Shelters. That is, they must be in a neighbourhood where a dosser can easily pick up coppers—where there are cab-hirers to open doors to, and parcel carriers to relieve. The beggar cannot go to an out-of-the-way street. The sandwich man may not choose his beat. He must keep to the prosperous



LEEDS FOOD AND SHELTER.

thoroughfares; and when these have earned the price of a bed, they do not care to drag their weary bones the length of the town to find it.

All the same, there have been some glorious incidents in our dealing with the men who have come into our Leeds Colony. There are more men among them who have come down from fair positions than in London. A gentleman came to our officer for lodging and counsel who had formerly held a first-class certificate as schoolmaster. Having accumulated a few thousand pounds, he had left off teaching. Some one swindled him out of his money, and, to his dismay, he found it difficult to get established in a mastership in the middle of a school year. When he came to the Leeds Métropole, he was at the lowest ebb, but his admirable testimonials as to teaching ability and disciplinary power, soon procured him a suitable school position, once he was tided over.

Our officer here had a very interesting "find" of a lost husband. His wife had written to the Chief Constable about him, but received for an answer a statement that the information she furnished was too slight! There were 40,000 inhabitants in Leeds, and he could not hope to find him. Whereupon she wrote to the Shelter captain. He had small hope of finding him either, but put his photograph in his pocket, strolled out and—met the man!

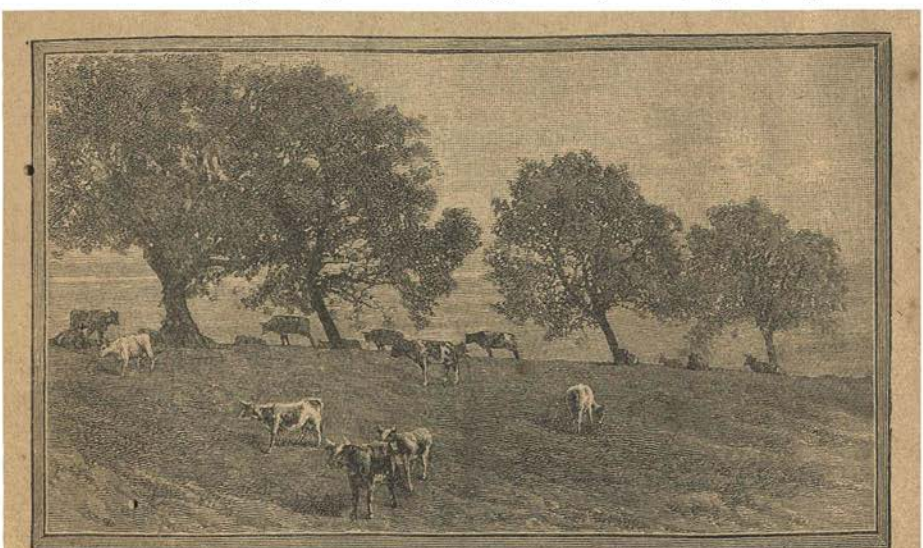
Our Bristol place is only just formally opened—December 14th. We have had a very long and tedious delay over this building. Part of it has been a coffee-palace. That we were able to keep steadily on with; but some antique bye-law of the town forbids the turning of warehouses into dwelling-houses, so the town surveyor objected to us on the score that we were opening a dwelling-house. [If he had ever seen one of our Shelters after ten, when the wooden bunks are side by side on the floor, and each is filled rather tightly with its occupant, he might have thought it still partook of the nature of a warehouse!] So we had to wait till the City Fathers should give us leave to proceed with our alterations and fit up the "dwelling-houses" for the ninety "dossers" and forty lodgers whom we shall be able to provide for here.

Bristol offers a grand field for our operations. It is a sort of a halfway-house between London and Cardiff. When a man gets to the last gasp in London, he very frequently sets out for Cardiff to get work on a coal-boat. And he stops half way at Bristol. Scores of men have already applied at our Bristol "Castle" for employment, that they might earn food to help them on their way. Cardiff ought to give us a liberal donation, on condition that we should lay hands on as many as possible and work them off, through shop and Labour Bureau, to different parts of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FARM COLONY.

'SKY instead of roofs. Clouds instead of London smoke. Sheep instead of hansom horses. Honest, plodding carts for the cabs which are growing so suggestive of 'sweating' and strikes. Hedgerows and may bushes, up through which a stream of sad-eyed men will soon be pouring to help dig 'a way out' for those who will follow through the years before the wealth of the Hadleigh Farms can be exhausted. Here an there a bush of yellow gorse. Happy, healthy children, looking well-



ON THE FARM.

warmed and fed, running about on the grass and straggling toward the cockle beds. A wilderness yet, perhaps, but a wilderness as full of hope as the desert of the Exodus!"

That was all there was to see on Hadleigh Colony on May 1st, 1891, according to the officer sent down to report on behalf of *All the World.*

But for the purpose of this report there is very much more to describe about what we may most pertinently call the groundwork of this Farm Colony, and we must be pardoned if we lapse into technicalities while we try to show the complex principles which decided the General to select the site of the first Farm Colony from land offered him close by Leigh, Essex.

The four main purposes to be achieved upon the Colony are :—

1. To find work in the reclamation or improvement of land upon which unskilled labour can be profitably employed, and of such a character as will form a good test whether "out of works" are willing to work or not, and so prove whether they are worthy of future assistance.

2. The cultivation of land under ordinary methods of farming, but employing hand labour to the largest possible profitable extent, so as to afford useful training for those who wish to be come emigrants or established as cultivators of small allotment farms in this country.

3. To carry on such industries as are connected with farming, as well as to carry on various branches of general industrial work which will give profitable employment for unskilled workers under better and more healthy conditions than exist in London.

4. To provide means for training men in useful trades or industries, giving them opportunity of moral improvement and assisting them in educational or other ways, so that they may be better able to get their living in the future.

It is not to be wondered at that critics, friendly or unfriendly, who did *not* bear in mind all these objects, have expressed adverse opinions of varied nature concerning the Colony investment of the "Darkest England" Fund. "Too fertile; won't make work enough." "Poor soil; can't be made to pay." "Too much brickfield ground." "Too little brickfield ground." "Why didn't the General go in for brickmaking wholesale?" These are a few specimen remarks only.

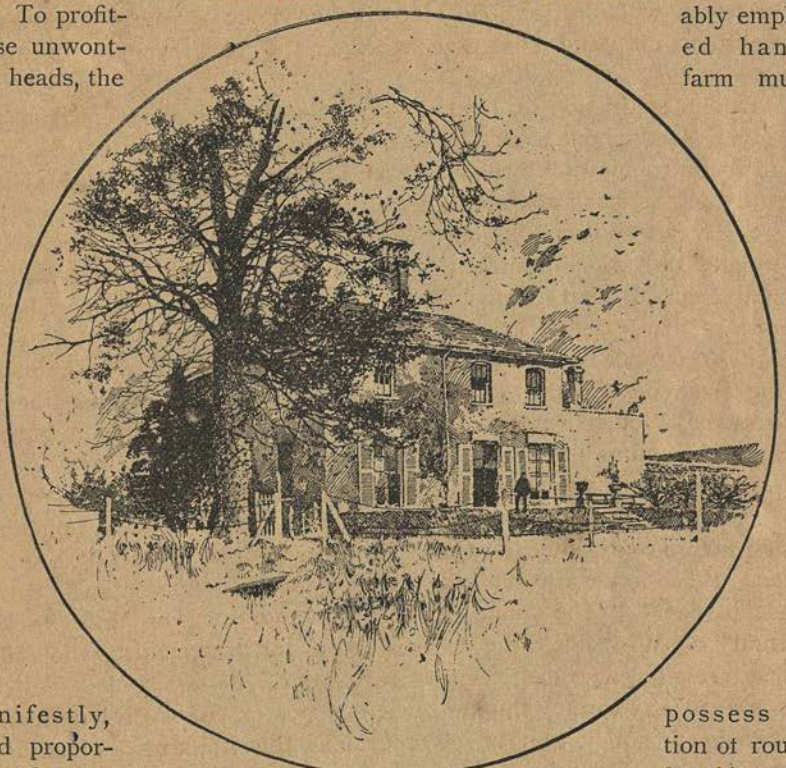
But to any careful thinker, whether possessed of deep agricultural knowledge or not, it will be quite evident that a Farm destined for the home of such a Colony not only may possess a far greater variety of soils and lands than it would be possible for an ordinary landed proprietor to work successfully, but *must* do so.

Or look at these statistics gathered in our Elevators. From November 1st, 1890, to November 1st, 1891, 1,599 men passed through their books. Of these 806 were Londoners, 570 from provincial towns of large or small size, 74 foreigners, and only 149 from villages, and, therefore, presumably, more or less accustomed to agricultural work. Even

among those who claim to have any knowledge of farm operations, the number whose actions bear out their assertions is astonishingly small.

"If a man wants to go on the farm, I do believe he'd say he was an agricultural labourer if he'd slept under a hedge once, or dug potatoes in a back garden in Greenwich! Or he'll tell us he's used to horses if he's been a carman," says one City Colony officer, "and of course we've no means of testing their knowledge till they're fairly down there, as we can test a man who says he's a carpenter or a cobbler!"

To profitably employ these unwonted hands and heads, the farm must, manifestly, possess a good proportion of rough ground, in the breaking up of which they can be employed, and about the operations on which there is not the same need for speed and regularity as in the season's routine on land already under cultivation, and on which we are counting to produce immediate crops for use or market.

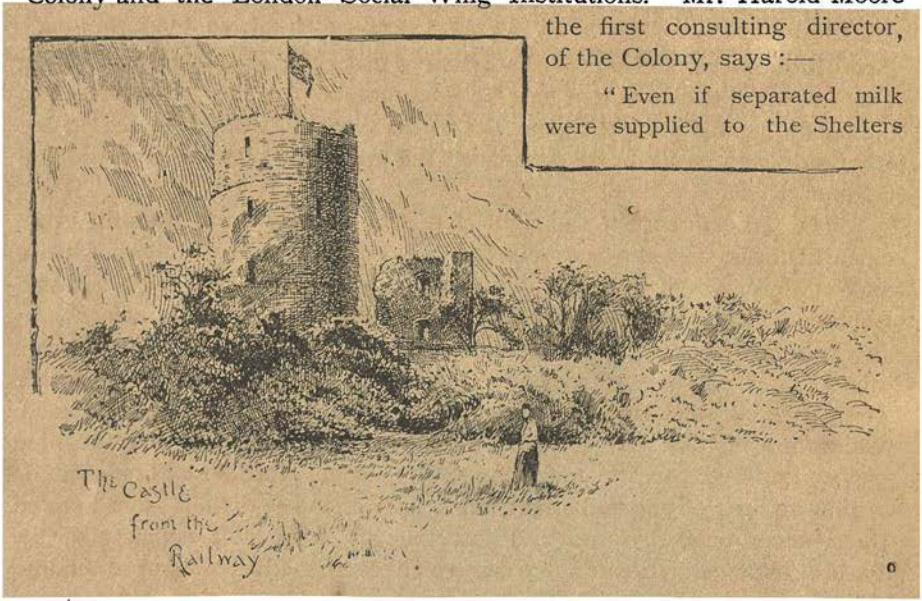


THE PARK FARMHOUSE.

It must also have a fair proportion of good arable land in a condition to produce roots and forage crops for the consumption of the stock required for Colony purposes, and it ought also to have a considerable extent of

good old grass land, suitable for grazing, since a large dairy could be made remunerative, even if its market products were confined to the limits of the Colony and the London Social Wing Institutions. Mr. Harold Moore the first consulting director, of the Colony, says:—

"Even if separated milk were supplied to the Shelters



at one-third the price now paid for new milk, it would give a return to the farm of nearly fifty per cent. more than the ordinary farmer would be able to obtain for that product. The by-products of the Dairy would also be wanted in the rearing and fattening of pigs, which being converted into bacon upon the Colony would give a profitable return to the farm, as well as be one of the cheapest means of feeding those upon the Colony."

The fifteen cows already on the Colony produce between forty and fifty pounds of butter. They will be increased to fifty immediately on the completion of the necessary buildings now in course of erection.

It was imperatively necessary that the Farm should have some land suitable for market gardening and amenable to spade culture, for not only must it produce vegetables for the use of the colonists, but it must be a training and testing ground for those family men whom we hope to be able to establish on small allotment farms, either here or in an Over-Sea Colony.

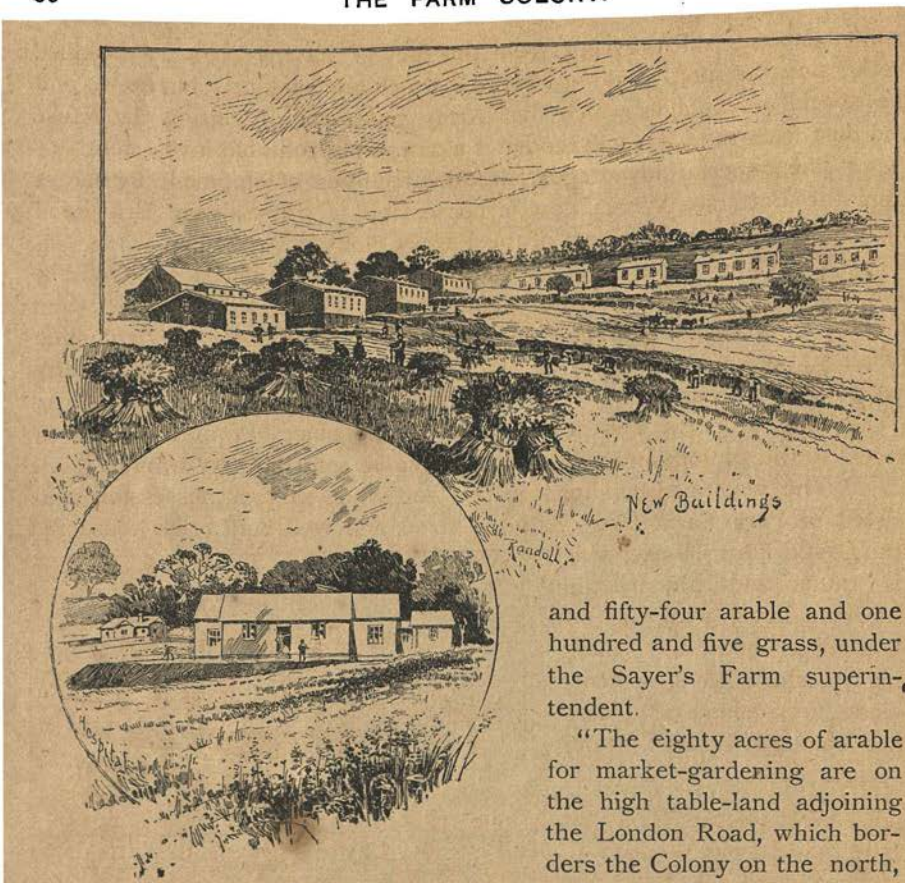
Suitable sites for officers' dwellings, as well as for the buildings required by the colonists, had to be looked out for, and accessibility to London was a desideratum. Taking everything into consideration, six months' trial has satisfied us that our choice has not been a mistaken one.

We quote the following from an exhaustive article in the December number of *All the World* :—

"Our Farm lands are bounded on the south by a creek called Hadleigh Bay, on the other side of which is Cavey Island and the Chapman Head Lighthouse, and then rolls by the great river of commerce, Father Thames, upon whose bosom may be seen one or two hundred craft, from the small fishing smacks to the ocean steamers. In the distance on the other side may easily be distinguished the town of Sheerness and the hop fields of Kent.

"On an eminence to the right of that on which we are standing is the much-historied and antiquarianised Hadleigh Castle, in a nest of trees and verdure, while four or five miles away on the left may be seen Southend Pier, butting out one and a quarter miles into the river. In this direction also is the Nore Lightship, at the Mouth of the Thames, whose nightly gleams are clearly visible, and from Sheerness Harbour are often flashed the electric search-lights upon the Farm and neighbourhood, while the Colonists may set their watches (if they have any) by the nine o'clock gun-fire from the guardship in the same Harbour. The estate is within an area of one and a half miles square, and is distant from London thirty-seven miles by road and forty-one by water. It consists of the Park, Castle, and Sayer's Farms, which comprise, with about a hundred rented, 1,150 acres. One thousand acres are under the management of duly-qualified and practical superintendents, viz., — eighty present arable and forty-five grass, to be ploughed up under the market-gardener superintendent; two hundred and thirty-six arable and four hundred and eighty grass, under Park and Castle Farms superintendent;

THE CASTLE FARM.



COLONY HOSPITAL.

and fifty-four arable and one hundred and five grass, under the Sayer's Farm superintendent.

"The eighty acres of arable for market-gardening are on the high table-land adjoining the London Road, which borders the Colony on the north, and are in first-class cultivation. With regard to the two hundred acres of saltings, which have been periodically covered by the high spring tides, it is proposed to embank these sufficiently high to prevent the influx of water, and then, by careful subsequent treatment, it is thought that in the course of a few years they may have a freehold value of £30 per acre. As in the purchase £4 per acre only was reckoned for these saltings, it may naturally be asked how this increase of value is to be obtained.

"After the completion of the embankment there will be put on the land heavy dressings of London dust and manure, which, when mixed with the alluvial soil, will form rich land, capable of growing a great variety of produce. The expenditure on such embankment and treatment of the land will, of course, be large, and necessitate a great amount of

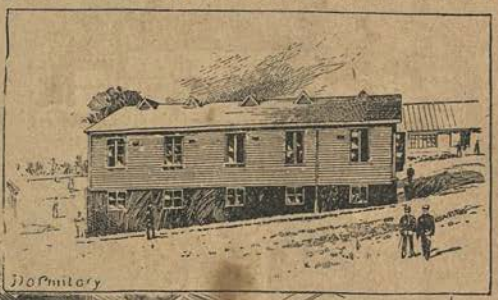
manual labour, which, except from the fact of having so many unskilled workers on the spot, would scarcely be worth undertaking; but these, and the special advantages which the Army possesses of getting the refuse and dust from the City, will render it a safe and profitable investment.

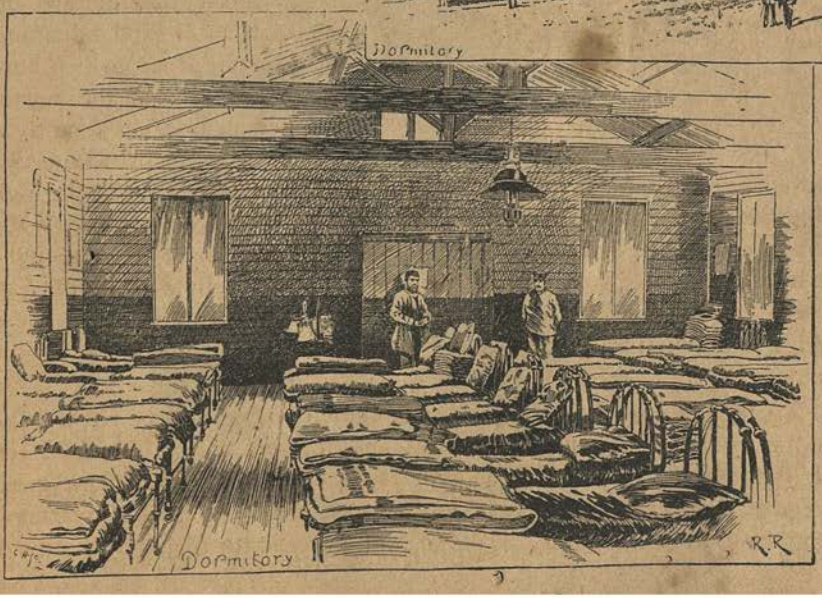
"The 'special advantages' are the facilities of shipment by barges from the Battersea Wharf, now in possession of the Salvage Brigade of the City Colony, to the wharf of the Farm Colony.

"Tram lines connecting the wharf with the three farms for traffic to and from London have been commenced. These will be three and three-quarter miles in extent. Another small farm of sixty acres adjoining Leigh station and extending to within six hundred yards of Park Farm has also been secured.

"This property was purchased with the object of obtaining better access to the station, and will probably also be connected by trams.

"The *un*-ruined buildings on the land when we took possession consisted of Park Farm House, a good-sized and well-built brick house and the Castle Farm House, which is rather old-fashioned and incommodious, with the out-buildings, sheds, etc. belonging to each. Since these houses alone are valued at £2,000 and some of the land belong-





ing to Park Farm has been estimated at £60 per acre, the price of the entire estate, which was £19,800, cannot be considered excessive.

So much for the building site, on which we have undertaken a fresh department of man-making! The first shipment of raw material to the Colony was made on May 17th. It was a noteworthy day. No "new beginning' had ever been on quite so large a scale as this; and the difficulty faced Head Quarters of housing the numbers of men who must, in their turn, set to work to provide domiciles for the large number whom it was desirable should be sent down at once. The first consignment was of thirty men. By the end of May, seventy-five were at work. The number has been gradually increased, until, as this report goes to press more than 200 colonists are employed at Hadleigh, in addition to the regular workmen from outside whom it has been found necessary to employ in the erection of the first buildings and in the construction of the wharf.

Eleven buildings are now in full use, and every effort is being put forth to complete another dormitory before winter. The Governor, Major Wright, says that five hundred men could be profitably occupied on the estate during the winter, if he only had house-room for them. The buildings at present occupied are four dormitories accommodating 240 men, a two-storied building comprising kitchen, store-room, pantry, and dormitory for 250, two lavatories and bath-room buildings, and a laundry. The recent gales unroofed the building designed for smoking, recreation and reading-room, just before it was ready for use. Fortunately for us, it was still in the contractor's hands, so that the loss is not that of the Colony. This building was of corrugated iron, as are also the hospital and the Army barracks.

The hospital is looked after by a "submerged" doctor, who took his degree of L.S.A. in 1873, and went out to practice in India. Drink brought him down in his profession till at last he entered the Army in desperation. Returning to England, he sank lower and lower, till he had resolved to commit suicide. Just at this time he met a Salvation Army Officer, who carried him off to the Elevator. When sent to the Farm he was noted for the vigour and will with which he worked at excavating before his medical qualifications were discovered. He works under a visiting physician from Leigh.

It is hardly possible in this Report on six months' work to give those definite details of improvement and development in individuals which one can point to throughout the history of the City Colony. The first men sent were chosen principally for their fitness to assist in the construction of the buildings immediately required, and housed as they were in the crowded Castle Farm and a barn dormitory, were not at such personal

advantages as the men sent later on, and who have been on the ground so few weeks that it might seem premature to write of their present good conduct and future usefulness so positively as we feel.

In all, 314 men have come upon the Colony. Of these only thirty-four have been dismissed for drunkenness, persistent laziness, or insubordination. Twenty-nine others have left of their own accord, through illness or dissatisfaction with an arrangement which compelled them to work if they would eat, and five have gone to outside situations.

In future, no man will be sent to the Farm who has not been tested for a month in an Elevator. Colonists are only selected from volunteers. The man who wishes to go must have fair health, and show signs of ability to make himself useful in out-of-door work. This last condition will not be permanent. Our latest acquisition is Hadleigh Hall and its out-buildings. The Hall is to be the Governor's residence, and the out-buildings are being made over into workshops, where various trades can be carried on, especially through the winter. A Bakery is also in process of erection.

The intending colonist must sign the following agreement:

THE SALVATION ARMY FARM COLONY,

HADLEIGH, ESSEX.

AGREEMENT BY COLONISTS.

I, being by trade a.....but being unable to find work, have been in the London Shelters of the Salvation Army for.....and now wish to go upon the Farm Colony.

I agree to obey all the rules and regulations made for the good conduct and management of the Colony, and to carry out all the instructions which may be given by my officers there.

I understand the regulations as to grants as printed on the other side, and am willing to work for my food and shelter only for one month upon the Colony, and after that time shall be satisfied with the grant allowed me by the Superintendent under whom I may be placed.

Name .....

Date .....

REGULATIONS AS TO GRANTS TO COLONISTS.

The Colony is intended only for those who cannot obtain occupation elsewhere, and who are prepared to work, having shelter and maintenance only provided in exchange for their labour. Although wages are not therefore paid, in order to encourage good workmen who will benefit the Colony to a greater extent than the cost of their maintenance, in every case after the first month

upon the Colony, and in some cases before the end of the month, certain grants will be made under the following conditions :—

(1) All Colonists, unless qualified for a special position at the end of the trial period named, will be placed in one of four divisions—fourth class, who will be allowed 1s. per week; third class, who will be allowed 1s. 6d. per week; second class, who will be allowed 2s. 6d. per week; and first class, who will be allowed 4s. per week.

(2) The class in which any Colonist will be placed will be settled by his superintendent before the end of the first month's trial.

(3) From the first class will usually be selected, as required from time to time, special men for special positions as orderlies and foremen, who have grants of special amounts.

(4) If any Colonist on arrival on the Colony is found to have special training for a particular position, the superintendent may offer him at once such special position without waiting for the end of the period of trial. Usually, however, the Colonist will be placed either in the fourth or third class at the end of his trial period, his subsequent progress being entirely dependent upon his conduct and work.

(5) The grants named are used first for the payment of any clothes or articles supplied to the Colonists since they have been upon the Colony.

(6) If the Colonist owes nothing to the Colony for clothes, etc., he may draw one-third of his grant in cash, the remainder being left as a reserve fund, as provided in the rules. In cases where the superintendent thinks proper, he can allow the one-third in cash, even if the Colonist owes something to the Colony.

(7) Each Colonist will be provided with a card, which will show at the end of each week the amount of reserve to which he is entitled.

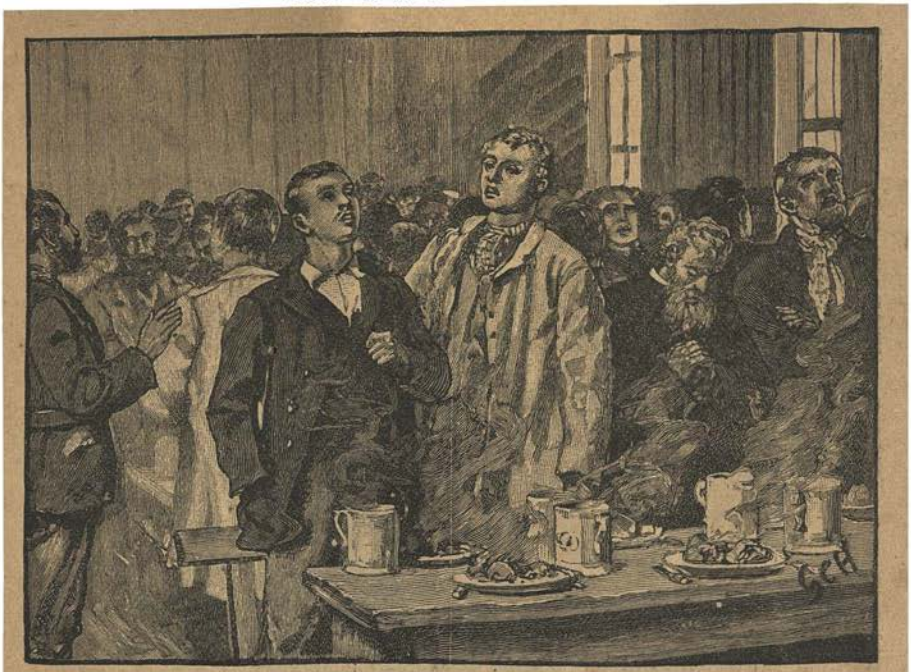
(8) For any infringement of the rules, or negligence in the work, a portion of the whole amount of the weekly grant may be stopped by order of the Director of the Colony, and for more serious misconduct a Colonist may be reduced to a lower class of grant or be discharged from the Colony.

The weekly wage-sheet shows how the system works out. Here are a few examples :—

	Days.	Cash.	Food and Shelter.	Reserve.	Total.
W. D., building Colonist ..	6	1/6	7/7	2/8	11/9
J. L. „ „ ..	6	10	7/7	1/8	10/1
D. W., farm „ ..	6	2/0	7/7	4/0	13/7
J. B., shoemaker „ ..	6	2/0	7/7	2/6	12/1
B. D., farm „ ..	6	10	7/7	1/8	10/1

The cost of each man's maintenance is debited to the department in which he works.

Generally a man who comes down in a fair state of health improves steadily under the influence of good food, fresh air, and regular hours.



SINGING GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

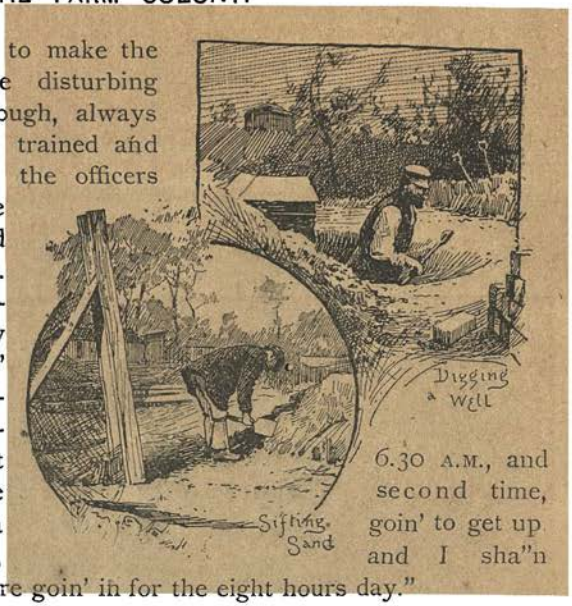
But the out-door work and strong, bracing air prove most exhausting, especially at first, to those who are greatly debilitated by starvation or dissipation, or both.

The dietary is liberal. Breakfast consists of a pint of coffee or cocoa, and as much bread and butter as a man likes to eat. Tea means a pint of tea, and bread and butter as at breakfast. Dinner may be beef-steak pudding, boiled beef, tinned mutton or soup with dumplings and three-quarters of a pound of potatoes. A second vegetable is frequently added, and three or four times in the week pudding is given. Radishes, lettuce, buns, &c., frequently vary the tea or breakfast. Supper, served at eight, usually consists of bread and cheese, sometimes of bread and soup.

Total abstinence is rigidly enforced. At present the Colony is under martial law in this respect, the Governor having issued an edict that any man found inside one of the three public-houses which unfortunately exist close by, shall be dismissed on the spot.

Discipline has, thus far, been easily maintained. A few demagogues, trained in street-corner and public-house oratory, have occasionally tried to create discontent, but the general spirit of the Colonists is one of good-

will, gratitude, and desire to make the Colony a success. The disturbing element has, curiously enough, always been among those better trained and educated men on whom the officers might expect to rely for the creation of a good tone and feeling among the others. One specimen of an incipient revolutionist was very amusing, as was his fellows' comment upon his behaviour. This reformer bitterly objected to rising at 6.30 A.M., and on being called for the second time, remarked loftily, "I ain't a goin' to get up I want to see the Guv'nor, and I sha"n get up till I do. Us men are goin' in for the eight hours day."



Now Major Wright holds that the Governor of the Farm Colony should be omniscient and omnipresent. To the reformer's great surprise, the Governor stood at his elbow, remarking :—

"Yes, my man! What did you want to see me about?"

"Eh? Me? Oh, nothing," quoth the reformer hastily. "I don't *mind* getting up, you know! I *am* getting up now." Which he did.

"What makes these fellows act so?" queried the Major of an old-established Colonist, whom he found at work in the kitchen later on, "Can you give me any light on it?"

Well, Guv'nor," answered the man of experience, "the trouble with 'em is they're too well fed. They thinks their uncle's just died and left 'em a fortune; they walks outside, and looks around and says, 'All this belongs to *me*.' You just drop their grub!"

On the whole, the reports of the different superintendents are most encouraging.

The Home Superintendent is, of course, largely responsible for their moral and spiritual well-being. But we have a regular field officer now stationed at Hadleigh in charge of a corps made up of villages and Colony men. He visits the latter, and "watches for their souls," exactly as he does with the soldiers from the neighbouring farms and cottages. They have thus the aid of healthy religious companionship and shepherding in no wise connected with the restraints of their Colony and do not feel life,

that they are specially preached at as a class apart. In a report dated Nov. 23rd, this officer says :—

"About fifty of the men have professed to give their hearts to God. Of these, twenty have signed Articles of War and are Salvation Soldiers. Sixteen more are doing well and can be made soldiers in a few weeks. Out of the fifty thirty-six are doing well, and six more are better than they were.

"These men are very honest, as a rule, about their souls. You can soon see if they have done wrong."

A COLONIAL DUCK-POND.

For a general summary of the present status of men and finances on Hadleigh Colony, we think we can hardly do better than give the written statement made by Mr. Moore in an article written for one of the leading reviews. Mr. Moore is not a Salvationist, and came to the Colony unbiased by any theories born of previous experience in philanthropic or religious work. His opinions are certainly free from prejudice in our favour.

"As to the conduct of the Colonists, this has been exceedingly good. Pending the appointment of the Governor, the writer, although originally asked to take the duties of Consulting Director only, was for four months practically the Chief Officer of the Colony, and responsible for the conduct

and general administration of the rules as affecting the men. During the first three months, 160 men were received, and during the whole of this time there was not a single complaint, officially or unofficially, made as to the conduct of any one of these Colonists to the one constable who was considered sufficient to protect and keep order in Hadleigh village.

"So far as their conduct on the Colony was concerned, it was only necessary to discharge during this period six men, and in each case this was owing to their continuance in drinking habits. The writer can only attribute this good conduct to the influence of the Salvation Army, who had done so much to raise these men, and to impress upon them the necessity and use of religion in everyday life. No rule is made compelling men to attend the Army meetings, which are held every week-day evening and three times on Sunday, and not one-half of those coming on the Colony professed to have found Salvation, while very few had joined the Salvation Army. The influence, however, of those who had, and were attempting to live a practical Christian life, was of such a nature as rendered the men amenable to discipline and to the rules of the Colony, in spite of the many discomforts which the early Colonists experienced, owing to the temporary accommodation in beds and to there being no protection from the weather.

"Those who have now learnt something of the operation and organisation of the Colony will be asking to what extent does the experience, in connection with it, show that it will accomplish the objects for which it was acquired. At present it has not effected much, but on the other hand much can scarcely be expected from such an organisation within the first few months of starting, and before the necessary sufficient competent officers are appointed, or the necessary buildings erected. Some things, however have been accomplished. Some of the Colonists have been restored to the position in life for which they had received training. Generally these have been men who, through drunkenness, have got out of work, and then pawned their tools and clothes, and eventually have gone on the street. In some cases they have been restored to good physical health on the Colony; while their weekly grant carried to the reserve fund has enabled them to get their things out of pawn, and they have then left with another start in life. Others are now on the Colony gaining further experience in their respective businesses, which they may have left long since, but which, through the assistance afforded them, they may be able to start again. Clerks of many years experience are doing the work in the Colony offices, in order that they may get back into training again, while a landscape painter is provided with materials, and gradually getting back the practice necessary for his work. In other cases, men

with no training are being taught indoor trades, such as joinery, carpentry, and painting, and in order to encourage them to get outside work, piece work is offered them on the terms of outside men as soon as they are competent.

"In the farm and garden work, it is more difficult to train men, partly because to make a competent farm labourer or gardener requires more experience than to make a man useful in an indoor trade, and partly because many of the men who would be competent for such positions have no desire to get outside employment. Some few who have come on

HADLEIGH HALL.

the Colony have an ambition to work a small allotment farm, others wish to become gardeners, others wish to emigrate. All these are being assisted to attain the objects they have in view.

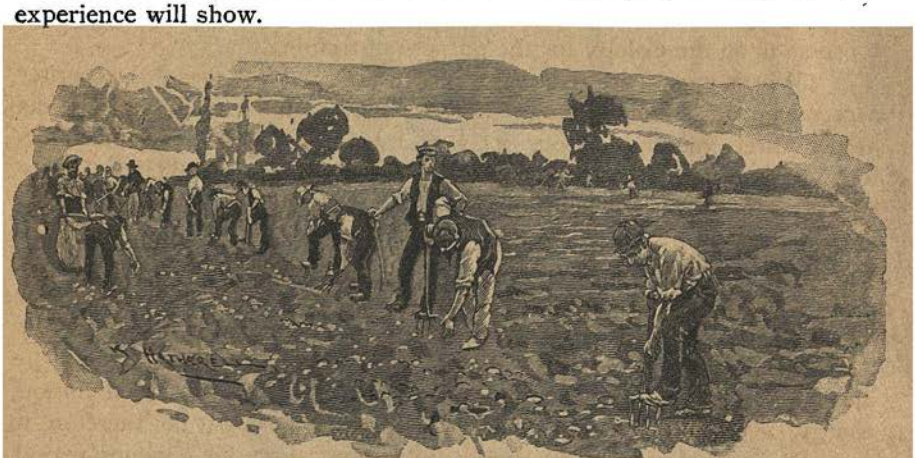
"The greater number, however, of the men are those who are well conducted, who perform satisfactorily all the work which is given them to do, but who have no ambition, no desire for the future, and no persons dependent upon them. These, though they perform willingly the work given them on the Colony, even if their work would be worth a few shillings a week more outside, would yet prefer to remain where, as long as

they work and are of good behaviour, they are provided for without difficulty on their part, and are free from the temptations of ordinary life and the risks of temporarily getting out of employment. As far as the maintenance of such men is concerned, they are of financial benefit to the Colony, being experienced in the heavy digging and excavation work which form so large a part of the necessary work allotted to unskilled labourers. Some of these men, in fact, work so well with the experience which they have gained, that, as before named, they accomplish the work of a paid man who would ordinarily receive twice as much. Although, however, the maintenance of such men may be beneficial to the Colony for such period as there is work waiting to be done in the particular Department in which they are competent, yet it is prejudicial for them to remain, as each man occupies room which, to carry out the purpose aimed at, should be occupied by a man who wishes to come upon the Colony for the purpose of training.

"When upon the German Farm Labour Colonies, the writer ascertained that the average time which each man remained was about three months, while it was rare that anyone remained as long as six months. In order to prevent the Hadleigh Colony being used as a permanent home, it will be necessary, as soon as the Colony is fairly organised, to make a rule that no man shall be allowed to remain more than six months unless under special circumstances, and possibly this period later on should be reduced to four months. This time will be sufficient to assist and train a man in the habits of industry and enable him to get into some occupation with the means provided for his education on the Colony if he has any ambition, energy, or confidence in his powers. He certainly ought not therefore to expect to avail himself of the assistance of the Colony for a longer period, if there are others anxious to come there who would make better use of the assistance afforded. With this rule, and with the further organisation of technical classes and a complete system of training for emigrants, now in course of arrangement, there is no doubt that the Colony will be of benefit to large numbers.

"As to the financial results, the Farm has already shown that it can pay. Over an ordinary farm it has the special advantages of specially skilled direction, sufficient capital, extra labour whenever wanted at a cheap rate; a market at full wholesale prices for all products without expense; the extra returns from vegetable and garden produce without the usual risks of a market gardener as to the non-realisation of the products, and the extra prices obtained in some cases by being able to sell a manufactured article instead of raw produce only.

"With these advantages, it would only be negligence on the part of the executive officers, or specially inclement seasons, that would prevent the Farm being distinctly profitable. The necessary capital expenditure on the Land Improvement Book, which would raise the value of the estate to substantially more than the amount expended, is estimated with ordinary labour at £2,500, and the necessary expenditure on the buildings at £9,000. Bearing in mind the experience already attained, it is probable that this work can be completed at a less cost by employing Colonist labour, while this latter course gives the required training and maintenance to the Colonists. The costs of administration will then have to be met in some way; and if the Colony is to be self-supporting, this can only be from the profits of the Farm and the various industries that are carried on Whether these profits will be sufficient for this purpose only further experience will show.

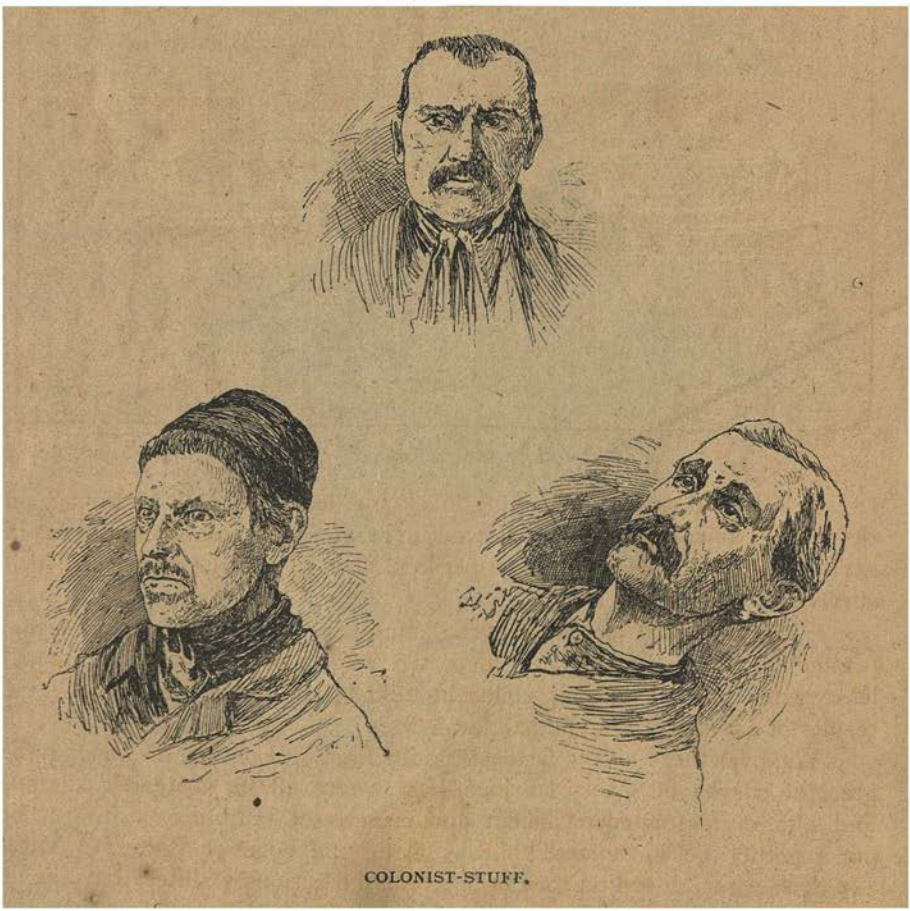


COLONISTS DIGGING POTATOES.

"There is, however, one thing which cannot but forcibly impress itself upon any outsider acquainted with the working of the Colony, viz., that, if it is to be a success financially, the Salvation Army is the organisation that may make it so, in consequence of the self-denial of the officers and of the variety of experience to be found among them. No officer, whatever talent he posesses, is accepted by the Salvation Army unless he feels himself so strongly called to the work as to give up everything else and accept only such income as is sufficient for his maintenance only. Thus the allowance to the Governor of the Colony is less than one-third the amount of what would be expected by any one outside the Army taking so varied and great responsibilities, while the Superintendent of Works finds

an allowance of little more than half the amount which some of the ordinary skilled workmen get is sufficient.

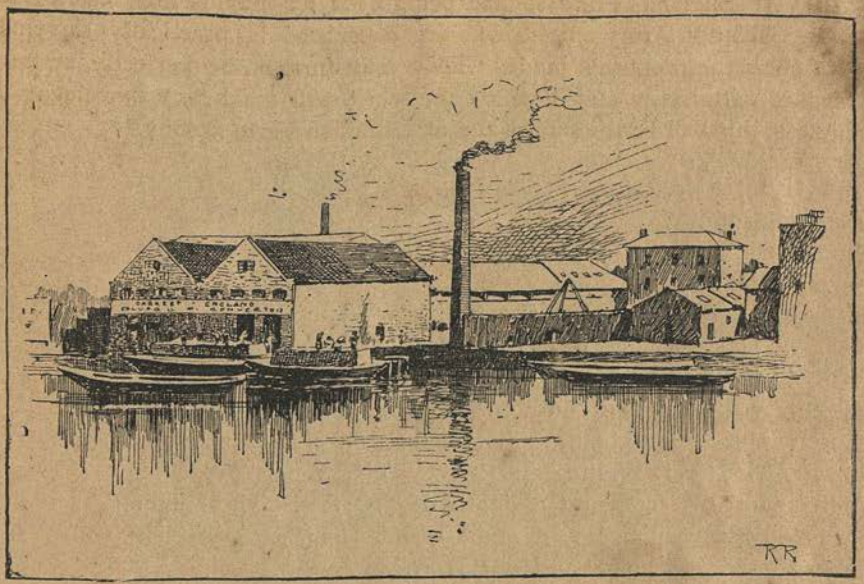
"The whole expenses of the Governor, Administrative Staff, Secretary, and general office expenses will scarcely exceed £600 a year, more especially as some of the services rendered by those assisting the Administrative Staff are honorary. All, therefore, may be assured that the 'Darkest England' Fund is not being used for paying high salaries to those Salvation Army officers who are concerned in practically carrying into effect the proposals made. They may further be perfectly certain that, if enthusiasm and love of the work will make any movement a success, this will be the fate of the first English Farm Colony."



COLONIST-STUFF.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SALVAGE WHARF.

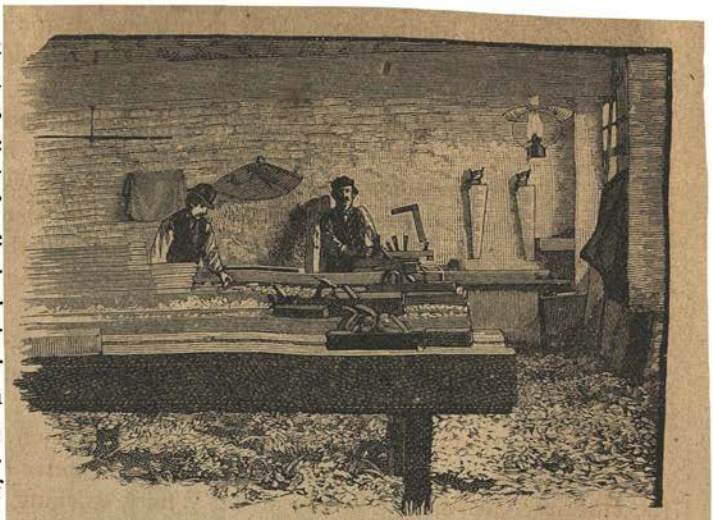


BATTERSEA WHARF.

S-A-L-V-A-G-E !—We fling over the leaves of our dictionary in despair—"The compensation allowed to persons who voluntarily assist in saving a ship and her cargo from peril. That part of the property which survived the peril and is saved."

Only that, and nothing more. Manifestly, the huge volume was printed for the last generation—for a race who, possibly because they had less waste than have their children, talked less about neutralizing the results of extravagance, and had fewer fires.

Yet, over there on the farthest South East of London, on beyond the graceful curves of Chelsea Bridge, past where all those slender columns and bits of tesselated pavement and crumbs of sculpture waiting to be put together lie in homesick heaps along the edge of Battersea Park, two dark gates, closed on each other, bear the curiously alliterative legend, in huge white letters—"SALVATION ARMY SALVAGE WHARF."



OUR OWN "SUBMERGED" CARPENTERS.

"Darkest England," in dull black, lurks between the two. Not only has "salvage" passed into the dialect of economics as a generic term for the surplus or waste of a firm or a family, but the Salvage centre of the General's Scheme is already in active operation at our Battersea Wharf!

The property chosen for the Headquarters of the Salvage Work was formerly occupied by a syndicate as iron works. It is situated about three minutes' walk from the south end of Vauxhall Bridge, and was specially chosen as being in a good locality for the collection of private salvage. Its entrance is from Wellington Street. The Wharf proper has a river frontage of 121 feet, and a depth of 278 feet. The buildings thereon consisted of a dwelling-house, stables, and a long work-building, which are being altered for Shelter and work-rooms.

It is too soon, as yet, for us to be able to give any adequate description of the hive of industry which this place will be six months from now. It is unquestionably destined to be the most sensitive and the best supplied with active and passive nerve-fibres of all the ganglia of our Social Nervous System. All that has been done, as yet, is to knock together dormitory, kitchen and dining-room for the forty or fifty men who have been sent down. Our own Submerged carpenters are getting on by degrees with partitions for the rooms of the Salvage work proper, and the screens for sorting rags and paper.

It was four o'clock of a dull afternoon in late November when we visited the Wharf, in order to get its very latest development for the purpose of this brochure. In the gathering dusk we saw rising before us two huge piles which looked like brickwork. Not a bit of it! Wood! Seventeen bargees had been at work for a fortnight, unloading those lengths of deal and red wood, which lay, piled thirty feet high, into a great

solid platform, fifty feet by forty. The men going up and down on inclined planes, looked veritable pigmies viewed from the windows of the carpenters' shop.

Of the twenty-five men sent from our Factories and Shelters to unload those barges, not one had the faintest notion, till instructed by his foreman, how to get about his task. But they have worked with a will. Some regular deal porters, at tenpence an hour, had also to be employed, and the Head of the Factories, coming down to look at things, thought, as he watched proceedings, that he would like to try the force of example linked to the power of reward on *our* lads.

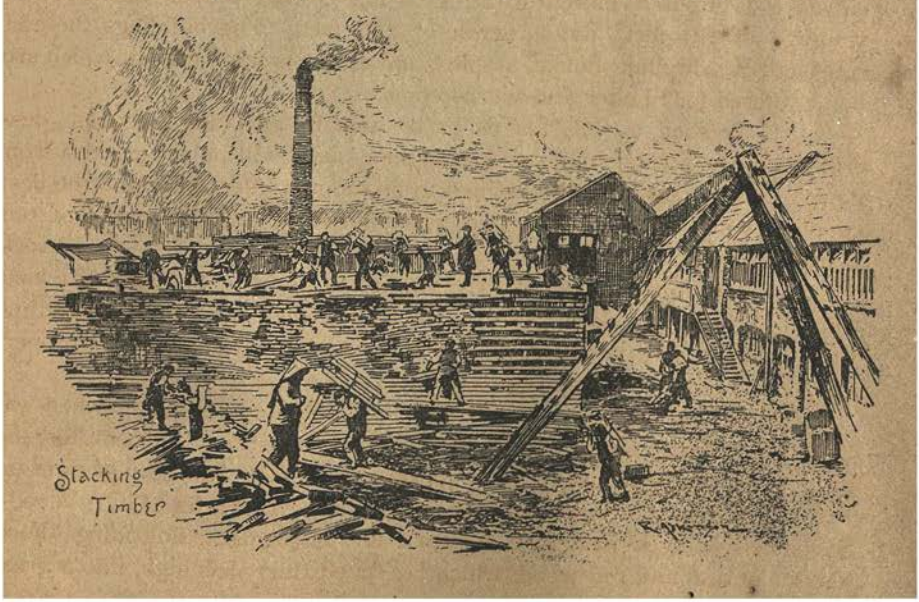
"Tell our men," quoth he, "that if they'll go in to work like those deal porters, they shall have a shilling a day beside their grant and an extra supper."

The prescription worked like a charm, and the men did splendidly.

Two of the men mentioned elsewhere as transferred to our care by the Hackney Guardians are here at the Wharf, working admirably.

The second heap of wood, the foreman told us, was forty feet six inches long, forty broad and thirty deep. The whole was a shipload direct from Norway. Five fathoms of wood, or five enormous van loads, had been sent off to the firewood choppers at Old Street that day.

To pass to the Salvage proper. It is, after all, compensation allowed us for voluntarily saving much of the cargo of the good ship State! Yet



the 30,000 old helmets, interesting relics of the Egyptian War, are, so far the only reward bestowed upon us by a grateful Government for our share in lessening London's acknowledgedly diminished number of passengers on said ship, of the kind who pay no fees. Someone has suggested keeping the great half-pyramid, banked all the way up to the roof of one of the rude unceiled rooms, and exhibiting them to visitors for an admission price! But the Social Wing proposes to put some of its small boys to work stripping off the linen coverings, with a view to sending them to the paper mill.

"It's clean dirt on them," says our Salvage Superintendent, an experienced old marine stores man, picking up a torn bit of the covering, critically. If the linen repays part of the cost of bringing them down, we shall be glad, for that same inscrutable power called Government, has decreed that we may not sell or wear them in their present condition.

So far, the Salvage carts have only gone out on tentative expeditions. It was of no use collecting heaps of stuff to moulder and mildew before we were in a position to deal with it. But already two great rooms are full of material which the Superintendent and a skilled assistant are putting into shape or getting ready for inspection and sale. First comes the paper. Sacks on sacks of all kinds or "sorts" to keep to the phrase of the trade.

Girls are the best paper hands, the Superintendent tells us. It is chiefly color one sorts waste paper for, and their eyes and fingers are quick. However, he expects to be able to train men to it, if required, in about two months. Great sieves are used, like cinder sieves. Two men are set at one screen, and each man is to pick out three "sorts" of paper, which he flings into separate baskets, provided at the ends of the screens.

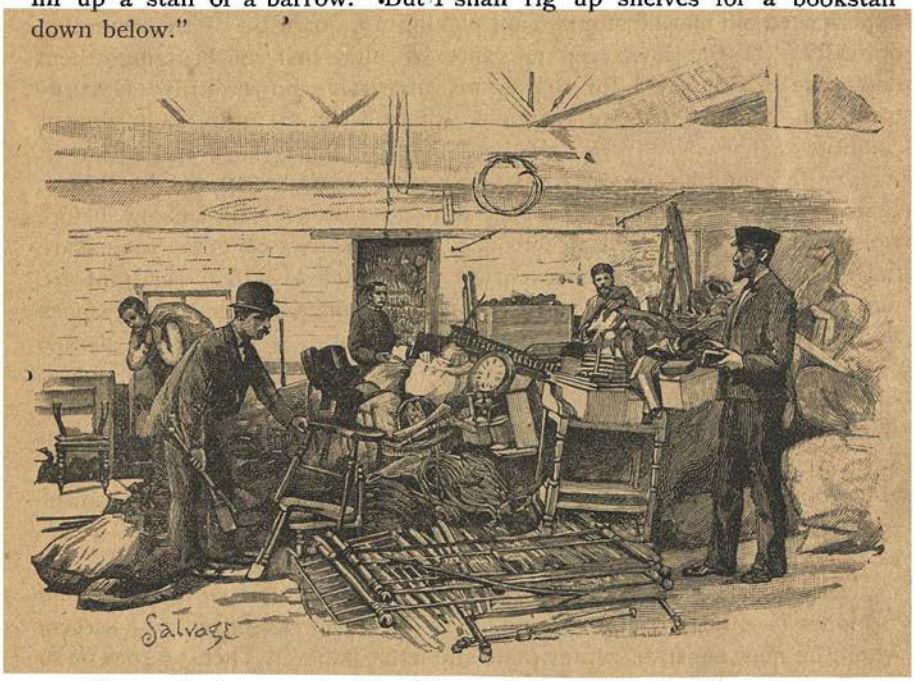
Say a man is set first to pick out browns of all shades, blues and "colours"—other than brown or blue. Next, he is shifted to a screen, where he must separate white waste and letter paper. Then he goes on to find mixed colours and colour-shavings at a third screen. Each lot of paper will probably pass through three sortings at each of five screens before it is ready for sale. Every lot of rags means at least thirty sorts, and its material must be detected at a glance.

"Can you teach men to sort rags?" we asked.

"No man *ever* learned," was the answer. "Boys must take it up. You set a boy to watch a man and learn. We shall have to get some professional rag-pickers."

But the "private salvage," or that collected from house to house, upstairs, was even more interesting. It forms a roomful of "real ghost stories"

in itself. There, on a pile of old books, lay a cheap little family album, still partly filled with young men with impossibly smooth hair, and women in full, flowing skirts and cannon-ball chignons. Some most fascinating old books can be picked out of this collection. We could hardly tear ourselves away from one quaint old discourse on witchcraft. It is evident that the General's idea of a grand second-hand book concern can easily be realized. The great popularity of the like one belonging to the C.E. Association helps to prove this, though our guide says, plaintively, "Moral and religious books don't pay for themselves, they only help to fill up a stall or a barrow. But I shall rig up shelves for a bookstall down below."



Plenty of always valuable old metal is on hand. Here is a pump top, intact. At one side of the room are innumerable bundles of umbrellas. Files of old papers and magazines there are in profusion. A beautifully fretted piano front hangs at one end of the room. A quantity of baskets, the superintendent showed us at one side of the room, nothing like what would be needed in the paper and rag-sorting though, he assured us, and he understood Old Street had an order to make very many more such for the wharf. Mattresses and palliasses were stowed away toward the rafters. Row on row of boxes, also "skied," were full of hats—hats feminine and masculine, hats trimmed and untrimmed, old and new.

Happily, many are wide straw hats, such as will be of inestimable value to our farm Colonists. A great stock of silk and furry tall hats on the floor, would, we were told, be sold to some one in France.

"They're cleverer at working them over there than we are here.

Whatever cannot be appropriated to the use of our City or Farm Colonists, worked over, or sold separately, must of course, be disposed of in lots to marine store dealers.

A fascinating row of pewters hung from a beam, only one platter really old, dating back to the time when it was as well worth while to put your crest upon pewter as it is nowadays to put your monogram on silver. This bit of plate bears two-winged hands, clasping each other.

Meantime, our human Salvage was rushing in to tea, as happy and lively a lot of men as you would wish to see. Lo and behold! tea was behindhand. But that only meant a little chaff and a few jokes and a knocking on the wooden flap which must be lifted from the inside in order to open communication with the kitchen!

"Now, then, hurry up! Don't be afraid, we're chained up."

Fresh air and more out-of-doors work seem to agree with these men better than the greater confinement of the City factories. Half-a-dozen were rollicking off to a tea at Battersea corps.

"No—don't want passes; shall be in before eight," they called out jovially. This healthy absorption into the life and activity and pleasure of the neighbouring Corps is one of the best possible things for these Social Wingers, and we rejoiced therein.

Of course, they have their own regular night meeting and a short one at 12.30. So far as possible the routine of the Lighthouse life is kept up here at Battersea.

Five hundred men will be domiciled here shortly, while as to work, the waste of London will furnish occupation for far more than that, if we can only get it. And certainly not even the Farm has facilities for such varied usefulness and such a constantly widening scope for fresh industries as the Salvage Wharf possesses. As the Labour Bureau scatters and apportions the workers, so this Salvage Headquarters will have to scatter and apportion the work it creates. To settle down into gigantic marine store dealers on the wholesale line is by no means the intention of the heads of the Wing nor of the Army. To use the usable and work over the workable is their intention, and they expect to find their capabilities for working over inanimate matter develop in proportion to their proved capacity for re-moulding brain and nerves and flesh and blood into good citizen-stuff

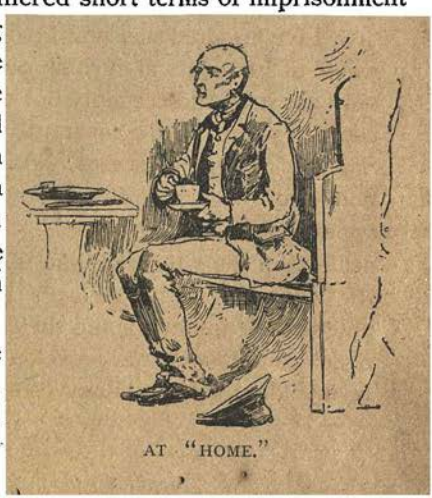
CHAPTER VIII.

ON BOTH SIDES THE PRISON GATES.

THE statistics of our single Prison Gate Home, the "Bridge," do not run up into the thousands. But then, we do not estimate our work among ex-criminals by the number of men who have passed through the Bridge, nor do we greatly desire to multiply and fill large Homes for discharged prisoners. At the dinner to criminals and ex-criminals recently given by us at Regent Hall, Oxford Street, some six hundred men were present. Between forty and fifty of these were men who were present inmates of our Elevators. One third of this number had entered them direct through the Labour Bureau. Two hundred more men who had come under our hand in the Shelters, and were more or less under Salvation Army influence, but who had never been dealt with directly as belonging to the avowedly criminal classes.

"Why a Prison Gate Home at all, then?" somebody asks. "Why separate and stigmatise? If a man is willing to do honest work in the Elevators and live as his Lighthouse comrades do, is it not healthier for him to step at once into a mode of life more akin to that he hopes to fit into again?"

Yes and no. For men who have suffered short terms of imprisonment for offences not necessarily implying criminal habits; for men of great native independency of character, whom the restraints of prison life have not crushed but only made restless; and for men who are blessed with friends who can and will immediately furnish him with home and employment, a stay in a Home for Discharged Prisoners would often be worse than useless.



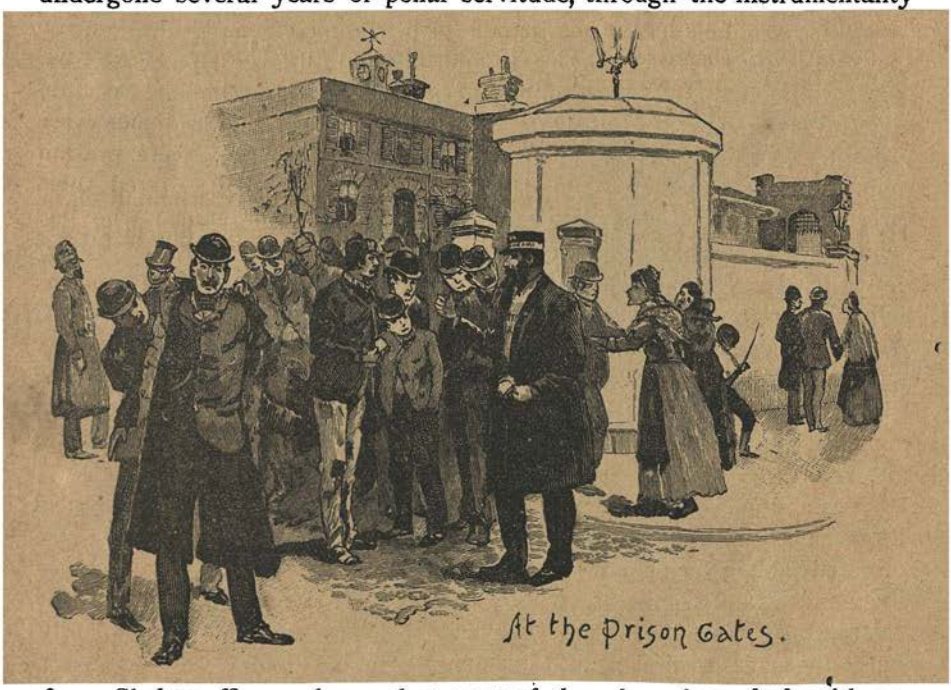
AT "HOME."

But for long-term men, who have lost the habit of independent action, for first offenders who are crushed and heartbroken, for lads given over

to us under the provisions of the Probation or First Offenders' Act, and for all manner of "special cases," a separate Home appears at present to be an absolute necessity.

"Beside, the very word Home has a charm for a prisoner," says Colonel Barker, out of his long colonial experience in dealing with all branches of work among all classes of prisoners. 'Come and get breakfast' is all very well, but 'Come, and you shall have a *home* with us,' is a very different thing. He listens to that."

Moreover, close investigation of the cases of men reclaimed, after having undergone several years of penal servitude, through the instrumentality



of our Shelter officers, shows that most of them have been dealt with on what we may call a "Home" basis. That is, our officers have specially watched over and dealt with them, have found them work under their own supervision and kept them at it, have striven to re-create in them healthy ambition and habits of independent activity, and have really made a little separate atmosphere about each, very like that breathed by the men of our King's Cross Home. That same Home stretches out so many tentacles, that it is difficult to depict it within the limits of a single chapter. But here are the statistics of the Home proper, since its opening in January, 1891. This, of course, only represents a small fraction of the men dealt

with, counselled, and given our cards at the gates of the various London prisons every day in the year.

Number of men sent from Prison Gates and Police Courts to Bridge ..	217
Number sent direct to Elevators	79
	296

The 217 received into the "Bridge" are accounted for as follows:—

Now in "Bridge"	41
" " Situations	53
" " Elevators	27
" " Farm Colony	6
Left of their own accord	64
Dismissed	20
Arrested from "Bridge"	4
In hospital	2
	217

Among these, F—— is a specimen of the habitually criminal class. He has had nine years and fourteen days imprisonment, his last term

being "on suspicion," because he was two days late in reporting to the police when on ticket-of-leave. He has been in our hands for seven months, and is now doing well in the Factory.

J——, mentioned elsewhere *en passant*, is a native of Barnstaple, North Devon. Was sentenced to six weeks at Exeter Sessions, April, 1891, for larceny and attempted suicide. The Recorder, in passing sentence, said he hoped some one would take J—— in hand on his release, as he thought he would lead a new life if he had a chance. Seeing the case in the Exeter journals, we wrote the Recorder and asked if he thought the case worthy the Home Secretary's interference, in case J—— was willing to come into our Home. We also at the same time wrote the Governor of Exeter Gaol, and received first reply from Recorder, stating he would gladly recommend the case for favourable consideration of the Home Secretary, and one then from Governor, enclosing a statement signed by J——, and witnessed by the Chaplain, in which he expressed his willingness to enter the "Bridge." There was also an enclosure from the Chief Constable of Exeter, which stated that the Mayor of the City had £5 which had been subscribed for J——, and was waiting to hand it over to us to be used as we thought proper. Armed with these particulars, we petitioned the Home Secretary, and received notification of Her Majesty's remission of sentence, and a telegram from

the Governor, informing us that he had received instructions to hand J—— over to us, and asking when we would take him.

Captain F—— was immediately despatched. He was most courteously and considerately treated by prison authorities, and returned to London the same night with J——, who has been in eight different county prisons, and received fifteen convictions, resulting in a total of six years' imprisonment. He is now employed at one of our Social centres and doing well.

John K—— is an old man of sixty-five, who at that age suffered his *first term* of imprisonment. It is not often we get hold of a white-headed "first offender"! He had been for some time an inmate of a London workhouse, and got a month's imprisonment for assaulting the labour master there. He says that the labour master had struck him three times, and his Irish blood got up. In any case, the workhouse was not likely to be a pleasant home for him after that little occurrence. He has since acted as night watchman at the "Bridge."

J. H. is a specimen of the kind of man we do *not* keep in the Home—a married man, who, at thirty-five, has undergone a first sentence for "maliciously wounding" when drunk. He somehow heard of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and that she was "a friend" to those "in trouble," and applied to her on his release. He was sent to help at Whitechapel Shelter, and then transferred to Burne Street Food Depôt, where he is working well.

The "Bridge" is, in external appearance, a rather large dwelling-house, exactly like fifty others in the same square.

The only unwonted object one sees in the entrance is a somewhat unusual motto facing the door—"Do the right, and God will bring you through." The dormitories, dining-room, etc., are rather more comfortably appointed than those of the Shelter. Whether this is correct or not, from a reformatory point of view, it is an absolute necessity. English criminals are accustomed to so much more comfort than English poor, that an ex-prisoner really cannot "rough it" like a poor man who has always been forced to depend on what his two hands could earn, or on the alternative scant and chilly hospitality of his parish. But everything is, at the same time, of the plainest. Homelikeness need not imply extravagance. The

only thing which could at all indicate the nature of the work of the "Bridge," is an inventory in each room of its entire contents, so that Colonel Barker can, at a glance, assure himself when visiting the place, whether furniture and fixtures are intact. Although special meetings are frequently conducted in the Home by its own officers, yet he prefers that the men should, if they incline to be Salvationists, connect themselves with the neighbouring Army corps. They attend three meetings on Sunday and three on week-nights. It gives them an element of religious family life, and a safe and healthful connection with the outside world. Eighteen of the present inmates are saved, while six are Salvation Army soldiers of our King's Cross Corps, and are regularly visited by one of its local officers.

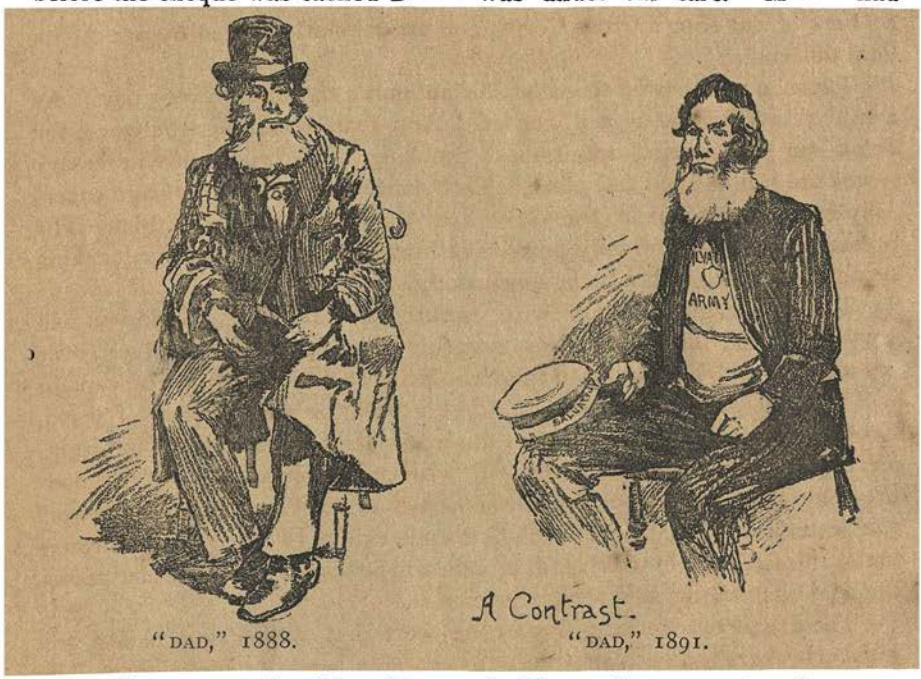
The men are allowed to go out for an hour's recreation every day. As a rule, this privilege is not abused. Any man returning the worse for drink may be refused admission. Smoking is allowed, with necessary restrictions as to time and place. Each man is expected to engage cheerfully in whatever labour the officers of the Home require of him. The present accommodation only permits of firewood chopping and mat making being carried on, with a little shoemaking.

Take an imaginary walk with us through the "Bridge," and you will very likely find the King's Cross sergeant chatting to a new convert, over his mat work. The firewood men are at work with a will. The captain will tell you proudly that he can make a profit on each fathom of wood. Economy is further illustrated in the mat-making department. A bright, alert lad of some thirteen years old, with an unmistakable air of good-breeding about him, is sorting the short bits of stuff left as "waste" from the better sort of mats. These short ends will be worked up into rough mats, the loose fibres which still remain will be teased for filling mattresses, and the dust will be sold for manure.

The aristocratic-looking boy in the worn but well-fitting blouse and knickerbockers has been sent here by parents who despair of him. His latest offence was stealing ten shillings from the missionary box of the Sunday School which has given him a store of biblical learning before which our ex-prison-warder officer sometimes stands aghast. "To think so well taught a lad can be so bad!" He answers all questions with frank sweetness and a straightforward look into the eyes of his interlocutor. It is impossible not to believe him when you look at him; yet, thus far, each day at the "Bridge" has seen him absorbed in some fresh plot of purposeless deceit, or engaged in some fiendish bit of mischief which calls down upon him the execrations of the men.

Two more little lads—M. and B.—are here for six months, sent by a

kind-hearted magistrate under the provisions of the First Offenders' Act. Only fourteen and fifteen years of age, their short lives have held already a terrible amount of deceit and crime. B—— was sent to us first through the kindness of his employer, who did not wish to be severe upon him for stealing the few stamps, etc., the taking of which was all that had been discovered against him. But before he had been many days at the "Bridge," behold! he was "wanted" by a detective as accessory to a forgery. Said forgery was of a cheque to the amount of £34, and was really perpetrated by M——. Poor B—— had had very little benefit therefrom, since before the cheque was cashed B—— was under our care. M—— had



"DAD," 1888. "DAD," 1891.

gone gaily on, treating himself to a holiday at Margate, where he says another little rascal like unto himself robbed him in turn of all but a pound or two of the stolen money.

Both these boys are bright, active lads, but both evidently were ripening for a systematic career of crime. Our crying need is now of a Boys' Industrial Home, where we can take in the many like cases London magistrates would very gladly send us. In a separate Home they could receive more careful industrial training, with stricter discipline than it is desirable to enforce among the elder men.

One boy, the writer found the other day crying in the kitchen.

Stopping to ask the downcast little fellow why he had come, he answered, with awful frankness, "Please, I've been a stealing from my employer, and I've been very deceitful at home."

A rush of sobs choked his confession, and two grimy fists dug two round blue eyes which were swollen with hours of crying. It appears he was sent by his parents from B——, a town in the North, without other notification than a wire—"Meet man, such a train from B." Our Criminal Investigation officer met the train, but reported that he could find no man for us. An hour later, the disconsolate small object aforesaid rang the bell of the "Bridge" and reported himself as "the man." Colonel Barker kept him for two weeks. He was quite good in every way, although his parents reported an additional vice against him in "a tendency to read novels." But finding no novels at the "Bridge," he settled down to be thoroughly contented. Commissioner Cadman did not, however, consider it expedient to keep him, since this Home is meant for adults, so his ticket was bought and he was sent home. Next day, back he came, crushed and tearful as we have described him. Father and mother had returned him.

"My parents 'ave lost their love for me—oo-oo-oo!"

"Would you rather go home if they would have you or stop on here?" we questioned.

"It don't make much difference to me now—oo-oo!"—with a wail of utter despair.

Surely it is not too late to help, and mould and brighten into goodness a bruised little heart like this! The Home officers say he is no trouble at all.

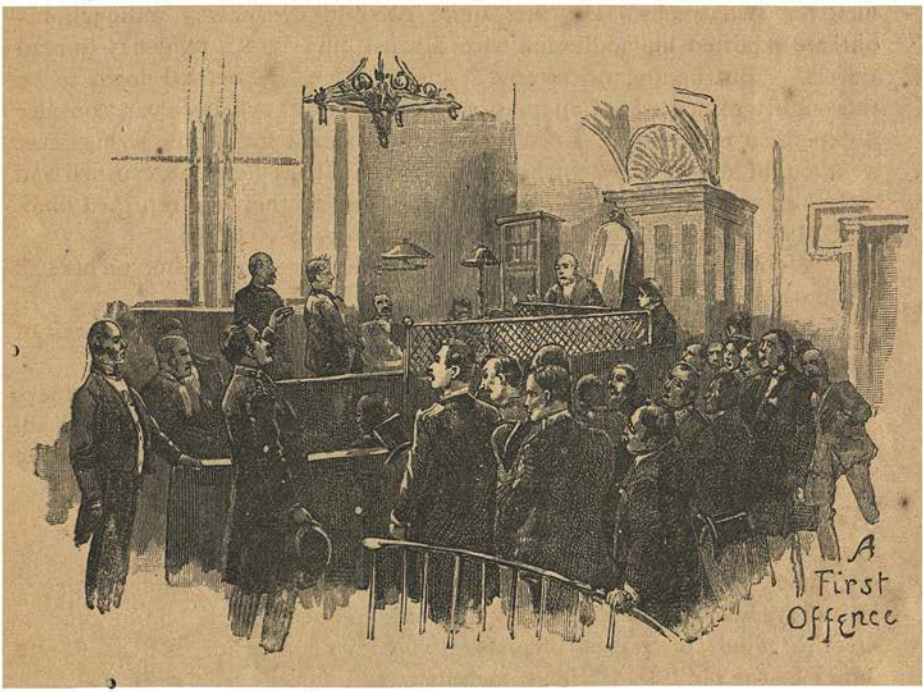
The officers who stand daily at the prison gates are two of very different types. One has been for twenty years a prison-warder. His experience is invaluable, not only as regards dealing with men, but as is also the confidence inspired by his long and unblemished record in the minds of prison officials. The other is the old "Dad" Sloss, mentioned on page 100 of "In Darkest England" as having been more than forty years in prison and undergone eight floggings. He has an extended acquaintance among the men we want.

Captain F—— brought home, a week or two ago, a young man just out from his first term of imprisonment. He had stolen a coat from a comrade: not with

any special intent of dishonesty, but to "serve him out" in a fit of passion. There were five shillings in the coat pocket, so he suffered more than he would have done otherwise. His shame was terrible.

"Don't let them see me," he begged, as he passed the Metropolitan fire-station to whose brigade he had belonged a month before. He got saved in the "Bridge," and when he wrote the news to the old mother he had not seen for nine years, she came all the way from her Tyneside home to see her boy; she was sure he would welcome her now!

Among the present inmates is a man who was under Captain F——'s charge when he was warder of a very different institution. It is hard to



realise that this mild-mannered, somewhat timorous individual is a murderer, but so it is. He was serving a life sentence for murder when our officer knew him before, but was pardoned because he saved a warder's life from an assault made on him by another prisoner. He got into prison again, strange as it may seem, for theft, and did a twelve months' term. After he came out, he went to our Whitechapel Depôt for a cheap meal, and there fell in with an old friend, known to him as "Manchester Charley," but passing now among Salvationists as Captain ——. He advised him to go to Headquarters and ask for aid, which he did.

An Inebriates' Home is sorely needed: several men are waiting for us to open one. One is already at the "Bridge," having handed himself over for six months, according to a formal legal contract, to be dealt with as the General or his deputies think fit, with a view to his reformation or cure of it. However that may be, we hold to the faith cure for dipsomania.

A very important twig of this branch of the Social Tree is the Criminal Investigation Department. Its officer visits cases on remand and supplies advice and counsel or visits police courts on behalf of prisoners. People write from all parts of the land to tell us of sons and brothers—or, alas! daughters and sisters—who are to be brought up at some police court, and ask if we can "speak for" or counsel or help them. Little cards like this are sent to prisoners on remand.

THE SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL WING.

Criminal Investigation and Preventive Branch.

DEAR FRIEND,

Hearing that you are in trouble and on remand, we desire to help you, and if you are disposed to seek our counsel or assistance we offer the same freely to you.

We shall be gl[illegible] come and see you at any place, and to hear from you in fullest confid[illegible] all about your case.

It may be t[illegible]e can befriend you, especially if this is your first trouble.

Commu[illegible]mmediately with—COMMISSIONER CADMAN, 101, Queen Victoria St[illegible]ndon, E.C., or with

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BARKER.
Colonel.

No other society attempts to assist unconvicted men, be they innocent or guilty. This department has already dealt with 165 cases, in 79 of which they have been successful. "Success" means that they have induced the prosecutor to withdraw, obtained a remission or mitigation of sentence, aided the prisoner to get work on his discharge taken him into the "Bridge," or, if a woman, sent her to the Rescue Homes. Twenty-seven are now on our books. Five cases are reported where our

officer succeeded in reconciling husbands and wives. This department has very close alliance with the Help and Inquiry Department of the Rescue Head-quarters, and with the Advice Bureau proposed in the General's book, which has already developed in a most interesting way.

A CASE FOR RELIEF.

"Parochial Relief" is the inscription on one fat volume of the Prison Gate Branch's beautifully-kept books. "What has *this* to do with work among criminals?" We are glad it occurs to somebody to ask! Why is it surprising that the Salvation Army should lump paupers and criminals together? Other people do it constantly. One thing we have already discovered, and that is that the inmate of the workhouse has many points in common with the criminal. They are alike apt to be enveloped in a shield of apathy in which it is difficult to find the weak points. Both are branded, "Employers would better not apply." It is as difficult for a man to get work whose answer to the question, "Where were you last?" is "In the Union," as for one who must answer, "In prison."

WHERE WERE YOU LAST?

The Salvation Army has, up to the present, negotiated unsuccessfully for the custody of the total number of casuals of any one ward. It remains to be seen whether, after the Blackfriars and Marylebone Shelters are fairly at work, a sufficiently large number of transient guests will be left to the parish to make it worth our while to enter upon further overtures. But as regards the resident inmates of the Workhouse, one of the most powerful and influential Boards of Guardians in London have given us opportunity to experiment upon twenty-five men who were on their hands, and are noting the result carefully and sympathetically.

"They gave you a selection," said the Master of the Union to Colonel Barker, who is supervising this transaction. "You've got

some of the most promising, and some of the worst, and some medium."

Their previous terms of residence in this workhouse ranged from one one to five years. The first fifteen have been under our charge for ten weeks, eight more for one month and the last two were sent December 1st. One left almost at once and was seen by a Guardian drunk. One preferred to return to the Union. One left the same day, and another has disappeared. The other twenty-one are working in our London Factories and doing well. "Couldn't wish for better or more willing men" is the verdict upon most of them. Since these able-bodied men have cost their parish at least £400 already, although not one of them is over forty-five, we think that Colonel Barker is clearly right in entering their records under the head of "Parochial Relief." Certainly one parish is relieved by a tolerable sum!

But the main object of that Parochial Department of ours is to aid, and supplement and remedy that miserable, faulty, wrong-headed system of outdoor relief, which no people hate with a deeper hatred than those unfortunate men who find themselves among its administrators while yet they are cursed with clear heads and warm hearts.

"The Poor Law system is an abominable one," said the head of a workhouse infirmary to the writer recently. "No one knows that better than we who have to work it out. But we are powerless. All we can do is to administrate as kindly and as justly as possible, and hope that you and others will so work on public opinion as to bring it about that the country will demand that the whole system of outdoor relief should be altered. But to administer it as it should be administered would demand large investigations and many men of the right stamp. There are only two kinds of men in the world—good and bad—and the good men are few."

But we have a large proportion of the few to our hand, and our officers are trained to study men and to discriminate between them! At present, our Criminal Investigation Department is charged with the duty of looking up all cases of unaided destitution reported to them. So far as may be, with no funds set apart for the purpose, the Social Wing will help such. Pressmen, Board-school visitors and sanitary authorities are getting in the way of reporting them to us.

Not long ago, for instance, a school inspector wrote, telling us of a poor woman who had come under his notice through her application that her twelve-year-old son might be put on half time to help her at match-box making. Our officer found her a decent woman of nearly sixty, whose husband had just died after a long illness. She had done washing when she could get it, but found herself too weak now to do it satisfactorily.

Her fifteen-year-old daughter had lost her "little place," and was too ragged to hope to get another. She had struggled to keep her poor two-roomed home together, but feared it was no use to try any longer. The Guardians told her, when she applied for relief, that she and the boy could come into the House.

'And what about my daughter?' she asked, terrified at the thought of the pretty brown-eyed child left to herself in London streets.

'We have nothing to do with that. We can only take you and your boy."

She tried to question, to explain. But "Boards" cannot go into domestic details. They have a curious affinity with their name. So she went away and tried to learn to make match boxes. When we found all this out, the stiff old fingers and the unwonted young ones, working from daylight far into the night, could only manage two gross per day. This brought them in a weekly revenue of two shillings and eleven-pence.

Our officers provided for their immediate necessities, took the girl into the match factory, and provided the mother with box work at home at double her old rates.

Charles Holland, with seven children dependent on him, and ordered by the authorities to pay 5s. a week out of an income of 8s. for the maintenance of his wife in the Infirmary, was aided by us last autumn. This man's case attracted much public notice. A guardian of the parish concerned, wrote to the *Daily Chronicle*:—

"We rejoice that you should inquire and advise with reference to the Holland case. We can only expect the many much-needed reforms in the poor-laws and their administration after a great deal of such publication of sorrowful details. As the law and practice are at present, it is not certain that we could have done other than make an order upon Holland to pay towards his wife's maintenance."

Assistance given in the way of furniture, etc., where a little home has been sold, bit by bit, for food, is regarded strictly as an indefinite loan. A legal document admitting it to be the property of the Salvation Army is signed by the head of each household thus aided, who thereby makes himself responsible for its safe keeping and proper use. This Department of Parochial Aid is very closely intertwined with that of the Slum Sisterhood, who are admirably fitted to act as relieving officers, and manifest no less discernment than enthusiasm in this sort of work.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE IN THE SLUMS.

"For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's freeman; likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ's servant. . . For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more."

These words drop unbidden from our pen, as we turn over the year's record of the saintliest deeds wrought under our banner. All this toil and money and effort, spent, on the one hand, in Factory and Shelter and Lábour Bureau, to lift the slaves of sin and poverty out of their cellars and "kens," and so environ them that their souls shall indeed be free. And, on the other side, prayers and efforts and toils and pleadings, rising daily through the sin-thickened air of low streets and vile courts, from those who, born where air is pure and life is clean and sights are wholesome, "free from all men," have chosen, because they have become, once for all, the "servants of Christ," to be, for His sake, servants of all men, and to dwell in the blackest haunts of English slavery, taking the places of those they seek to ransom, like the French saint, who, four hundred years ago, took upon himself the chains of the galley slaves he wished to see set free!

Throughout this volume, we have striven to avoid phraseology which might puzzle or jar upon readers of any shade of religious belief or disbelief. Jews, Agnostics, Romanists, Protestants, Freethinkers, and Theosophists have alike aided the "Darkest England" Scheme, and will be alike interested in this sketch of our Social Work. No branch of it thus far treated but has kinship with *some* philanthropic project fostered by people who have no religious sympathy with Christianity as we understand and teach it; and it has been comparatively easy to touch lightly upon the belief which furnishes the real dynamic power of our organisation—belief, active not passive, in a living, personal Christ, the object

of Whose eternal Being is the regeneration and inspiration of men. But facing the work of our Slum Sisters, it is not so easy. Outside of Christianity, the line of their work could not even have been conceived. Buddha, offering himself as a meal for the famished mother tiger, was still Buddha, the Serene, the Unapproachable-unless-he-will. But Jesus Christ seems to have let nothing of the divine except what could be imitated by those about Him, shine through the Carpenter's Son! Jesus Christ, viewed in this aspect, has been the ideal of the founder and directors of our Slum Sisterhood.

During the year, that has just passed eighty-nine women have been sent, through the instrumentality of our Slum Sisters, from the lowest brothels in London and England's lesser Londons, into the Rescue Homes of the Salvation Army.

To bring this about, women of the purest, holiest stamp we can sift from the saints of our Army have passed, by night and by day, through scenes of corruption which have made their souls sick; have knelt night after night to pray by their own bedsides, stopping their ears that they might not hear the blasphemy and obscenity which echoed from courts below their windows, or rang in horrid shrieks along the passages outside their frailly-secured doors.

In Worcester, our Slum Home itself used to be a house of ill-fame. Ten poor girls were in it when we took possession. The Slum captain succeeded in winning most of them from a life of sin.

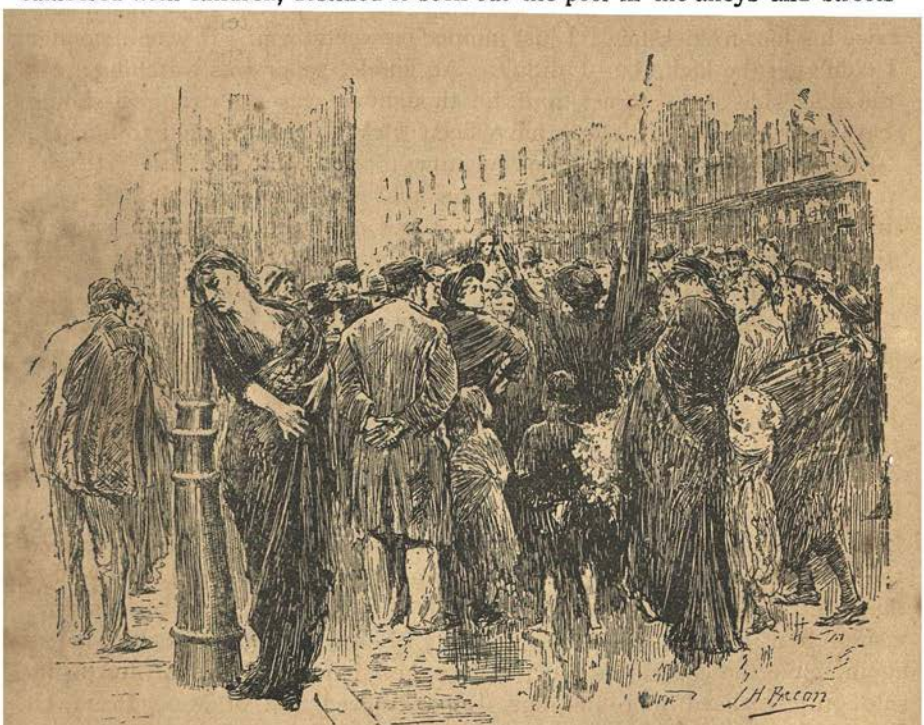
"Our first Slum Home in Newcastle was three rooms in a very low lodging-house," says a Slum officer. "It was *really* a brothel; but we didn't know that when we went in—only after. Our rooms were rather separate, but with the same yard and the same entrance. The floor was full of holes. We used to nail pieces of tin over the holes to keep the rats out, and they used to push them up with their backs. Such rats! I found one swimming about in a wash basin I had left partly full of water one morning.

"The yard used to be full of men and women nearly all night, and we couldn't sleep for hearing what went on. And people would creep up and look in over our fanlight. One night, Captain B—— heard a frightful groaning outside. She went out and found a man had stuffed a handkerchief into a woman's mouth and was cutting her throat! The Lieutenant had to go out for a policeman, while the captain was left with the poor bleeding woman."

Is it necessary, in order to do the work we aim at, that our people should *live* in places and among people like that? No other easier way has ever led to the same end.

A Roman Catholic wrote last winter:

"Nothing is more observable than the extent to which General Booth has studied our methods. Take, for instance, his Slum Sisters, themselves living in a house like the tenements around them, cleaning in the dwellings of the poor, nursing their sick, etc. Then read the constitution given by St. Vincent de Paul to his Sisters of Charity. They were to consist of girls and widows unencumbered with children, destined to seek out the poor in the alleys and streets



A STREET MEETING IN THE SLUMS.

of cities. They were to have for monastery the houses of the sick; for cell, a hired room; for their chapel, the parish church; for their cloister, the streets of the town or the wards of the hospital; for enclosure, obedience; for grating, the fear of God; for veil, holy modesty. The genesis of the Slum Sisters is evident."

To us, also, it is evident. But it lies further back than 1663, when Vincent de Paul placed his first four Sisters under the care of Madame le Gras. In whatsoever communion of Christendom, the Spirit of God, acting

on the minds of men and women who have given themselves up to do like work among like people and to act as nearly as possible like Jesus Christ, must lead them to the adoption of certain like principles.

"We had one very good case of conversion in that place," went on the Newcastle slummer, eagerly. "We were holding an open air just at the top of the street our rooms were in. A woman was standing by listening. She'd a baby in her arms, and I saw a man—her husband—raise his foot to kick her. I just jumped between them. It was a wonder I didn't get the kick, but I didn't. An infidel sailor was watching from the other side of the street, and he thought it was so strange I should have interfered when I might have been kicked. He thought to himself, I couldn't have done that;' and he came to our hall that night. He was a drunkard and a gambler. Often, he told us, he had gambled all night in a house supposed to be respectable; and he had believed in nothing till he saw that little thing that made him think we were real in our religion. He was saved through it, got regular work almost at once, and is a Salvation Army soldier. Until he got work at a distance he used to pay us a shilling a week to help on our Slum Work."

People like that sailor are not often lured out of their lairs even by the charm of our passing processions. In "Four Years' Slumming," the latest issued report of the Slum Work, the case is mentioned of a woman who had not been inside any place of worship for twenty years. Ruined herself at fifteen, she had kept an immoral house for ten years. She had been twenty-three times in prison, and declares that prison weeks formed the only sober spots in a career of drunkenness extending over twenty-three years. She was convicted of sin through the Slum Sisters who visited her, and was gloriously saved. She would not enter her house again, gave the captain its key, and begged her to sell the furniture—its sale only realised nine shillings. She entered one of Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Homes, where, contrary to what might have been feared by any but Salvationist Rescue officers, her conduct was most exemplary, and her influence for good over the younger girls great. She is doing well in a good situation.

Another elder woman, saved out of that same curious Mission Home in Newcastle, affords a curious illustration of how our Slummers' work actually grows and fattens on disturbances and riots which would mean ruin and confusion to any ordinary religious services.

The Slum officer was holding a street meeting, while some women who wished to annoy her were dancing around them. This exasperated the husband of one of them whose sympathies were with our little ring. Knowing that the captain had an objection to too stringent domestic dis-

cipline, he considerately waited till she had shut her eyes to pray, and then he knocked his wife down. The captain opened her eyes at the sound of the fall to find, to her consternation, that the woman had struck her head on the edge of the pavement, and was bleeding profusely. She was not so much injured, however, but that she recognised the captain as the original source of the misfortune, and essayed to fight her. Whereupon there ensued what the captain mildly described as "a big row." In the midst of it a girl rushed, sobbing, out of a house near by, and adjured the captain to take her away out of that life. She was decidedly drunk and pronouncedly hysterical—two facts, either one of which would have deferred her cordial reception by the agents of most Rescue Societies. But every Slum Home must be open to shelter for one night any woman who wishes to leave a life of immorality, and the captain says she took her home and prayed with her till sober, then got her admission into a temporary Home. As she took her through the street *en route*, a woman leaned from a window and cried, "Take me, too!" The captain thought the words were meant as a jeer, and passed quietly on; but that night the woman knocked at the door of the quarters, and said: "I really mean what I said." And she did.

Her story was very sad. She was a widow and had taken a situation as housekeeper to a working man. He had represented himself as a widower and induced her to live with him. But one day his wife appeared, took possession of the house and, very naturally, turned her out of doors. She had not known which way to turn. Decent places she had barred against herself, and there seemed nothing for it but to sink lower than she had ever contemplated. So *two* lives were changed by that riotous open air meeting, for the girl has continued to do well in our Glasgow Home.

Figures seem so poor, when one tries to show this work!

"Has the Slum Work really been a success?" somebody asked one of our wisest and saintliest leaders. We commend his answer to the various friends who wish to know what to say to the people who declare that one and another branch of Army work has been a failure.

"That depends on how you measure success. The difficulty comes in there. You can't add two eggs and two potatoes and get either four eggs or four potatoes. Judged by reports of men and women made into uniformed Salvation Army soldiers, it has *not* been a success. But if we are to take account of tears wiped, and broken hearts healed, and sin prevented, and whole districts made happier, and lives bettered that are still far from being what you or I would like to see them, it has been a glorious success."

Still, here the figures are :—

SLUM FIGURES.

London.	1890	1891
Posts or Centres of Work in the Slums ..	16	26
Creches	1	3
Officers and Cadets	50	70
Provinces.		
Posts	13	19
Creches	1	1
Officers	32	43

Totals.	1890	1891
Posts or Centres of Work in the Slums ..	29	45
Creches	2	4
Officers and Cadets	82	113

(*For Year ending September* 30, 1891)

Visiting	135,198 hours
Families visited	186,825
Lodging Houses visited	6,391
Public Houses visited	23,062
Brothels visited	829
Poor helped	5,341
Rescue Cases	89

Let us analyze them. At nine of these twenty-six London Slum Posts the officer in charge lives (for the purpose of giving our cadets some insight into this work) at a decently comfortable garrison in a sufficiently quiet and respectable street. The other seventeen are after the order we have described, and are located in Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Blackfriars, Canning Town, Drury Lane, Hackney Wick, Marylebone, Milwall, Ratcliffe Highway, St. George's in the East, Somers Town, Southwark, Spitalfields, Tidal Basin, Walworth, Whitechapel, and Euston Road. The very names of many of these localities tell what sort of a life the godly woman who elects to spend her days in their lowest quarters must lead.

Our provincial slum posts are in Brighton, Bristol, Dundee, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Newport (Mons.), Nottingham, Preston, Sheffield and Worcester.

St. Luke's, Westminster, Shoreditch and Kensington in London, with Dublin, are just about being entered by our slummers.

Look first at those hours of visiting, and what they mean. One day last summer an American lady came to the writer's office and asked for an introduction to a slum officer, that she might see something of their work.

A MORNING CALL.

"I want to see the very blackest," she said; "I know something of City Mission Work, and I am deeply interested in it."

She was eminently practical and sensible; she was a regularly ordained clergywoman of the Unitarian Church; and she appeared to have had, as she said, some knowledge of how the poor live in the great cities of the United States. We gave her what she wished, and she set off with a Slum Sister to spend a day and a night around Drury Lane.

"How did that clergywoman get on?" we asked of her guide, a few days later.

"Oh," was the answer, given in rather a puzzled way, "she didn't stop all night. I took her around for about an hour and a-half. She cried and said she never dreamed there were such places in the world. And then she fainted and had to go home; she said she wasn't well enough to stay longer. It was rather queer."

An hour and a-half was more than she could bear, and our girls average 1,200 hours visiting per annum! They tell of visiting rooms whose windows have not been opened for from twelve weeks to *twelve months;* of visiting where "vermin were crawling all over the place."

Major Cooke sends us a specimen of the horrors they sometimes meet:—

"An unmarried couple lived just opposite to the home of one of our slum soldiers. They had one child, about three years old. Both were drunkards. They gained a living by preparing and selling winkles in Hoxton Market. The child was a great burden to them, so, little by little, they starved and neglected it.

When our people found them, the child was in a terrible state of emaciation, and covered with sores. It died a few days after.

"An undertaker agreed to bury the little body for thirty shillings and supplied a coffin, but refused to bury it till he got some of the money. They had not a sixpence to spare, and, in the usual slum fashion, commenced to beg from their neighbours. The tiny room occupied by this couple was just large enough to hold their bedstead and leave a slight margin. The end of the bed covered half the fireplace, over which they prepared their shellfish for sale. The captain says the place was horribly filthy and the smell unbearable to outsiders; yet here this couple lived, cooked their shellfish, and kept their dead babe for thirteen days, till they raised the ten shillings. We gave the undertaker ten shillings more to get the poor child buried. Their horrible pride would not let them have a workhouse burial."

Besides the physical strain of this kind of thing, the mental tension on these women who go constantly from one abode of misery to another is terrible. No one who had not a robust faith in the Unseen could endure it. Each wretched object whom they visit has but his own woes or those of his immediate family to carry. The slum sister carries the burdens of an entire neighbourhood. Fancy a morning call after this order:—

"I was visiting a house in Whitehorse Street. I heard screams above, so I ran up and found a man and woman quarrelling over a paper: it seemed to be their marriage certificate. The woman had broken the man's leg with a poker the night before, so he could only just get about the room holding on by the table. He told us this, when she pulled a plaster off her mouth and showed us how he had knocked three teeth out for her.

"'I hate him!' she fairly hissed. 'I *hate* him!' 'And I hate her!' he put in. 'I hate her—I hate her! Twenty-six years I've led this life!'

"My lieutenant and I stopped, oh! so long, and sang and prayed and prayed and sang, till they cried and broke down. Neither of them got saved, but we never found them fighting any more after that day."

The grief, too, of seeing poverty with which all our existing machinery is, as yet, unable to cope, is a terrible tax upon faith. Major Cooke sends us an account of two or three piteously destitute cases reported to him in the last week or two.

"While visiting in Somers Town our officers found a husband and wife living in a low, damp, ill-lighted cellar. He had at one time been a manager of a tobacconist's, but, through sin, fell, and could not get any work. He told the lasses that he had been to our Labour Bureau but without success. The only furniture belonging to them was an iron bedstead and a basket, not a scrap of fire was in the grate. He vainly tried to hide the fact that he had not even a

shirt—everything pawnable was gone. I omitted to say that they had two lovely children. The lasses helped all they could, and got them some friends, but up to the time of writing he had no regular employment."

"A Londoner had gone to live in Bolton, where he married and had a family. Work being slack, he, and his wife, and a young lad (they had three sons) came to London to get rooms, telling the other two boys to come after them with the furniture by a certain train on a certain day. He was to meet them. Through some blunder the lads were not met, and they did not know where to find the parents, so wisely they left the furniture in the left luggage office, and then went to look for work, and found some in Woolwich.

"The father found the furniture had come, but the lads had the tickets for it, and all he could do was to leave it. They secured a room in Somers Town just opposite our Slum Hall. Our lasses found them in terrible distress, and almost penniless. Not a scrap of furniture was in the room; they lay on the floor. We immediately got them some food, and a neighbour lent them a mattress. The husband could get no work, but the wife has. She has to leave home at 2 a.m., walk an hour, and then work from 3 a.m. to 12 noon, for which she gets 2s. a day. The place is so vile that her husband goes with her, and stays till daylight to protect her from insult. We trust she will get something better before you read this.

"The boys in Woolwich hearing nothing of their father gave up their work, determined to go back to Bolton.

"They called at the station for the furniture and there they heard of the father, who left his address. Quickly they were re-united, got back their work and everything goes on happily. Had we not found and helped them, the consequences might have been terrible.

"One day we had a message from Col. Barker to say that he heard from the *Star* office of a terrible case of poverty, would we help at once? This was on Saturday night. The lasses called the same evening, and found things very bad—a husband and wife, with five children, existed in one room. She had been a dressmaker, but nearly all the furniture and sewing machine had to be sold to pay rent and get food. They gave them food that night, and helped to nurse the children. All the children were ill with measles. On the following Wednesday they were ejected for non-payment of rent. The Social Wing immediately got them two rooms, furnished them on their loan system, and the man soon got work. Last accounts of them are very encouraging. She goes to the B— corps.

"In another place our lasses found a poor man apparently dying. The wife, who was herself ill with face-ache, had an hour's work a day in the City, cleaning, for which she got a trifle. Our officers soon found that the man was dying, not of disease, but of starvation.

"They nursed and fed him, and had the joy of quickly seeing him recover, get work, and have a comfortable home once more.

But food and money do not represent the whole, nor the most important part of the "help" given to the five thousand odd people of our statistics.

There is Mrs. B——, paralysed for five years, husband out looking for work, and a vaccination order hanging over her head. How *shall* she get baby to the doctor? Why, through the Slum Officer, of course.

Baby is dead, and there is nothing to cover him with unless one takes the clothes from the shivering little ones who haven't yet been so fortunate as he. The Slum officer brings a tiny sheet.

Jim is kicking you ever so in the yard, and you have baby in your arms, and can't kick back, or you'll drop her. You fight as well as you can with one hand, and shriek till the Sister hears you. She comes running, snatches baby, and tells Jim to go about his business, which he shamefacedly does. You essay to make him repent his conduct, both hands now being at liberty to assist his contrition. But Sister doesn't encourage that. Quick as a flash she shoves baby back on you, with, "Take her! I'm leaving go," so you have to sulkily resume charge of the crying thing. However, Jim has gone, and its much better than having a policeman meddling about.

As yet we have only one or two regularly trained nurses, but common-sense and kindliness make our Sisters of much use. Have you any idea what it is to be sick unto death in Slumdom? Read this account of a slum visit paid one night last winter by the collater of this Report.

"No one hindered our entry to Mrs. T——. She lay stretched on her narrow bed, evidently even nearer death than Granny. The room seemed tolerably clean, but contained no furniture, save the bed, one chair, and a box. Two or three other boxes were piled in a corner, and a little gaily coloured crockery seemed to point to slightly 'better days' in Mrs. T——'s past. Over her bed hung a picture of Jesus and Mary, but it was clear that the dying woman had drifted far from the teaching of a Church which takes scrupulous care that its faithful children shall never go out of this world drugged or intoxicated. Both the women in the room were more or less drunk, and it was evident that they had been pouring liquor down their charge. As we bent over her, the closed eyes opened. The Adjutant's murmuring words called up some lingering memory—roused some chord of conscience, and, fixing her gaze on her face with an intentness which was almost fierce, she cried, 'Will my soul go to God?'"

The Adjutant paused. "You have been a very wicked woman,' he said slowly, "with a black past."

"Ah, I know that!" The weary head moved uneasily. "The just

man come down from Heaven falls seven times a day, and who am I not to fall? What I want to know is, will my soul go to God?"

"Jesus Christ is the Way to God," went on the low, steady voice. "Only His blood can wash your sins away and make you fit for Heaven."

"I know that. It's not a fool you're talking to. I know the way to Heaven. What I want to know is *will my soul go?* Give me a drink—oh, a big drink!"

"We must send one of the lasses to stay the night with her," said the Adjutant. "One can't leave her like this."

Back at the Slum Home, it took very few minutes time to rouse the captain "to sit up with a dying woman." But in the short space of time before our return, an idea had made its way through the dark-clouded mind of Mrs. T——'s friend. When we opened the door, it was to find that she had propped the gasping woman up in the solitary chair, and was tossing the dirty bed-clothes about gaily, in an attempt to "make all tidy" before our return. Before we could remonstrate or rescue poor Mrs. T——, whose head was rolling about against the wall, and who could scarcely balance her feeble frame on the rickety chair, the door flew open again, and in bounced two more women, also exceedingly drunk, letting in a draught of ice-cold midnight air on the patient, and shouting—

"We've come to see you a bit, Mrs. T——. Don't you know Lizzie R——? Is it putting her back you are, Mrs. J——? Let's have at her."

Whereat, one picked up Mrs. T——'s feet and the other two grabbed each an arm. Mrs. T—— was slung back into the cold bed with a celerity none of Miss Lückes' nurses need ever hope to rival. Needless to say she went first into a spasm of coughing, and then into a "sinking fit." The captain planted herself close beside her to wait for revival, while we essayed to pray the three guests into quiet. In the middle of our prayer Mrs. T—— ventured a moan. Mrs. J—— rushed at her, violently adjuring her to "hould her noise! It's a beautiful prayer is bein' made. Stop ye quiet, Mrs. T——."

The Slum Secretary writes:—

"Many of the sick visited have died. Some very happy, others in terrible darkness. Work has been found for a number, and hope has been breathed into the hearts of thousands who were in despair—hope of becoming good men and women—hope that 'in some way or other God would provide.'

"This may seem a small matter for rejoicing to the unthinking, but the newspapers have shown this very month that the absence of hope means death—and often suicide.

"A poor woman who earned a small trifle by 'taking in washing, pawned

IN THE CRECHE

a shirt to get something to eat. On Saturday she had to return the washing, but could not redeem the shirt. In her despair she said to her daughter, 'I'll drown myself!' an expression she had often used latterly, and rushed out, slamming the door after her. It was dark, so when her daughter got the door open and looked out she could not tell which way her mother had gone. Her body was found later on by a Thames policeman.

"Oh, for more comforters and despair drivers! There are in London to-day, thousands of men and women who feel it utterly impossible for them to even rise out of the 'Slough of Despond' into which, through drunkenness and other causes, they have brought themselves.

"Of these, was one of the worst drunkards in ———, the son of a Christian mother, but a drunken father; his mother died when he was but a boy, and he had to shift for himself. A religious aunt took him in, but he wanted no religion. In Lambeth he was soon picked up by a gang of thieves and used as a tool to pass false coin, varied with pocket-picking and begging. He escaped for a time, but finding the police on his track he enlisted, to the disgrace of the Queen's Army. His career from boyhood up to this past year was one of dishonesty, gambling, drunkenness, etc. For eleven weeks before we got hold of him he drank almost incessantly. His wife and children were starving, and he was deeply in debt. He was in despair of ever rising up, and drank to drown his misery.

"One Sunday he rolled into our little Slum Hall for the first time, stupidly drunk, and seemed to be asleep while the meeting was going on. The captain spoke to him; her face struck him as being like that of his long-since dead mother—he wept, and finally cried for mercy. As I write he is a hard-working, industrious, sober, Christian man. Almost all his debts are now paid.

"The Shelters, Food Depôts, and Workshops have been an inestimable boon to great numbers of our poor slummers.

"One of our slum soldiers, known as Millbank, because of the number of

times he was in that well-known prison through his great crime—drunkenness, and lost his work in the spring. The slum captain sent a note with him to the Labour Bureau recommending that he be taken into one of the workshops if they could not get him work outside. They did so, and kept him for months till he got back his old employment. He is one of our brightest and most self-sacrificing slum soldiers, and lodges at a superior Shelter.

"Our colours' bearer in the same slum corps also stays at the Shelter. He has been a desperate character. One evening he heard our little slum band of soldiers in the open air, was convicted, followed it to the little hall, and got saved. For *nine months* he continued to live in a common lodging-house—surely some of the awful places 'of the land!' Here he proved the reality of his conversion. The change to an Army lodging-house, when it was opened, was indeed a welcome one."

IN THE CRECHE.—EIGHT P.M.

A slum officer brought to us, last week, the story of a martyr. Very likely the martyr would not have known how to spell her own title. But she will join the "noble army" none the less, for all that.

She had always striven, in a blind sort of way, to "do right," this woman of the slums. Her husband worked at the Docks, and used to bring home silks and furs sometimes. The martyr knew there was something wrong about this. Not even when the "dockers' tanner was won" had any enthusiast suggested shares in cargoes. She wanted to "do right," she said, and declined to take in the stolen goods. Then her husband declined to give her any money for food, since she wouldn't help

him earn it. When she went to the hospital, the doctors easily diagnosed her complaint; but their action hardly bettered matters permanently. While Bob was in prison for starving her, he couldn't well provide for her; and when he came out, he was not more inclined to do it. So he kept away. When she felt she could not rally, she wrote him she was dying now; would he send her a little money to do her till the end came? But he only wrote back that it was a great pity she hadn't died before. She did not keep him waiting long, and she died, thanks to the Slum captain, so rapt in the wealth of love and gladness which Heaven was to hold for her, that she forgot, even before the Gates opened before her, that cruelty had sent her to her death.

No work is more taxing than that of the officers who have charge of the Crèches, where poor working women may leave their babies, at a charge of threepence a day. Often the children have to be washed, and clipped, and anointed with all manner of insect-destroying stuff. They are sickly and ill-fed and ill-trained and cross. But the work has great recompenses.

Where do we find the women to do such work?

Not usually among those fished up themselves out of the deep sea of sin. Nor yet among those too daintily born and bred.

"To the soul that is reared in splendour,
The Cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the narrow road!"

Where *do* they come from, and why do they come? We asked the question of an unknown trio of them.

One had been a dressmaker, up in Maryport—that old-fashioned kind of dressmaker who goes from house to house among her little circle of patrons, staying days or weeks with each, and growing in time to feel almost a part of each household. To her, the call came through reading of such work in such places as we have striven to set before you. And there came a day when she had to tell the astonished mistress of the house where she was supposed to be sewing that she could not work that day. She wanted to be alone. She only prayed and cried, and cried and prayed. She fought for a month against it all. Then she wrote and offered herself for the Slum Work. That was nearly three years ago. She says she has not been sorry.

The next—a cook in a well-to-do family—read in the *Cry* the very first call for women to go to the slums and knew she must be one of them. She flung out of the door of the Army Hall she sat in, and stood in the moonlight thinking. It was a bitter winter night, and she had left her

great fur-lined cloak inside. But she never knew she was cold, until people passed and pitied her. The great fur cloak was put away after that, and for four years she has worn the coarse apron and cheap shawl and little rough black hat which form the special uniform of the slum officers of the Salvation Army.

The third read her destiny in the face of a poor old flower woman :—

"It was the night after I had given my heart to God. My lady was going to the theatre, and she wished me to go too, to take particular notice of an actress' dress. She wanted one like it; and a poor, miserable old flower woman offered some flowers just as the carriage door was shutting. 'Certainly not,' said my lady. She was tall and proud, and she drew away, and it sounded so cold and cruel to me. I looked at that old woman's face, and I felt like weeping over her. I longed to do something for her, and people like her. That was how it began."

These women are only extraordinary in the steadiness of their consecration and in the strength of their faithfulness to the revelations given us all in illuminated moments like those they record. London alone needs five hundred more! Will you be one?

CHAPTER X.

THE WOMEN'S RESCUE WORK.

SEVEN years ago, in our single crowded little Rescue Home in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, the captain was praying her goodbye prayers over fourteen-year-old Clara, just going off to a rough situation.

A FAILURE.

Our whole Rescue Work was then just an experiment, carried on under fearful odds. Its head was probably the youngest matron who ever took upon herself the vows of a "repairer of the breach"—scarcely more than a sunny-haired girl, turning daily from the fascinations her first baby's cradle held, to face the disheartenments and the heart-breaks and the calumnies and the criticisms which circled round that hard beginning. A "failure" was not a thing, then, to be merely docketed and put away out of sight. Neither is it now, in one sense. But experience has taught us now that the road to the truest success lies often through repeated failures.

Clara was a failure. She had been kept longer in the Home than usual, because of her youth, and because of her depravity. She had left her home at ten and at thirteen was on the streets of Whitechapel. A year later she came to the Rescue Home, saying she was eighteen. She might have been, for her knowledge of evil. She only kept the situation a week, then ran away, and no more was heard of her till she was reported as having gone to prison for stealing from another situation. Then she was sent for two years to the Penitentiary, where she underwent long stretches of solitary confinement.

Once, after she left the Penitentiary, the idea entered her head that she would take train for London and go to the friends who had once been kind

MAKING WASHABLE TEXTS.

to her at Whitechapel. But she put the thought away, and booked instead for the other end of England, bringing up at Cardiff.

But Clara did not realize what her Whitechapel friends had been doing in these years. Many people far more interested in religion and philanthropy than Clara, fail to realize it! From that single little ill-adapted, scantily-officered Home, branches have gone out, if not quite to the ends of the earth, extending to something very like it. Our seven London Homes can harbour more than two hundred girls. In Plymouth, Middlesboro', Glasgow and Belfast are accommodation for a hundred more; officers trained in these have been sent to do like work in India, Africa, Australia and America, while the Help and Inquiry Department, whose Headquarters are at 259, Mare Street, Hackney, spreads around the world a Rescue network whose meshes grow daily finer. And Clara, led by that mysterious influence which brings so many a "failure" back to us, found herself in our Cardiff meeting hall, heard that another Home like the blessed old place "round the corner from the Pavilion Theatre" was close at hand, and asked to be taken into it, with the result that she has been for *two years* a thoroughly changed character, winning the highest praise from her mistress, and the means of conversion of several other

people. "Oh," said she of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, when they met once more, "I have never forgotten, I couldn't forget, that you loved me." Her highest ambition is to serve in any way, in the Cardiff Women's Metrôpole, the latest addition to the buildings already occupied by one and another offshoot of the Women's Social Work.

The main advances of Mrs. Bramwell Booth's department during the past year have been on rather fresh lines. No new Rescue Home proper has been opened, although those already existing have been crowded to overflowing, and the Women's Shelter has had to serve often as a kind of extension thereof. The year's figures show how well space has been utilized :—

Return of Girls from two Receiving Houses, six London, and five Country Homes.

	Sept., 1890, to Sept., 1891.
Sent to situations	580
,, friends	203
,, other Homes	41
,, trades	43
Married	3
Emigrated	2
Died (while under our care)	4
Left or dismissed	255
Assisted cases	353
Total	1,484
In Home end of year	281

The 353 assisted cases are disposed of thus :—

Sent to situations	152
Home to friends	56
Sent to Hospital	33
Other Homes	22
Left wilfully	64
Dismissed	26
	353

The fearful obstacle in the way of doing more Rescue and Preventive work lies, not so much in the scarcity of money, as in the difficulty of getting buildings. Even Christian landlords—gentlemen whose names stand high on the list of subscribers to our own and other Rescue Work—repeatedly refuse to let or sell us buildings in places where they claim to be most anxious to see this work carried on, on the plea that to do so would

be to depreciate the value of their other property. Doubtless, their statement is quite correct; but it is hardly likely to prove a valid plea in those great Assizes where the cause will be tried one day of these women worse than widowed—these children orphaned by a curse! Objection to us as neighbours is, of course, always strongest in the localities where this work is most needed.

The general principles of our Homes are well known. There is no fixed term of residence to which inmates are bound. A girl stops until her officers consider it safe to send her out, and have found a situation wherein they think she is likely to be helped to do well. Most of our girls pass from us to domestic service. On the whole, it seems the safest life even for those whose early history might seem to lift them above the ordinary run of servants. As the Social Work progresses, we shall, no doubt, be able to teach more of them trades, and employ them ourselves.

The Red Text Home is worthy of notice. Its inmates partially support it by the manufacture of washable texts or mottoes for houses or mission halls. The letters are cut of white diaper, and carefully machined on red cambric. We congratulate ourselves that no Trades Union in existence can complain that this institutional industry competes with any outside our corner of the world. At the same time, it seems likely to open up a new means of livelihood to the girls trained in it. It teaches them to be careful and exact machinists, and letters received by Mrs. Bramwell from various firms show that there is an unmet demand for really *good* machine women.

Another Home makes a speciality of Servants' Outfits. Plain sewing is also done in them.

Notes of a few typical "ordinary" cases, handed us at random by Mrs. Bramwell's Chief Secretary, lies before us, which may give some idea of what comes "all in the day's work" at the Central Offices of the Rescue Work. These first are summaries of personal applications for admission.

"Lily has been living in sea-port town, has been a source of continual anxiety to her parents—sleeping on fishing smacks and yachts, which were floating brothels! Came one night to Salvation Army Barracks, and wanted to leave her life of sin.—*Accepted.*

"Nellie, nineteen, had been trained by her mother to sell sandwiches in public-houses and get money in any way from the *age of twelve!* Was very anxious to leave her drinking mother and come to our Rescue Home.—*Accepted.*

"Sadie. When this girl came she was utterly broken down. Said she was once a Christian, but was ashamed to pray before the shop assistants, who laughed at her if she knelt down at night. *This* was the beginning of her down-

fall, and with tears she told us that her pride and haughtiness had been brought down, and she had come to the Salvation Army for help. "Can I ever be happy again?" she asked an officer. She foolishly went to walk with a stranger on Clapham Common—drugged—never saw him after that night.—*Accepted.*

Next come two letters, so pathetic that we give them in full :—

To Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

"Dear Madam,—Reading in the *War Cry* that any poor girl needing a friend, you will help them. I have a daughter in London that I feel sure needs such a friend. I have taken the courage to write to you, so I have enclosed the letter I received from her this morning. Dear madam, God helping me, I will tell you a little more about her. Esther came to London last June to live with a lady we knew. She stayed out with a young man and so lost her place in three weeks. This uncle she speaks of in her letter took her home till she heard of this situation. She has just left near ——— Square, waitress in a lodging-house, which I fear has not been for her good. I am nearly broken-hearted. I have been in ill-health a long time, but the Lord has put it into my heart to write to you, so if you might be the means in the hands of God of bringing her to Him. She has no father. My dear husband died nine years ago, left six little children and mother not strong. Esther is the eldest of four girls. Two of them are getting on in respectable places. I want to keep this from them if possible. Do forgive me for writing to you in my trouble. I have no one here I should like to speak to, as her character has been good up to her leaving home last June. I have not sent her any money, for I have so little to do with.

"Dear madam, I don't see in the *Cry* what your charge is for your trouble if you could pay her a visit and find what her trouble is. I have enclosed stamp for reply. May God bless you.

"Please let me know the worst. I will try and hope for the best.

"I am yours obediently,

——— ———."

This is the enclosure.

"London, W.C.

"Dear Mother,—I am writing to ask you if you will lend me six shillings, the price of my lodgings. I have been here a little over a week and can't get work anywhere. I have only threepence in the world to keep me next week, but I can do without food if I can only keep a shelter over my head. I have been very poorly this last week. I feel so bad all the while; for two pins I would go to London Bridge and end it all. I shall advertise on Monday if I can pawn something to get a shilling with. I have kept it from you as long as possible and would not have troubled you if I could have helped it. Don't tell uncle or anyone; they don't know, and I can't live on them. I may hear of something in a few days. Let me have it at once to pay the landlady.

"Love to all.—Esther."

Then came a handful of papers relating to a girl convicted of the murder of her illegitimate child. Her claim was that she strangled it unwittingly with a too heavy dose of peppermint, and the evidence showed no motive for her alleged crime. Colonel Barker wrote to the Home Secretary on her behalf. He commuted the death-sentence to imprisonment for life. Her mother besieges us with heart-broken letters to know if nothing more can be done. Matters like this can only be referred to the Criminal Investigation Department. Colonel Barker fears it will be difficult to gain permission for one of our women-officers to see her, but will make an effort through the Chaplain.

Katherine G———is docketed to be watched for at the doors of Holloway Jail in December. Her story, as given by a police court missionary, is heart rending.

For three years she was a student at the City of London School of Music, and at the Royal Academy in 1874 she was second for the Mendelssohn Scholarship. Afterwards, she was a distinguished pupil at the Conservatoire in Berlin. On her return to this country she gave pianoforte recitals on her own account and earned large sums as a teacher of music. Her family are very well off and hold large businesses. A few years ago she was head music mistress at a high class ladies' college at—— receiving seventy guineas per annum, with board and lodging. While there she lost the friend to whom she was engaged to be married. He was a captain in the merchant service, was swept overboard and was drowned. This so preyed upon her mind that she began to take chloral. Chloral led on to liquor; liquor drove her out of her mind for a time, and she was placed in an asylum. But after her discharge she sunk lower and lower. Previous to this last conviction as "drunk and disorderly" she has picked up a precarious living by playing the harp outside public-houses and presiding at the piano at "harmonic meetings" and "friendly leads," held in low taverns. Many people have tried to help her. She has come to a point now, where, if we cannot save her, no one else is likely to try. Shall we succeed? Next year's report may tell!

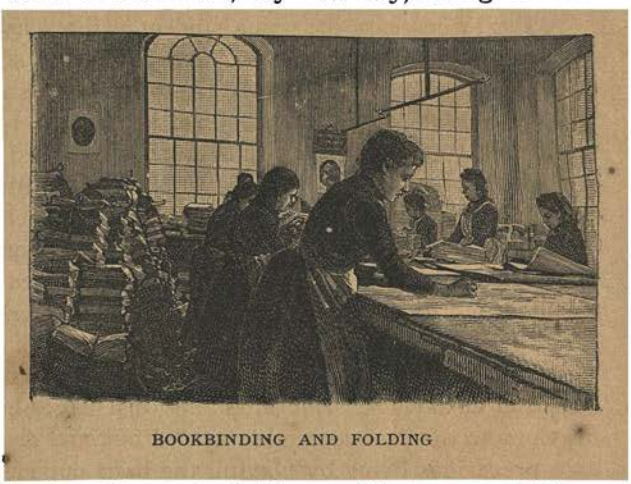
This time last year Rescue Officers were asking much the same question about a girl whose case seemed in some points more hopeless. She had turned to liquor at an earlier age—she seemed to be a victim of suicidal mania—worst of all, to a large extent for her—

> "Sainthood meant thistles, and wickedness flowers,
> Sin led her onward through vineyards and bowers."

Or through three guinea suites and "high class houses," which were more to Eileen's taste.

Some good people have taken exception to the General's statement that the rewards of vice are, up to a certain age, immeasurably greater than those held out to women by virtue. We *know* that this is true, although we have, as yet, only touched the strugglers on the outskirts of the gilded innermost temple of Priapus.

Names too great to mention scatter their mockery of capitalled dignities through the careful notes of Eileen Cunningham's history which lies before us. The truth of that history does not stand or fall with her own truthfulness. The only points which are at all incredible are precisely the ones on which our information was gained from the high official of State, who requested that an effort should be made, by the Salvation Army, to save her. And Eileen's ladyhood of birth is manifest to anyone who glances at her as she stands, day after day, toiling for the daily bread, which her shapely hands are not yet too apt at earning, down in our Bookbinding Factory, at Clerkenwell.



BOOKBINDING AND FOLDING

Eileen's father was an Irish colonel, in Her Majesty's Service. He had separated from her mother when she was a child, retaining her custody, became involved in debt, and died, leaving Eileen alone and penniless. So the golden-haired, blossom-like beauty of fifteen was sent over to London to earn a living as daily governess. Exhibitions are among the pleasures of life not beyond the means nor reckoned outside the sphere of a nursery governess, and, at an Exhibition one day, this childish thing met a gentleman, compared with whom the Ghoul King of Eastern legend was a desirable member of society. The Ghoul King feasted only on the dead. Life and beauty and purity have been the year-long food of this other personage.

The little nursery governess never went home from the Exhibition, but there was nobody to make very much ado about that; and she, innocent, ignorant child that she was, never wanted to go back for long enough. Sin had flung at her feet high prizes.

"I was so petted and spoiled," she says, simply, "I was taken about

to officers' messes and made much of, and I did things at fifteen that I'd have blushed to do at twenty-one, much worse as I'd grown."

And, indeed, Eileen—as our officers who know her best have found her—is a shy, retiring, reticent lassie, who has never been induced to speak of her piteous past escape to those who first brought her out of the life she had grown up into before womanhood was awake enough in her to shrink or protest.

A gentleman who had seen her at an officers' mess walked into her elegant apartments one day, and, to her surprise, Eileen recognised an old officer in her father's regiment—one whom she had known as a child. Let no one fancy that any spark of honour or chivalry led him to contemplate rescuing his old friend's child! What he did do, however, was to carry her off to a luxurious home in Fulham, and instal her as his own mistress. He was "very good" to her, she says, during the two years she stopped. He gave her quantities of money and objected to her habits, for Eileen, at eighteen, was a desperately hard drinker.

During this period, she made Mrs. Jefferies' acquaintance. Indeed, she was one of the witnesses at her trial. The old officer disposed of her, finally, because she wouldn't be a total abstainer; and Eileen found somebody, shortly after, whom she loved, for the first time in her life. Strange as it may seem, the capacity of love still lived in her. Love's strongest proof existed in her heart. "I wanted to be good and do right, for the first time, for this man's sake. I would have done anything he chose."

But one night he failed to meet her, as he had promised, outside his great West End gin palace. (For love had altered Eileen's social views down, as it has those of many a differently-placed girl.) She lingered and waited and suffered. When he came, it was with another woman hanging on his arm, and the two disappeared inside. Eileen was in a frenzy. She broke every plate-glass window in his shop. It was all she could think of to do to bring him out, and it succeeded. A policeman wanted him to charge her, "No," he said, he would not do that. But he could never see her again. She had disgraced him.

So the one bit of light went out of life, and nothing was left to make it anything but hateful. Perhaps it was the only way God could find to save her! Eileen went—quite sober now—and flung herself before an on-coming railway train. She was charged with attempted suicide, remanded for a week and sent to a Penitentiary. Naturally, she objected to the Penitentiary, and got out of it in a few days. She made another desperate attempt to see the man she loved, failed, and plunged into the street life she had never really known before. Then she tried the Thames, only to be rescued again.

Why *does* the law set such value on lives like this one, which it seems to have no arm strong enough to protect in the first instance?

No sooner was she out of prison than she tried the railway track again. The man who saved her nearly lost his life; but when she was remanded for trial at the Clerkenwell Sessions, a somebody, who desired to be nameless, wrote to Mrs. Bramwell Booth about her, and one of our wisest and most tactful and sympathetic officers went to the police court to try and get a hold on her. Four showily dressed mistresses of evil houses were waiting to know their employee's fate, and it was very hard to get a quiet word with Eileen, but Mrs. W. managed it.

"I know your story," she said, "and I am so sorry for you. Want to be your friend—will you let me?"

The grey Irish eyes opened in wide scorn: "My friend? No one in the whole world would want to be my friend. I don't believe you."

To all pleadings she made the sullen answer: "I don't believe you; I am not going to be deceived again."

"You're Irish, aren't you?" said our officer, at last. "So am I."

"From Ireland?" and the mask of sullen reserve fell for an instant. "Oh, I wish I'd never left it!"

The outer citadel of Eileen's heart was won.

"Won't you let *me* be your friend?" said another woman coming up to her.

"You're not my friend; you're a stranger," snapped Eileen. "I know the kind of friend strangers have proved to me."

But she looked Mrs. W—— all up and down, and said: "Yes; I will go with you."

Mrs. W—— was not there as our representative to convey Eileen to an Army Home. She had promised to take her to her own house.

"I could not think of trusting her with you. You little know the kind of character this girl is. She is desperate—dangerous! She must go into an INSTITUTION, where she can be kept under lock and key. I could not *think* of handing her over to a 'private individual.'"

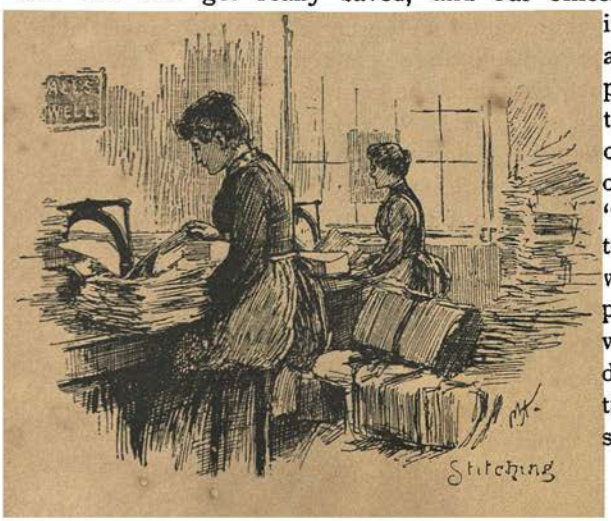
And then Sir Justice Somebody launched off into a tirade upon the deep iniquities of "that sort of character" that made our quick-witted officer wonder whether his sole knowledge of Eileen's "sort" was gained from their appearances before him in the dock! However, to make short a story, whose winding and twistings and turnings are interminable, Eileen was sent back to Holloway Jail while Sir Somebody made inquiries as to a Home which should be strict and hard and gloomy and prison-like enough for this fierce little yellow-haired Celt, whose crime was that she longed so to end a life, twenty-one years of which had convinced her must

be all misery and horror; and the personages who had brought her to that point of belief set half the satellites of the system which revolved about them and their "amusements," whirling out of their spheres, to bring it about that she should *not* come under the control of the people whose united voice was lifted so loudly in 1885 against such wrong as she had suffered. But when Eileen came into court again, she positively refused to go with the stern-featured lady whom the judge had selected as her guardian.

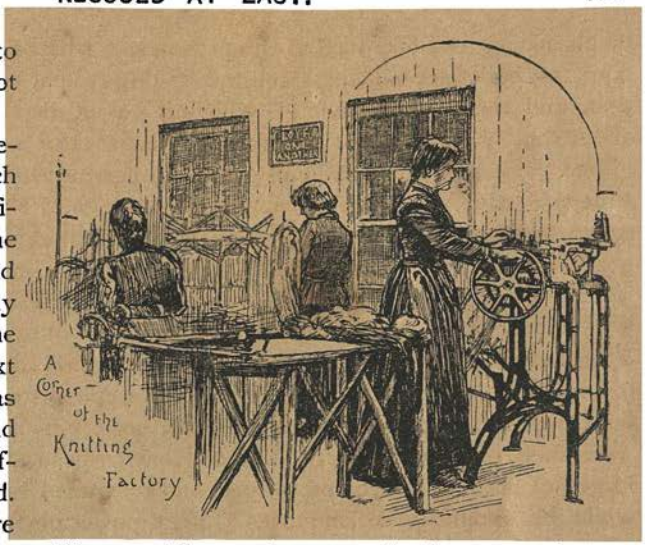
"I'll *not* go with her," she said vehemently, "I'll go with Mrs. W."

By this time, Mrs. W. had revealed herself as an envoy of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, on behalf of her Homes, and the judge took this occasion to say all he had ever heard against our Rescue system, and to point out the danger that would be launched upon society if Eileen's golden head were sheltered under the roof of a Home whose bolts and bars were forged of faith, and love and prayer, and remanded her for another week, while he should make inquiries. Very powerful friends of the Army aided his "inquiries" by letters so strong that when Mrs. Bramwell Booth stepped forward to ask for Eileen next time she came out of prison, he handed the latter over—with more explanations as to how vile and vicious a thing this was.

For a time, Eileen got on well in the Home. A beautiful outcome of her sojourn there was that Mrs. Martinson, one of the showy women who had contested her with Mrs. W. at first, and for years the mistress of a house of evil fame, was saved through visiting her, and she has lived ever since a Christian life. On the whole this restless thing was happy, but she did not get really saved, and our officers are not yet infallible in wisdom and delicacy and tact. So it came to pass that the Home Captain desired Eileen to put on a cap one night and open the door to some "old girls" coming back to tea. The frenzy with which she met this proposal showed how ill she would have taken the degradations and penalties and disciplines of a so-called Penitentiary.



"I'll *not* put on a cap.



To open the door to ladies, I might, but not to girls."

Argument and reproof seemed to reach her at last. The officer's child put on the hated badge and did her duty punctiliously to the end of the evening. But next morning Eileen was missing. The grief and sorrow of the Home officers can be imagined. Mrs. W. guessed where to find her. She was sure Eileen could never have gone back to gross sin, no matter in what temper she had gone away, and she went straight to Mrs. Martinson's. Sure enough, there Eileen was, and there she stayed. Mrs. Martinson was determined she should not go back to the old life. So, indeed, was she herself. But go back to the Home she would not. Mrs. M—— moved to X——, a seaside town. Eileen went too; and there, one night, she yielded again to the old mad craving for brandy, and then threw herself over the cliffs, once more, to kill herself. But this was the turning-point. In the slow weeks of prison that followed again, Eileen turned, with a curious longing of spirit, to the restraints and prayers and tender authority of the old Home, and when she was free at last to go back there, entered the doors without a thought of turning elsewhere. This time she got really saved. Has she not proved it?

On page fifty of the General's book we read, "Speaking broadly, vice offers to every good-looking girl during the first bloom of her youth and beauty more money than one can earn by labour in any field of industry open to her sex."

And Eileen Cunningham is still young and still beautiful. For her monotonous hours of daily toil, she can earn no more than keeps her in food and Army uniform, in the one little barely furnished room she calls "home." Life holds for her no prospect of a brighter one on earth. The solitude she wrought out, unknowingly, for herself, seems sometimes a punishment greater than she can bear. But for more than a year she has worked thus, and we

believe she will choose so to work to the end of her days, rather than go back to

> "That easy way she went,
> So bitter when one would return."

Eileen and her comrades work, at least, under admirable conditions of labour. This factory is well ventilated and well lighted. Its manager is an enthusiast in his desire to help his girls to make good workwomen. A dining room is furnished for them, with a cooking range, where a servant paid not by themselves, but by the concern, prepares whatever dinner they choose to bring. All our Army publications are bound here. Girls do the cutting, folding and wrappering. A learner's money is made up to the amount necessary for her to maintain herself. This bookbinding industry has been in operation for three years, but its expansion and removal to new quarters has been one of the chief incidents of the Rescue Year.

Eleven girls who have passed through our Homes are here supporting themselves. Each lodges herself where she pleases, and is quite independent, but all are soldiers of some Army corps, and all are kept under the constant supervision and mothering of a Rescue captain, whose sole business in life it is to see that they are good and happy and industrious.

The Knitting Factory is a new advance in the same direction—that of furnishing work for girls who have passed through the Homes, but who, for one or another reason, seem unsuited for domestic service. It is located at Clapton and employs twelve girls. Socks, stockings, underclothing, children's clothing, jerseys, and some of the red jackets sold at our Trade Headquarters are knitted here. The Knitting Factory girls are paid altogether by the piece and have the stimulus of handling all their own money; for the women's lodging house, where most of the Knitting Factory girls and part of the Laundry women live, is on the same footing as the Ark. Learners, of course, only receive board and lodging until their work is worth something. Even greater difficulty is experienced here than in the men's Factories, in teaching the inmates not merely to work, but to *love* work.

"They don't care to get all the work out of a machine there is in it," says the Secretary. "They like to tear at it for a day or two and then take it easily. Everything seems to intoxicate them—the very air, looking in at shop windows, seeing people go about!"

Of course these statements do not apply to *all* Rescue Home girls, even in the earlier stages of their upward course. "See that girl," said the Factory Officer, pointing out one to us. "She's been in the asylum

through drink; but she's a splendid worker. Look through my office window when you will, you'll never see her idling."

But every Rescue Worker will recognise them as piteously true of them as a class, and it would be a happy thing for our lasses if the mistresses into whose homes they go recognised these facts, and realized more deeply their responsibility for continuing the work we have only begun.

"She isn't the spiritual help to me I thought she would be," said an elderly lady to a Salvationist officer, speaking in an injured sort of way of a lady's maid sent her from one of our Homes. "Mrs. Bramwell Booth told me she was saved, and I expected she would be a great help to me in my soul difficulties. She—she's quite light and frivolous!"

One knitter passed through our Plymouth Home, was restored to her mother, and has lately come with her to live in Clapton. She applied to be taken into the Knitting Factory, is working well there from eight to seven, and attending classes for book-keeping and shorthand in her evenings, with a view to fitting herself for a business career.

One girl here was brought to the Home through the lassie at the machine next her. She saw her in the Hospital where we sent her for a time, watched her life, and "wanted to be good like her." She is really trying, too. "Troublesome, but lovable," is the verdict on her, and her efforts to be steady and industrious are doubly commendable, since her own mother is constantly trying to lure her back to a life of sin!

Dinner and tea are furnished in this as in the bookbindery, at a charge of only 2s. 6d. per week. Every effort is made to vary the dietary.

"I give them soup, and stews, and fruit, and nuts, odds and ends like that are delightful to them," says the lively Secretary, a Frenchwoman, by the way, and of experience in Continental Rescue Work. "They do not care for much meat, nor do I care for them to have it! The flesh has quite enough share in their constitution!"

To return to the Rescue Homes proper. These have practically no entrance limits of age, sobriety, or childlessness; some evidence of a genuine wish to do right is the only condition, so long as there is an empty bed. The Maternity Home, usually, however, receives only cases of first confinement, under peculiar circumstances. It is under the charge of a certificated midwife of many years' experience. Attached to it is a Nurses' Home, where respectable, godly women may be received and trained as monthly nurses. Six probationers and five nurses are at present in residence, and one hundred and seventy have already applied. And be it understood, these candidates are not offering themselves to be trained for a lucrative, if difficult profession.

They are trained for six months in the most thorough and severe

manner in the Maternity Home, where each probationer will have an opportunity of watching from sixty to one hundred cases. After this, they will live in the Nurses' Home, close by, and give their services to whomsoever the Head of the Home sees fit—receiving only board and lodging, uniform, washing, and from three to four shillings per week pocket money. They may be sent out to paying patients, in which case the fee will go towards the Home, or they may be sent to care for a woman among the poorest of the poor. One such came, beseeching for a nurse, a few weeks ago. She was the wife of an engineer who had sunk into the direst poverty, was dreading unspeakably the oncoming of her hour of trial, with no one to care for her except neighbour women of a stamp to which she had "never been used." One of our very best nurses was sent to her, who shared the hardships of her home for a fortnight, nursed her as she would have nursed a princess, and had the joy of leading both woman and husband to the Cross. Our nurses are to be trained *primarily* for work like this. Then they will be fit for any kind.

The present servant of the Nurses' Home passed through the Maternity Home herself three years ago. She had always been a most respectable girl, said the lady who brought her to us, and who had known her all her life. For two or three years she had been engaged to be married, and had lately gotten all her wedding clothes made and had left her situation for a little rest before her wedding. Her lover took advantage of her, and then, although he had made all arrangements for their wedding, absconded. Eliza bore her torture in silence. It was bad enough for her widowed mother to know that her lover had deserted her. She would not stop at home to let her learn more. Neither did she dare to try to get into service again. She got work in a factory. Her mother could not understand her conduct. Neither could the lady who was her friend. But she was a Salvationist in spirit, if not in uniform, and she set off to find Eliza and talk over the reason for her strange behaviour. She reached the factory at the dinner hour, and met Eliza among the rough girls who streamed out of the door, looking white and worn and aged with trouble.

"You are ill!" she said, sympathetically.

But for all answer she got a defiant look, and a hard, sullen—

"I'm not going home."

No suspicion of the real truth crossed the lady's mind. She had always held Eliza *above* suspicion. What could be the reason of this mad freak—this strange fit of temper?

"Come home with me and have a cup of tea and a talk," she coaxed. And at last Eliza went with her and told her all. She had not meant to

go back to the factory that afternoon. Her misery had reached a climax. She had meant the black waters that lap over so much river ooze that once was the matter out of which were formed white cheeks and restless, hollow eyes and whirling heads that would not stop their thinking, and aching hearts that broke like hers, should cover her and her untold story forever and forever and forever.

But God sent His messenger, and so she came to us. God was merciful, and so He took the child.

"She never gave one bit of trouble," says the officer who took her into heart and Home. "She was like an old friend and an old servant in the house from the day she entered. And she kept her situation for more than two years. She left, finally, because it was too hard for her. You see, in one way, she was never the same in health and vigour after her trouble. It takes wonderful force of will to rise above and overlive a thing like that."

To "overlive" is not the only thing to be done. How shall we best help women like her to fill heart and hands so full of work that "each day's petty dust" shall bury the past *naturally?* We should be at a loss, indeed, but for the absorbing interests and the unstraitened fellowships and the constant opportunities for service to others which crowd the years and days of the humblest Salvationist!

"The lady who was her friend wanted her to go to her," goes on the captain's story. "She came in to us one Saturday night, when she had just left her place, and I said, 'You'll stay the week end, won't you, Eliza?' And she said, 'I'd be *so* pleased to stay the week end, mother!' (For our Homes are *real* homes, where girls care to turn and turn again in any crisis or waiting-time!) The Nurses' Home was just taken, and she went in to have a peep at it, and said, 'Mother, I should like to scrub out that little house.' So she staid the week to help with the scrubbing and then I said we should want a servant for it and she asked to stop and be that servant, so she *is* stopping, and a real comfort she is!"

Eliza's history points more than one of the morals which Mrs. Bramwell Booth strives to impress upon her workers. She considers that one of the first duties of a Rescue Officer is to take a stand firmly against the position that women guilty of immorality are worse than other transgressors. The Salvation Army has nothing but scorn for that code of morals which welcomes a repentant adulterer—if he happen to wear broadcloth—into the drawing room, and introduces him to the daughters of the house, while considering it the height of condescension to admit a repentant sinner of the other sex to be a kitchenmaid in the scullery.

We believe absolutely in the salvability of every soul. The girl who

enters the door of an Army Home comes from a world where nobody, so far as she can see, believes in anybody else's goodness. She knows nobody to believe in, and she believes in herself least of all. The atmosphere which she breathes from the moment she crosses our threshold is full of that sort of faith in God which involves high faith in the possibilities of every human creature He has made. Heretofore, from the time of her first fall, she has been expected to be bad. Now, she is expected to be good; and, as a rule, she *is* good. Considering the shattered nerves, the habits of drinking, the craving for excitement, the restlessness of mind and body with which a woman who has been for any length of time leading a sinful life comes to our Homes, we could sometimes wonder ourselves as pronouncedly as do others at the large percentage who have been permanently reclaimed therein.

These women come to us the loneliest creatures on earth. "Companions" they have, but they have no friends. The "love unfeigned" of our officers meets them at every turn; and when they go out from the Homes we depend largely on the shielding, sheltering love that will still wrap itself around them wherever Salvationists are found.

"Will any sort of rescue be really satisfactory," writes Mrs. Booth, "which does not provide for a woman in the future, happy and healthful human intercourse and sisterly sympathy and love? I think not, and it is for this reason that I attach so much importance to bringing our sheep into the one great Army fold. . . . . I realize constantly the blessedness of the opportunity which the Salvation Army has given to us, in that we are able, not only to take the lost into real Homes when they first come into our care, but in that we have been able to pass them, when they leave us, into the arms of the great Salvation Army family, which has welcomed them with joy, and helped, in thousands of instances, with self-sacrificing love, to make the crooked places straight for them and the rough places plain.

"Yes, He 'setteth the solitary in families!' The once lone and friendless girl may go out to face the world with friends all around her: the Army is her army; the captain is her captain; the corps is her corps. In its work for other lost ones she may join, and in turn its leaders will watch over her—living or dying they will count her one of themselves."

She may feel that not only is it possible for her to lead the life of a good woman again, but that the world can be the better for her living and that she has it in her power to be "a real comfort." But this consciousness can only be brought about by her knowledge that God himself has wrought a very actual change in mind, and will, and emotions—has, in short, brought about her salvation—a process which has to do with the most practical details of her daily life.

Mrs. Bramwell's staff has been materially strengthened during the

year by the addition to it of Mrs. Colonel Barker, who inaugurated and for several years superintended our marvellously blessed Australian Rescue Work. Mrs. Barker's special work is lecturing the cadets in training for Rescue work, and organising and communicating with the "old girls" who have passed through our hands. The number of these who are doing well is now so great that they propose to support a Home by their own contributions. Their Secretary only asks for a penny a week; but many are giving threepence, while some have made an initial contribution of a pound. This plan is, we think, unique; and nothing could bear better or stronger witness to the reality and lastingness of the work done in these seven years than that it should be within the range of possibility. As a matter of fact, it is already inaugurated. The new Home will be set apart for the use of mothers with their first infants—the most helpless of all these helpless ones with whom we have to do.

"IN DISTRESS"—DORMITORY, WOMENS' SHELTER.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

THE Women's Shelter in Hanbury Street is like nothing so much as one of those sheltered little coves in a rocky sea-coast, into which gather bits of drift-wood of all kinds, and where the fishermen's children may be seen paddling about, sorting it out. It is exactly in the right locality for this purpose, and in the very heart of Whitechapel's purlieus. Hundreds of young girls have been sheltered there, counselled, saved from evil, sent back to parents or passed on to the Homes they would never have been induced to enter except through the portico of the Women's Shelter. Women so old that it would never have been possible to keep them within the strict, thorough, family-like limitations of the Rescue Homes, or to teach them any new way of gaining the livelihood they knew how to pick up in the East End by rag-sorting, dusthole-picking, fur-pulling, etc., have learned to love the quiet and decency and cleanliness of the Shelter, and have been, through its instrumentality, thoroughly changed. In the interests of some such we are opening a small superior Lodging House—a Woman's Ark, in fact—close beside the Shelter, and intend to insist on its use by the women who are able to pay sixpence for its fuller accommodation. Insistance will, in many cases, be necessary. The hard mattresses and rude sitting-room accommodation which seem so meagre to some of our visitors, is comfort beyond what they have long been used to, to many of these poor creatures; and it is really as hard to stir up in them any ambition to better their temporal condition as to waken in them a desire for moral and spiritual bettering.

The Women's Shelter is arranged on the same principle as the neighbouring Men's Shelters of Whitechapel and Limehouse—twopence pays for a bunk; breakfast and tea are a penny each. If they want a more substantial meal, a huge ham sandwich, made of a four-ounce roll, can be had for a penny, or a "polony" (sausage) for the same price, or browned and crisped potatoes for a half-penny. The Secretary is now arranging for a Food Depôt on the premises, at which cheap

dinners can be furnished. The bath-room and wash-room accommodation at Hanbury Street are especially good. One little special bit of deference to feminine tastes is highly appreciated—boiling water is always ready for any inmate who comes in wet and tired, and wishes to make herself a private, early cup of tea. Children up to a reasonable age are admitted with their mothers. A special dormitory is set apart for women with children, and in the adjoining Crèche a mother may leave her child for the day at a charge of threepence.

There was a pitiful little happening in connection with that Crèche the other day. The Secretary noticed a rather superior-looking woman who had come in, night after night, through that run of stormy weather in

WOMEN'S SHELTER.

October and November, leading her poor little five-year-old child. Both usually came in drenched and miserable.

"It's a pity to take that poor child out, day after day, in this miserable weather," said she to the mother. "Would you leave her inside it you could?"

"I'd be very glad to," said the mother, which answer was a satisfaction to the Secretary, "For," says she, "when they use a child for begging, you can't coax them to leave it in."

"Very well," said she, "I'll give Dolly a week in the Crèche, without charge, while you are out looking for work."

The child was not so contented as the mother, and the first morning it wailed as if its little heart would break, "Oh, mammy, mammy, how *can* I let you go?"

But mammy tore herself away. Night brought her back, and all was well. So it was next day; but the third night no mammy appeared. The Secretary was puzzled. Surely, she had not deserted the child she seemed to love so dearly! Then she overheard some women talking with their heads together, and she went up and questioned them. Mammy had not had good luck that day, and, desperate at the thought of going back with no supper for her little one, had been overheard by a vigilant policeman asking for a bit of bread for Dolly. Dolly might sob her little heart out on her solitary bunk to-night. The majesty of English law was vindicated. Society had been protected. The policeman had walked off his beat that night with the proud consciousness of having deserved well of his country. Mammy was locked up. Where, they didn't know. For how long, they couldn't tell. Only this, and nothing more, she was "took for begging," and her like were treated to one more demonstration of the fact—the reason for which most of them have given up as a weary puzzle—that it is, in this curious land, a crime to steal bread, a crime punishable by imprisonment to ask for bread from the charitable, a crime usually punishable by longer and more degrading imprisonment to ask for bread from the officer who is paid to decline "outdoor relief," and a crime to kill one's self for want of bread!

The Shelter Returns from September 1st, 1890, to September 1st, 1891, are given below.

Total suppers, lodgings and breakfasts supplied to women and children	86,316
Nightly average	154
Total of different meals supplied	130,721
Meetings held	1,066
Professed salvation	186
Sent to Salvation Army Homes	163
Sent to other Homes	54
Set up in Homes of their own	7
Preventive cases, put in the way of earning a living	41
Girls restored to parents	13
Reconciled to husband	1
Provided with situations	121
Sent to infirmary	286
Given temporary aid	191
Otherwise put in the way of earning their own living	30

The Crèche figures are as follows :—

	Number of Children.	Cash Received. £ s. d.
December Quarter	743	9 4 6
March „	749	10 5 9½
June „	1,622	18 14 0½
September „	1,708	19 11 6
Total ..	4,822	57 15 10

It will readily be seen that the Crèche cannot by any possibility be self-supporting. Such an institution must always be something of a charity, but it is certainly a beautiful one.

Although we have no so-called "Preventive Home," the Shelter has, thus far, answered many purposes of one, and has sent some most satisfactory cases to our regular Homes. We select one or two.

Ada, was housemaid, aged 21 years. Going home one evening she met a young man, who "picked-up" with her. She thought he was very kind, and met him again next evening, and so on, till after three months they became engaged. She had no parents, and was "so glad to have a friend;" thought he was "so true." Six months after they first met, he ruined her. When she protested, he taxed her with not trusting him, continued to ask her to trust him; and as a proof of his sincerity, brought her to his brother's house, and introduced her as his future wife. He also asked her to prove her trust by destroying all his letters, which she foolishly did.

She found herself in trouble, and in her shame and despair determined to put an end to herself. Her mistress suffered from cancer, and Ada often went to the chemist's for narcotics. She now bought 8d. worth of laudanum, went a train journey and took the poison, hoping to arrive at the station dead. But she took so much as to really save her life. She

got unconscious, and woke in the Police Station. Instead of explaining her situation, she only said she was unhappy and wanted to die. She was remanded, and then discharged with a caution.

She wandered up and down, friendless and homeless. Asking a policeman for a place for servants out of situations, as she was a stranger, and afraid to be on the streets all night alone, he said—

"Go to the Salvation Army."

"Where is that?"

"I shall be off my beat in two hours, and if you meet me here then I will take you along."

He took her to the Shelter, from whence she was sent to Brent House. Says she can never be thankful enough to that policeman, and to us.

IRONING.

Has given name and address of the man, and our detectives are on his track.

The police are our staunch allies in this neighbourhood.

Another Shelter girl is Mary, aged twenty-four. Her home is in Leith. She left her mother (a widow) two years ago, and came to London to a situation in some hotel, where she was ruined by the porter. Her mistress found out about it, and dismissed the *man*, keeping the girl as long as was possible. The man went to Eastbourne, and got on well. He wrote to her, saying he wished to be honourable, and if she would come to him, they would get married. She went down to Eastbourne, and the banns were published three times in Holy Trinity Church.

Then he said he did not want to get married, and asked her to live with him without. She was indignant and said:

"*Never;* I will not bring my poor old mother to the grave with sorrow."

"Very well, there's the streets; you can go," was his reply.

"Do you mean to say you will not marry me?"

"No; you can go."

And heartbroken, she left. She had no friends in Eastbourne. Her mother was in Scotland. What was she to do? She went to the workhouse. They could not take her in under a fortnight. How she was to live meantime was no concern of the guardians! It is not the morals of such as Mary they are elected to guard, and, much as many of them hate and despise the cruel idiocies of the present Poor Laws, workhouse officials have no option but to execute it. So selling all her clothes but those on her, she went up to London.

Towards evening, met an old woman, and asked. "Could you tell me of any place for women to shelter?"

"Yes; come along to the Shelter in Hanbury street. God bless you, I have been sheltering there for two years, and know they will help you. If they won't let you in, I have had a good day and earned sixpence, and will pay twopence for you."

Of course, she was taken in without the old woman's twopence. We are now arranging for her to return to her mother, which she is very anxious to do.

We very much need some employment which we can give to deserving inmates of the Shelter. The only advance made in this line, with the exception of a little pea-sorting given by a friend, and the "odd jobs" of scrubbing, etc., occasionally furnished by the Shelter itself, has been through our Laundry at Stoke Newington. This can accommodate about 30 women. They come from all sources. Some are Shelter women, some Rescue Home graduates, now able to earn their own living like the bookbinders and knitters, while some are poor, workless women of the slums, living in their own homes. Work is tolerably plentiful; but the officers hope it will increase. We are able to pay good wages. A tolerable worker can earn from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per day. If she lodges at Grove House, with the Knitting Factory girls, she can get bed, supper, breakfast, and use of sitting-room for 5s. 6d. per week. A lodging-house of this description has also been opened in Cardiff, and is proving a great success. It can accommodate forty, and is specially designed as a safe and happy home for factory operatives, and servants out of situations, etc.

CHAPTER XII.

HELP AND INQUIRY.

THIS Department has been a sort of nucleus to the General's Poor Man's Lawyer idea. It grew naturally, out of the necessity brought upon the leaders of the Rescue Work by the pitiful letters of old mothers about their daughters, and helpless women concerning the way in which those who had created their need left them when it was direst.

Its primary purpose is to trace missing friends and relations, and to secure justice and recompense for the poor and the friendless, who are unable to obtain aid through lawyers and detective agencies. Its officers are experts, but they work for the love of God and right, and they find, in every band of Salvationists, in every land where our flag flies, agents willing to aid them to the utmost limit of their powers. No wonder that their success has been great! The police recognise this to such an extent that at the present moment our Inquiry officers have on their hands no less than thirteen cases which they have asked our officers to take up, ordinary means having failed. Many of our readers remember the unaccountable disappearance of last year which went by the name of the Forest Hill Mystery. After ordinary detectives had taken this up in vain, it was reluctantly put into our hands, and our officers succeeded in tracing Miss E——, and clearing up the whole affair to the satisfaction of her friends.

The following are the latest statistics from this department, but no figures can properly represent the thought and toil represented by each letter and each interview:

STATISTICS FROM OCT. 1ST, 1890, TO SEPT. 30TH, 1891.

	Letters Received.	Letters Despatched.	Interviews.	New Cases.	People Found.	Money Received.
Totals:	7,321	7,194	4,380	2,390	605	£127 3s. 0d.

The totals for last year for same period were:

4,527	4,894	4,282	1,603	500	

The above table shows roughly that one person is found in four, and that we receive on the average for each person enquired for, in round numbers, 1s. 1d. per head.

The smaller ratio between letters despatched of this year and the year before, compared with that between "letters received" in the two years, points to an increase of staff which permits more business to be transacted by word of mouth instead of by letter, thus securing increased speed and greater privacy. The officer at the head of this department offers us a few typical cases. The first relate to missing relatives.

Every post brings numbers of letters, beseeching us to use every effort to trace some missing or wandering one.

A letter to hand is from a young man in Canada. His comrade has been killed recently in the mine, and he wants us to trace his father, so that we can convey the news of his son's death, and also let the agents have his address, as the son's savings have been willed to his father.

As twenty years have passed since the young man went away to make his fortune, changes had taken place at home and to trace the old folks did not seem an easy matter. Only the father's name and trade were sent, with the address of the home in London where they lived twenty years ago.

Determined to let no difficulty stand in the way, our inquiry officer went down the court mentioned, which had changed its name, and after repeated inquiries, entered a little tumble-down stationer's shop, which looked as if it had stood there and witnessed the surroundings for half a century.

"Oh yes! let me see," said the grey-haired old man, "Yes, that name I remember." And he directed our officer to the street where the brother of the man he wanted might be found. Going down this said street, which had numerous cobblers, at last he saw the sign he wanted on a small square board above the door, which had hung there for many a year. This was the uncle. They were glad of any news of this long-lost boy. A little wooden cigar-box was brought out, and the father's address was found. He had gone to live in the country. He was written to. A letter of thanks came back from him.

An insertion appeared in our New York missing list for the brothers and sisters of the inquirer, who had left his home eighteen years ago in London. He would be so thankful for any news of his relatives. This advertisement was copied by our English *War Cry*. An answer came from a provincial town from one of the missing ones, who had also left his home in London many years ago. We had the pleasure of placing these two brothers in communication. They were both saved through the Salvation Army and doing well. The brother found, then wrote, asking our help in tracing his two sisters and giving their address of eighteen years ago.

No such street as that he named could be found in the East End; but a butcher said to our officer, "Oh, the street is changed now, it is called so and so."

Clutching at this piece of news, he soon found himself at the very house where this large but scattered family had spent their youth.

"O! no," said the young woman who came to the door, "No such family ever lived here."

This information, of course, did not quench one who never takes "No" for an answer in these cases. Persistent questioning brought an old lady down stairs, who said, "Why, yes, that's the woman what's married! I washed his mother's curtains last week."

"Well, come away," said the officer, "take me to the woman who you washed the curtains for." Down street after street went the pair, until the woman was found and really proved to be the mother of the missing one's husband. She could not tell the number of the house he lived in, but only knew the street.

When this street was reached it was not a very short one, but a little child could point with its tiny finger to the very door where Mrs. So-and-so lived. When the news was given of two long lost brothers, one in America and one some few hundred miles away, the poor woman could scarcely believe the news. When we told her it was through the Salvation Army this news was brought, she said, "Oh, Mrs. Booth is dead and I thought the Salvation Army was dead too." They were a very affectionate family, and could not understand how they had lost sight of each other. This, however, was owing to change of addresses. This woman then asked our help in finding her mother, who went to Australia, having married a second time before!

The next case on his list is of a different order:—

A young man had, by promise of marriage, effected the ruin of a young girl, whose only fault seemed to be that she loved too deeply and blindly. He continued his attentions to her until their little one was born, but then grew cold, and laughed to scorn her many tearful entreaties to him "to keep his promise and marry her."

Blighted, crushed and almost bewildered with despair, she took counsel of a solicitor. He advised her that the man's means were insufficient to withstand a verdict that would compensate sufficiently for her loss and suffering, so obtained a magistrate's order against him to pay 4s. per week for the support of her child. He paid for a few weeks but then suddenly flitted—no one knew where, except his father, who cruelly and tauntingly answered that he knew where he was, but should not tell. The girl must "do the best she could."

Weeks, months and years rolled by. Efforts were used to find him by friends and police without avail. Through some friend, the girl heard of the Rescue Enquiry Department. She immediately wrote and recited the story of her wrongs, and an answer of love and sympathy was returned to her, and an assurance that our best should be done to find the man. Our machinery was set going, and in a few weeks a letter was sent to her saying, "we have found ———; he is saving up to go abroad. Apply for a warrant at once to cover all arrears owing, and have it sent to the Police Superintendent at S——— at once, and I will go with warrant officer and see the right man is taken." The warrant was sent, and it showed that about two-and-a-half years' money was due, amounting to about twenty-five pounds.

When we appeared on the scene and explained our business, the man said "Oh, yes! May I go upstairs and get it?" "Yes," was the reply "if you will take me with you." Baffled and foiled, he quickly produced some Bank of England notes, and by a little help from a friend he paid our warrant out, and we went away with the money rejoicing.

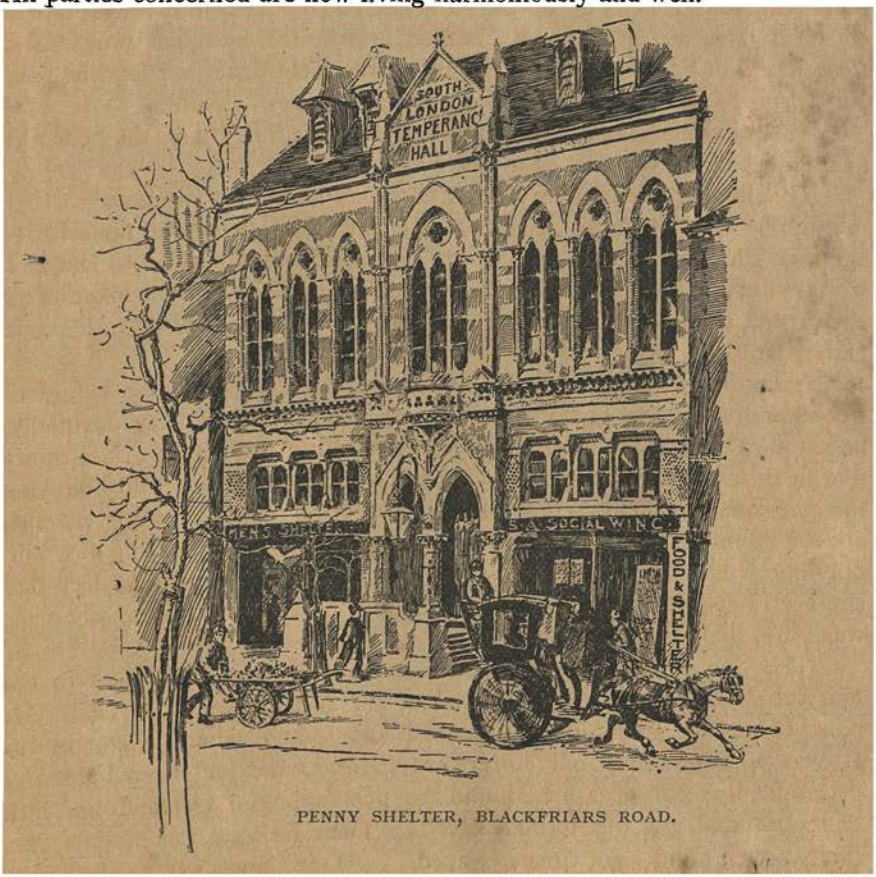
You may more readily imagine than describe the joy of the poor girl as the glad news was flashed to her by telegraph.

This is only one of many cases of this kind which we have carried through successfully, after utter failure of the other official and non-officia agencies which have been employed. So notorious has this original and world-wide reaching department become, that it is frequently spoken of as a "terror" to these seducers and evil-doers. Just one more—of a different pattern still.

Away in a little village of the Eastern Counties a young man had wooed and won a girl under promise of marriage. He loved her devotedly, he says. One tries to believe it; but it is a little hard, when one knows that he deserted her and ran away from the village when she told him what the consequences of his selfish passion had been. However, his parents, always opposed to the marriage, tacitly urged on this step. The girl, with only one wild wish left on earth—to hide herself so far and so deep that she need never see anyone on earth again whom she had known when she was pure, fled also.

The young man came to London, and sitting once and again in our Marylebone barracks, was convicted of sin and converted to God. He poured out his story to the captain, and asked what he should do. It was a long search our officer had to find what had been hidden so determinedly; but at last he found the poor wronged girl and her little daughter, and got the former saved. Then he saw the parents, won them over, and got *them* saved, ("One find often leads to

several conversions," says the Head of the Inquiry Department, tersely.) when a new complication arose. When this young fellow left home, he enlisted. Shortly after, seeing a warrant-officer approach the barracks where he was, he conceived the idea that the man had come for *him*. His conscience was heavily burdened and he had no very clear idea as to the distinction between sin and crime. If the law could inflict on him a punishment proportionate to what he felt he deserved, it would be a heavy one indeed. So he deserted to escape from that officer. He had also enlisted under a feigned name. These things troubled his conscience, and it was part of our detective officer's duty to induce him to give himself up to the penalty he had incurred. Strictly speaking, this would have involved two years' imprisonment ; but our officer's intercession and explanation of the circumstances availed to get it minimized to seven days. All parties concerned are now living harmoniously and well.



PENNY SHELTER, BLACKFRIARS ROAD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ADVICE BUREAU.

THIS institution, though hampered and hindered in a hundred ways, has over and over again justified its existence. It is inextricably interwoven with the Detective Bureau, of the Help and Inquiry Department, of the Rescue Homes, and it is the right hand of the Criminal Investigation Department, Mare Street, Hackney. Unforeseen legal complications block the way of the efficient working-out of the General's scheme of a "Poor Man's Lawyer." No profession seems to exert a more jealous monopoly in this country than the legal. But the good sense and right feeling of the English people themselves must eventually provide some plan which shall furnish legal counsel for the poor. A pauper is not expected, because he is such, to grapple with the mysteries of his own flesh and blood and digestion when he has the rheumatism. The man who does not pay rates is as much entitled to police protection as the man who does. But the poor man about to be caught in the meshes of our complicated Code of Common Law, must puzzle his way out as best he can, even if he does land in prison at the end of its labyrinth!

At least, so say the legal lights, in face of Mr. Justice Field's view, who are afraid of our getting up some kind of a system for sweating solicitors. He has said:—

"For a man to assist another man who is under a criminal charge was a highly laudable and praiseworthy act. If a man is without friends and an Englishman came forward legitimately and for the purpose of honestly assisting him with means to put before the Court his case, that was a highly laudable and praiseworthy act, and he should be the last man in the country to complain of any man for so doing."

But happily, no power exists which can prevent one sensible and experienced Englishman from giving his views on any matter whatsoever to his neighbour; and since the views of the officers composing our Advice Bureau are, that it is always best to keep out of litigation, when one can conscientiously, we have contrived in this last year to avert a considerable amount of trouble and suffering from people who would else have plunged into it, and to relieve many a burdened spirit.

Take, for instance, the case of the poor girl who wrote to Colonel Barker out of a perfect agony of spirit. Away back, almost in her own childhood, an older man had tempted her to sin. No one except two of her own relatives had known about it, and she had lived ever since a virtuous, modest life, had won the esteem of her circle, and held a responsible position as head-mistress in a school. A certain man who pretended to love her had somehow possessed himself of the facts of this early wrong-doing, and threatened her with exposure and prosecution for what he convinced her was a technical crime in connection with the affair unless she consented to marry him. She shrank from this with horror, but her own living and her aged mother's were, she believed, in his hands. So she wrote. "Could he do anything? *Could* he get her imprisoned and punished, as he said?" Our officer was able to tell her that she might dismiss fear from her mind and treat his threats with the scorn they merited. Undoubtedly we saved her from being forced into a marriage which would have ruined her whole life.

Again! It was a ghastly spectre of a man who sought our aid. He was at the last gasp, had been unfortunate in business, and mortgaged two houses—which were his only remaining property—to a solicitor. His wife lay ill on a pallet of straw; both were suffering actual hunger. Under this pressure he wrote an extremely libellous post-card to the solicitor in question. The solicitor very naturally took criminal proceedings against him for libel, not having to pay any costs for advising himself! The poor fellow came to us remorseful, and asked what he should do. We advised him to plead guilty and apologise. He did, and was merely bound over. We then advised him generally upon his affairs.

But for our Bureau he would undoubtedly have continued in his obstinate course, and received six months' imprisonment, resulting in total destitution and the death of his wife.

A great many people come to us with quarrels and supposed grievances, to whom we are able to give very valuable advice quite apart from the purely legal grounds, and thus we are able to prevent much useless litigation "and often obtain without going to law" what is desired and what would probably never be obtained at all.

Our Bureau has been consulted in some 200 or 300 cases, many of them being cases of persons who imagine they have large sums of money lying unclaimed in the custody of the Court of Chancery. These claims are usually either without foundation or barred by the Statute of Limitations. The claimants in most cases have been brought into difficulties by the machinations of the numerous next-of-kin agencies with all their misleading machinery.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIGHTS IN "DARKEST ENGLAND."

THE Match Factory and the Bakery which are under the control of the Salvation Army do not form an integral part of the City Colony, but stand on a somewhat separate basis. They were called into being through knowledge gained in our various forms of relief work of unrighteous and alterable conditions of labour which brought people, through the wantonness or selfishness of employers, to poverty and disease, to starvation of body and to starvation of soul. Experience gained in our miniature Bookbinding Factory, where, as stated on page 263 of "In Darkest England," the General had proved it possible, while paying prices decidedly above the average paid by the trade, to make a fair annual profit, helped to convince him that the same could be done in very many other trades.

Beside, our theory of social economics is a very simple one. It *must* be possible to deal fairly and justly and kindly by others and yet subsist. The world is ruled by a God and not by a fiend!

For years our Slum officers had found

that the most miserable of all workpeople who could possibly come under the head of skilled labourers were the match-box makers. People had pitied and newspapers had agitated; ladies who could never think of so much as striking a match with their own delicate fingers, knew that wretches existed who made match-boxes at "twopence farthing a gross and your own paste." As one of our own writers has said:—

"Unlimited pity, torrents of indignation, wearisome details as to paste and string and firing, and farthings and hours of labour, and wretched homes and terrible diseases—all these have been put forward for years past. We will not deny that some improvements have been made, but it is nevertheless a fact that till the Social Wing entered the market the evils complained of remained substantially what they always had been."

Looking deeper into the conditions of the life of the match-makers themselves, we found that they had much to complain of, their pay is not so bad, although one of the great strikes which has materially bettered their position rose out of an attempt on the part of the great match-making firm, which coins the lives and the health and the soul-sanity of their workpeople, to reduce their pay to an extent which would mean sixpence or eightpence less on a day's wage. But, for the most part, the matchmakers do not complain so much of the scanty pay as of unhealthy conditions of labour—of rooms constantly full of poisonous smoke, and of harsh, hard treatment.

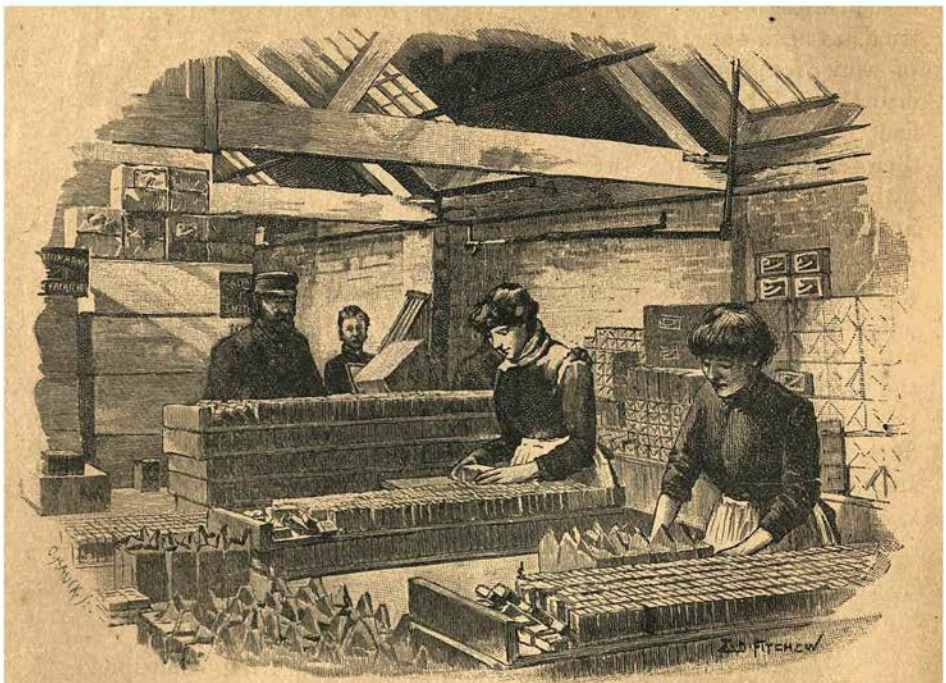
"It's something not to be sworn at," say, contentedly, the girls who flock in at our Factory gates over there in Bow.

Workers in firms where phosphorus paste is used suffer from necrosis, or "matchmakers' leprosy." We are able to produce the best kind of matches without the use of a single poisonous or deleterious ingredient. Among the sixty women and girls employed in our Match Factory proper, is a poor woman who has already lost part of the bone of her face through a first attack. No employer would take her now, lest she should frighten others away. Besides, a second attack always proves fatal. She came to the Factory door with a half-starved baby in her arms, begging—almost with tears—for employment, and is happily at work now, resting on the knowledge that she is secure from further phosphorus poisoning.

"Well, Gertie, how are you getting on?" said our manager to an employee one morning. (Mr. Nunn has been for twenty-five years in the match business, and has a wide previous acquaintance among his workers.)

"Oh, sir," was her answer, "I can come to work with a light heart, now I have not the dread I had before?"

Our Bow Factory is spacious, well ventilated, and as safe as possible. Not only is provision made against poison, but against fire. This is most likely to occur in the "fanning rooms," long, narrow, cell-like places opening off the main workshops, where the matches are dried in shelved ovens, rising in tiers along both sides of the room. If a fire breaks out in a fanning room which has but one door, whoever may be at its other end is tolerably certain to be burnt. In our Factory a second door leads out on an iron balcony, provided with an escape.



PACKING MATCHES.

With the present number of hands, we turn out a thousand gross per week, making fair profit, as our balance sheet shows. Of course, the contention of match manufacturers has been that they "could not afford" to pay their box-hands higher wages to deal with them direct But our sixty outside box-workers are paid nearly double the ordinary rates. For instance, an outside hand, working at ordinary speed for average rates, would turn out forty-five gross per week, for which she would receive 9s. 4½d. At our Match Factory she earns, by the same work, 15s. We have only about six indoor box-hands and ten "pre-

Cutting strips of wood into matches.

parers." This work is so very largely done by married women who *must* work at home and keep an eye on the baby! One such is a woman whose husband has been out of work for five months. They had pawned all their furniture, bit by bit. Both work at the boxes at home. Another has a sick husband and seven children to support. If all these turn to and help her, she can make ten or eleven gross per day, which, at our rate of pay, keeps the family comfortably.

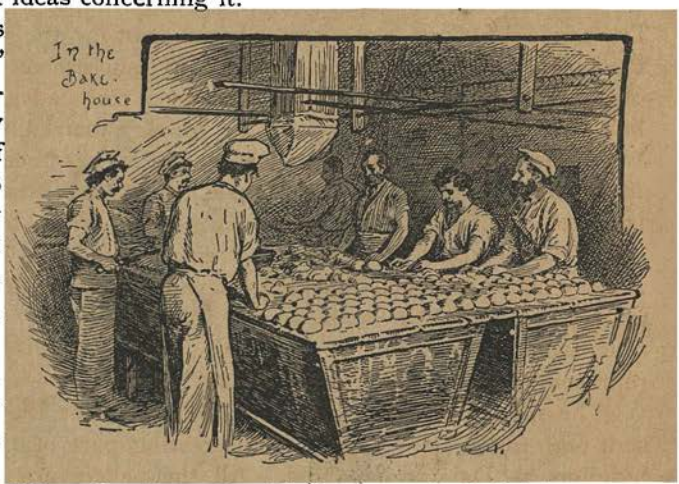
There is a great *esprit de corps* among our men and women here, and a thorough appreciation of the motives which prompted the opening of the place. One poor woman, whose husband worked at the docks when he could get anything, had been used to toil on Sunday as well as week-day. The first Sunday after she got work from us, it occurred to her that she made more money in six days now than she used to do in seven, and might take a rest-day, but it was a great temptation to "get a little forward with the rent," so she sat down to her bits of pasteboard. To use her own language, "When I saw the labels I felt condemned. I remembered this was God's work, and I thought perhaps He would not prosper the Scheme if I used it for a wrong purpose."

Dipping Matches.

This part of the Scheme *is* prospering. Some £2,000 were spent in altering and fitting the factory, but, although only opened last May, it has brought in a fair profit as our balance sheets will show. Scores of women besiege its gates daily

asking for work. We have room to accommodate 150, and could, with full complement of workers, turn out two thousand gross per week. But our market must be wider before we dare extend. *Will* our readers help us in so simple a way as by decreeing that none but "'Darkest England' lights" shall be used in their homes?

We hope this Match Works will open up for us a road to the *heart* of that red-feathered, shaggy-fringed kind of girl who has proved such a problem to deaconesses and Girls' Friendly visitors and, for that matter, to our own women-officers. Our match-girls are blunt and outspoken, and have small respect for class or title, but they appreciate practical religion to the full when it is set before them, and they have very positive and decidedly orthodox ideas concerning it.



"They say it's to improve us," quoth one, confidentially, to an Army officer, speaking of a certain girls' club founded on a purely secular basis, "but the ladies have dances for us on Sundays!"

"And would you not dance on Sunday?" asked the officer, curiously.

"I? Oh, yes, if I've the chance! All the same, I think it's a queer way to do us good," was the delightfully frank answer.

A half-hour's noon-day meeting is held in the lunch-room three times a week. This is by no means an easy service to take. One needs to be very free from vanity or selfishness, to face a congregation which has not the slightest hesitation in explaining to a prosy or "preachy" leader, that she would better expend her energies elsewhere; or which—much more cutting still!—may rise in a body and rush noisily downstairs. For, of course, this meeting is held in our workpeople's own time, and no slightest compulsion is put upon them to attend it. But, certainly, Army influence is telling on our roughest employees here. An oath is never heard among them, and Army hymns take the place of what they style "flash songs."

"What's come to Emily?" queried the workmates of one of the rudest and loudest of our girls, who left us and returned to a former place of

work. "She never swears now, and she doesn't sing her old songs, she's so quiet!"

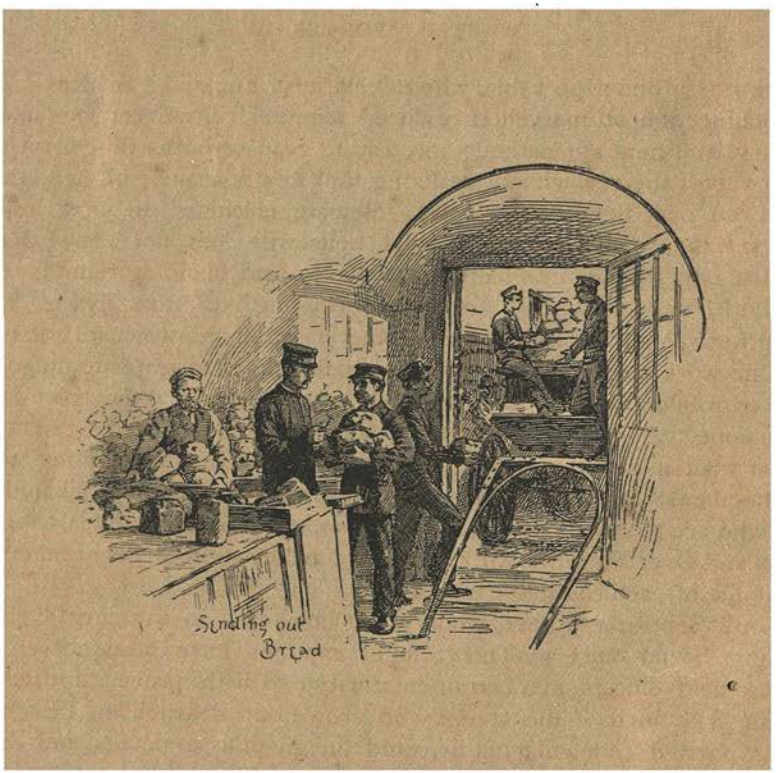
The Bakery is on the same foundation as the Match Works; that is, it employs people either disconnected with our Social Scheme, or else those whom our machinery has already hoisted out of the mud, and put on a substantial foundation so far as finance goes. The Bakery has not thus far proved as satisfactory as the Match Factory, that is, from a financial point of view. So far as its office as part of the machinery of our Food Depôts goes, it has been a thorough success, and has enabled us to provide nutritious and palatable breads with much saving of time and friction. But regarded as a business speculation, its first year has not been so resultful as might fairly have been anticipated. The original fittings were really insufficient for the work which it was attempted to do with them, and many successive unforeseen changes of administration have naturally not been to its advantage. However, it has already justified its existence by proving that killing hours and stifling workrooms, and demoralizing systems of fee are *not* "necessities of the trade." Moreover, the reputation of our bread, etc., is fairly established, and business is constantly increasing. New ovens have just been put in, and we confidently expect to double our custom shortly. As it is, the Army Bakery employs seven bakers and seven carmen, with a foreman and office manager. An extra man comes in on Friday. Between sixty and seventy sacks of flour are mixed into bread each week, and each sack represents ninety quarterns of bread.

The men who have been mixed over in the Elevators, however, and sent here to rise, are the most interesting part of the great flour-dusty building at Dalston Junction. All the bakers are Salvationists, as are six out of the seven carmen, and several have been lifted out of slumdom by the great Social Wheel in which the Bakery is a spoke.

One old man here, who declares that he began to go down the road between decency and scoundrelism at sixteen, was saved in our St. Albans Hall, seven years ago. When he stopped drinking and swearing he was a problem to his old mates. *Could* he swear now? They essayed to discover by tying his arms and legs together with a rope, hauling him up over a beam and letting him down with a bump of his head on the floor. The test was successful on one side, but not satisfactory on the other. He didn't swear. The police were glad. One gave him a shilling as a sort of thank offering.

Another most interesting attaché of the Bakery is the son of parents who occupy an honourable place in society. Indeed, his father is a public officer. But in spite of their best endeavours, their son

was a scapegrace from the time he was nine, when he began *his* public career by stealing his mother's gold watch! Reformatories and prisons did him no good. He went from bad to worse, till, penniless and homeless, he stood in that muddy street at the back of Head-quarters, where men at the last gasp turn to us and beg for work! He was sent to Factory and Lighthouse, worked his way up, and to-day is in a responsible position at the Bakery, trusted and trustworthy.



CHAPTER XV.

WANTED, WORKERS!

VIEWED in one aspect this whole "Darkest England" Scheme is a bit of machinery most marvellously fitted together. And yet, no one can have had sufficient sympathetic interest to read so far as this 141st page of our report thereon without realizing that this re-making of men is work which can only be done by hand. Sewing machines do very well for fresh seams in new cloth. But what housewife does not know that for weaving new threads into moth-eaten places, and mending rents in worn-out cloth, and above all, for that "running" of thin places which strengthens them before the holes come, no machine work will answer? Machine work is generally the cause of failure in all attempts to do good to great crowds of *un*done people. Undoubtedly, it will be the great danger of this one. At least it is a danger foreseen and guarded against with utmost wisdom and care. And the General and his Cabinet feel to the full the almost terrible importance of rightly selecting and training the men who are to carry out in Food Depôt, and Shelter and Factory, on Farm and Over Sea, the work which we believe will largely remould the social life of each country it touches.

Until September, 1891, there was, however, no systematic plan of training Social officers. Our Shelter captains have been chosen from among field officers of a certain maturity and with proved aptitude for dealing with men of the stamp who crowd our dosshouses. Each had such "hurried" cramming as he could be given as to details and routine—the warp of his work—and was then turned loose to learn how to fill in the woof as daily need might teach him. The result has, in some instances, been wonderful. The present overseer of the whole Food and Shelter work, for instance, took up his study of a new phase of humanity, as a scientist might take up the fauna of a totally unexplored country. He worked for his men, he prayed for his men, he hoped for his men; but he did more, he studied his men. He would spend hours chatting beside his bunk

with a villainously malodorous tramp. He used to turn doorkeeper, night after night, essaying to judge his tenants, and verifying or contradicting his first impressions afterward by laborious investigation. He still spends whole nights in and out of every low "ken" and "dosshouse" he can find, inspecting his raw material. He has studied their *argot* as carefully as another man has Romany. He is now responsible for the training of our Social officers, and he aims to teach his cadets as he taught himself.

At present, twenty-one men are in training in the Social Wing Training Garrison, at 272, Whitechapel Road. They have their own dormitory, etc., but assist in the Men's Shelter, and do the work of the Food Depôt as part of their training.

Each has a fortnight's special training in each branch of the work. For instance, the man who is now learning to make soup after our special recipes will have a chance to study the fine art of serving it out behind the counter in his next fortnight's go "on the door," to act as orderly in the Night Shelter thereafter, and so on till he knows how to pull all the multitudinous ropes of a big "composite" building like that at Leeds or Bristol. He must know how to scrub the dormitories, how to manage the steam boiler, how to cook and season and serve, as well as how to win the confidence of his men, discern those worth helping, and, above all, find *some* worthy thing in those whom other agencies and agents would reckon totally *unworthy*. It is hard, wearing, wearying work. It begins at 6.30 a.m., and it rarely ends at 10 p.m.

Lectures are given each week on the duties of a Social officer, and the Shelter meetings each night afford cadets exercise in directly spiritual work. But, indeed, the keynote of *all* their teaching and training is that the serving of tables is an honorable and exalted calling, and that a Social officer is as responsible for in some way benefiting, uplifting—"blessing" is our all-comprehensive Salvationist term—the man whom he lets in at the door or serves with a basin of soup, as the man he may fix his mind and eye on when he is given a chance to talk in the night's meeting.

"That you can make a good pudding is nothing, if you can't make a good man," said their officer to his Garrison-men in a lecture the other night. "Your business is not merely to ladle out soup. No, not if you, were behind the counter all your days. God expects you, we expect you, to give a look, at least, to each man you serve, which will make him feel he can count on you for a friend if he needed one—which he most likely *does!*"

It was a wonderful meeting that—the sending out to Green Street and to Bristol Shelters of men who were to work, some of them in most lowly

positions. There were seventeen in all, and, with one or two exceptions, all were men who had been lifted through Shelter and Elevator to a position where they could help themselves; later, to a position where they could help others. Some were mere boys, rescued before their lives had been spoiled or even their smooth, bright faces marred by sin. Some bore marks of wrong-doing which they will carry to the grave.

"I came here socially afflicted," said one foreigner, quaintly. Nobody laughed. Swiss Ted had been indeed "socially afflicted," for his earnings were flung broadcast in his search for the pretty young daughter whom a titled villain wiled away from him and from all goodness! But he seemed to be almost happy that night that saw him commissioned to go and spend his days in helping up other variously "afflicted" ones!

One officer, who is now a captain in the Social Work, came to us almost in rags—through misfortune, not through fault. Indeed, he was a faithful soldier of a certain London corps. He has worked up to his present post through every grade, from that of a scrubber at Limehouse. Such a man will know how to sympathise and lift up others.

Some of the twenty-one cadets who are with us at present, however, are men of quite a different stamp, and will require special training. One has been a prosperous engineer, earning high wages, belonging to another denomination of Christians originally, but longing irresistibly to help in our Social Work.

Another is giving up a good restaurant business to come and serve ha'penny and penny meals over our counters. To him has been said: "Come a month on trial."

Our Training Officer considers that his most important work is done on the nights when he takes his cadets in turn and explores with them the mysteries of London-under-the-Surface, and points out to them the habitats and modes of life and objects of consideration, of the men whose temptations and environments and thought-atmospheres they must understand, if they are ever to alter. "Give my love to the Colonists," said with his last gasping breaths, Staff-captain Broughton, our Farm Superintendent, dying while these pages were yet being printed. "Tell them I was true to the end—meet them—in heaven!"

Wanted! more men who can live for these men, and love them to death itself!

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCERNING PROFIT AND LOSS.

WHICH cannot be reckoned on *this* investment in quite the usual way! For instance, over against the loss which might be in the brush-making section of Hanbury Street Factory, due to the fact that we have been teaching people the trade who had none, must be off-set in the reader's mind, if not on our balance-sheet, the advantage to the State of having so many less men to provide for at in-pauper rates, calculated at 4s. 1d. per week, etc., etc. For this Shelter-Factory-Colony apparatus of ours is one neither to be worked nor reckoned as a private trading concern, but as the most universal co-operative society in all the land.

The English public in the widest sense gave us that £103,192 18s. 11d. of which we are rendering the first account. And just here we want to thank every contributor thereto, in the name of the General of the Army, and of the "submerged." It was given promptly and it was given generously—given in the teeth of the bitterest storm of calumny and traduction, which ever broke upon the "good grey head" of the man who has probably been the best loved and most abused man of his generation. Men who knew nothing of him except his book, trusted him. Men who had no single purpose in common with him, gave him thousands. Churches which could ill afford it, put their shoulders to the wheel. Out-of-works scraped a sixpence toward the fund for their brothers. The General asked a sign of his call to undertake this work, as did Gideon with the fleece—a sign "not arbitrary, but necessary"—that the money necessary for its inauguration and maintenance should be showered on his book—and it was.

Of the £110,462 16s. 11d. promised in all, £7,269 18s. 0d. has not yet been received. Of the amount, £25,000 has been set aside for the Over-Sea-Colony, now shortly to be established.

On the City Colony there has been a capital expenditure of some £40,000 upon land, buildings plant, fittings, machinery, horses, vans—in short, for everything required in Depots, Shelters, Metropoles, and Elevators.

Of this amount, the purchase of freehold land and leasehold property has involved an outlay of £27,962. The principal further item of expenditure has been £11,000—the cost of purchasing machinery and plant and the fitting up of various buildings. As a matter of fact, property of the net value of £4,884, although enumerated above, was not purchased out of the "Darkest England" Funds, but was handed over by the Salvation Army as a gift to the Social Wing, and appears, therefore, in the accounts as a donation—a tolerably substantial gift from the Army as a whole to a Fund which the General has always maintained must be supported from without its ranks!

Passing to the Farm Colony, land, buildings, wharf, tramway, implements, live stock, &c., have cost £34,000, and additional liabilities have been incurred to the extent of about £7,500. Our Farm consists of the four estates of Park Farm, Castle Farm, Sayer's Farm, Belton Hill, and Leigh Marsh, having a total acreage of 1,236 acres. The entire purchase money gives an average cost per acre of £16. This we are advised by some of the most eminent agricultural authorities in England to be a very low figure for the land. Among those who have inspected it has been an expert frequently employed professionally by the Board of Agriculture. He saw it after the purchase was completed, and expressed his entire satisfaction that we had obtained it at the price named.

The total capital expenditure sums up roughly to £90,000. In excess of this £90,000, we have, however, incurred liabilities on capital account to the extent of £10,000 in faith of the unpaid promises to the fund, and of gifts yet to come from those who read these pages. Some wiseacres suggested, last winter, that the sharpness of the existing distress was in no wise dulled by means of the "Darkest England" fund. Certainly not! That money was not given to be dribbled out in dinners and doles, but to be spent after a fashion which should enable thousands of men to earn their own dinner and listen to the sound of their own wage clinking in honestly filled pockets. And it has been sacredly so expended.

Now as regards Working Expenses A considerable number of people seem to have somehow got it into their heads that once launched this project would not require anything further to keep it going! This is quite in opposition to the General's express statement. Glance again over his book, pages 246-250. He says, "We have carefully calculated that with one hundred thousand pounds the scheme can be successfully set in motion, and that it can be kept going on an annual income of £30,000. . . . . And our judgment is based, not on any mere imaginings, but upon the actual results of the experiments already made."

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Running down the General's own analysis of the probable profit and loss, we come first to the sections of the City Colony. On this, as a whole, excluding the Women's Social Work, but including the Slum Work, we find an estimated expenditure of £9,000. Food and Shelters are first on the General's list; he expects these to be nearly or quite self-supporting. They have been, in fact, just about self-supporting. For the purpose of this chapter we choose to consider our Bakery an essential part of them, since, but for the Food Depôts, it would probably never have sprung into existence. The total cash receipts (including stock) in all the Food Depôts and Shelters, for food and for shelter amounted to £26,570 17s. 3d., while the cost of food, fuel, labour, officers' salaries, rent, and taxes amounts to £28,140 6s. 0d., leaving a deficiency on the year's working of this section of £1,569 8s. 9d. The number of meals supplied is about two and a half millions, and of homeless "lodgers" received 347,209.

The Slum Work the General did not expect could support itself. It has cost, in the nine months during which it has been officially linked to the Social Branch, £2,807. Toward this the people of the slums themselves have contributed £579.

The workshops and the anti-sweating establishments would, the General considered, certainly "require money to make both ends meet." After the first year's experience, we are satisfied that this must always be so in respect of some of the industries. Others will, on the other hand, earn a profit. It has been so this year. The net result is only a deficiency of £1,140.

This includes the Laundry, Knitting Factory, and Bookbindery, but does *not* include the Match Factory or the Bakery. The Match Factory has made a nice little profit of £475, or at the rate of about £1,250 per year. The Knitting Factory has made £100, and the Bookbindery about £400. But the workshops, as a whole, have cost more than they have produced by the sale of their manufactures. Small wonder! We are dealing, remember, each day with submerged humanity—with human nature that needs to have its soul waked and set in the midst of it. Everything must be subordinated to training the untrained. The section where the loss shows largest is the carpentering section, from which every man with any skill whatever has this year been drafted off to the farm to hurry on its building operations.

The Prison Gate and the Criminal Investigation operations are prophesied as "requiring continual help." It has had this to the extent of £800. The occupants of the "Bridge," cramped for room and crippled for industries as they are, have yet earned £400 by their own labour—more than enough for the actual cost of feeding them.

The general management of the men throughout the City Colony, exclusive of the oversight from Headquarters, has cost £2,693, including the salaries of the staff necessary for the supervision of the tens of thousands of men who have come under the influence of our operations. This item is not likely to decrease. We must have more oversight, dealing, and personal contact, if we are to mould these men as we wish to do. Nor will the travelling diminish as we spread out beyond Bradford and Leeds.

The cost of the central oversight from Headquarters is £3,320, and includes salaries, printing and stationery, forms, books, etc. No one can say that these, the men who have had the responsibility of forty-three institutions and their inmates, managing, controlling and dovetailing all, have easy lives of it at an average of 30s. a week!

The Labour Bureau has no settled income. It has handled its 17,142 applications at a cost of only £335.

Coming, in conclusion to the Farm Colony, we consider that we discover a very encouraging fact. It was a bad time of year when we took possession, and the crops already in the ground were not what we should have put in. We had all the disadvantages of a rough beginning, and yet the farm has supported the men employed upon its acres, and only shows, with 210 men at present resident on it, a loss of £116, on the six months' outlay. This rough account of the "Hundred Thousand" is given here especially for the people who have neither time nor inclination to wade through balance sheets!

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT IS TO BE?

FOR answer we turn first to the year that is past. It has been a year of foundation-digging in more senses than one. But we hold that it has written upon the corner stone of this great movement the word "SUCCESS." Even had it been otherwise, we should have felt compelled to toil still on our own lines, since among all our critics, has risen not one prophet to point us to a better way of aiding the men and women who during the past twelve months have put themselves into our hands and asked us to help them up to where they could help themselves!

If our future *only* "copied fair our past," we claim we have justified all our promises. Further, we have done this with *less* monetary aid than the General specified as necessary. Instead of £30,000 for the running expenses of this first year, while we are still feeling our way in many respects, just finding a market for our goods, just learning what productions of our workpeople are of value, only beginning to train the officers on whose experience the economy of our management must largely depend, we have had only about £17,000; but for the second year we shall want at least the £30,000.

What prospects lie folded for us in the New Year? They shrink or expand very largely at the will of our friends and observers.

The Scheme must go on! The Salvation Army can and will furnish the people and the plans. We can meet all the capital expenditure of brain and muscle power necessary for its working out, and trust in God for its running outlay in the line of patience, energy, and resourcefulness. But the money must come from those outside our ranks. Are we to have it? That depends largely upon the readers of this Report!

In the buildings under the control of the Social Wing, we can house and harbour 4,580 human beings at one time. They are *always* full—Shelters, Métropoles, Prisoners' Home, Farm-Dormitories and Rescue Homes. Nay, more! There have been, every day throughout this year,

men and women seeking eagerly for a corner to be vacated into which they might slip. Is the public, which set in motion the machinery on which those miserable waiting thousands feel their last chance is staked, going to let it stop or slacken? We cannot believe it.

The Scheme *must go on!* Taking six months—the longest time we reckon on keeping a Rescue girl, an ex-prisoner, or Farm colonist in their widely different spheres of training—for the limit of residence, we have been in a position during 1891 to offer 9,160 persons the fairest possible opportunity of redeeming sinful or imprudent or unfortunate pasts and of building a new career. Next year must, at least, see this doubled! And yet next year will still be a year of experiment, albeit a year of much greater certainty than was the one which lies behind us. Don't delay helping us! Don't wait till you see what we are going to do next! What we do next, will depend very largely upon what we have to do *with*, and that depends upon

YOU!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOOK IN BRIEF.

THOSE readers who have followed our Review line by line, up to this can skip the next few pages. They need not travel again over the ups and downs of our twelve months' journey toward our goal—the obliteration of poverty of the sort that bites and stings and makes people worse instead of better. They had better go on shore and join the ship again at the point where she skirts the coasts of the Kingdom of the Unperformed. Let us look first at the "Homeless and Starving," treated of in Chapter II. What have we done for them?

The primary object of our Food Depôts is, as we have said, to aid a class who are not homeless, but who are starving themselves in order that they may not be. We have during the year supplied 1,817,188 cheap meals to people who were largely of that class. Of these, 210,000 were furnished free, being paid for by a special Distress Fund raised for the purpose during last winter's period of special distress, when our machinery and facilities for recognising and investigating cases of real distress or need made it possible for us to meet the crisis with greater rapidity and wider scope of action than any other society.

We have also furnished a very large amount of food for consumption in our clients' own homes. Of these sales we have no separate record, but this branch of our cheap food work is most important. The cost of fuel is a great obstacle to the preparation of nourishing food among the very poor. Bread is bought ready cooked. It takes just a flash of fire to boil up the kettle, so bread and tea comprises their food-stuff.

"Please, she won't eat it," said a child to the Depôt officer who was recommending her to get soup instead of tea for the baby in her arms. "An' she don't like cocoa, an' she won't take milk—only just tea."

"It's been bread an' tea, bread an' tea—a bit of bread and a cup of tea—year in an' year out, and a bit of meat for the children." So a dying woman summed up her sixty odd years of living to us once.

As to the homeless people, Westminster, Whitechapel, Limehouse, and Clerkenwell Shelters, have provided 208,019 beds. The first two make a charge of fourpence, which includes supper and breakfast. The last two furnish a clean and comfortable shakedown for twopence, providing supper and breakfast at one penny each. There has also now been provided superior lodging-houses in Southwark Street and Stanhope Street, Drury Lane, for men who desire better accommodation.

Our two new Shelters at Marylebone and Blackfriars will together hold 1,200 men at a charge of one penny a night, and labour yards are attached where a man can work out his night's shelter if he has not a copper. We expect these Shelters will prove what the casual wards are supposed by many people to be—refuges for men who are willing to work but search for work unavailingly. Only, we compel a man to do but so much labour as is really a fair price for his lodging, and the earlier he is off in the morning hunting for a job the better our officers are pleased. In Leeds, Bradford, and Bristol we have opened combination buildings, comprising Food Depôt, Shelter, and Workshops. Bristol was only opened Dec. 14, Leeds and Bradford between Aug. 28th and Nov. 27th supplied 16,771 beds, and 97,464 meals. The total number of meals furnished in all our Food Depôts and Shelter institutions during the year was 2,292,950.

Passing to the Labour Bureau and the Factories during the year we have opened the Lighthouse, a Special Home for the men who have been received into the Factories. The Lighthouse officers conduct their moral and social education, while the factory overseers look after their industrial training, and their food and sleeping accommodations are carefully graded with their advance.

Of *expansion* there has been a great deal during the year. A very large building in Old Street has been occupied as a factory since November, 1890, while the Salvage Wharf, taken possession of September 25th, 1891, ranks as Elevator III. and will, during the next year, employ and house a great number of men. The 322 men at present in our workshop are employed as follows:—Wood chopping, 121; carpentry, 45; assistant carpenters, 22; painting, 20; clerical work, stores, etc., 12; brushmaking, 30; on horses and conveyances, 12, engineers' department, 12; mattress-making, 16; basket-making, 2; in kitchen, 3; on general work, 27.

The Women's Social Work has advanced in the line of furnishing work for girls and women. There are now fourteen Rescue Homes. A Knitting Factory and a Laundry have been opened, and the Bookbinding Factory has been removed to larger premises. Cardiff has a new superior lodging-house for women, modelled after our popular Ark, and premises are being put into shape for a like one, with Creche attached, opposite the

Hanbury Street Shelter. A Training Home for obstetrical nurses has been opened in connection with the Maternity Home, and bids fair to be a great boon to many poor women who cannot afford to purchase skilled attention in their hour of trial. A new Rescue Home is shortly to be inaugurated which will be maintained by thank-offerings from girls who have passed through the Rescue Homes, and are now earning honest livelihoods.

Slum workers and slum posts have had their numbers much increased.

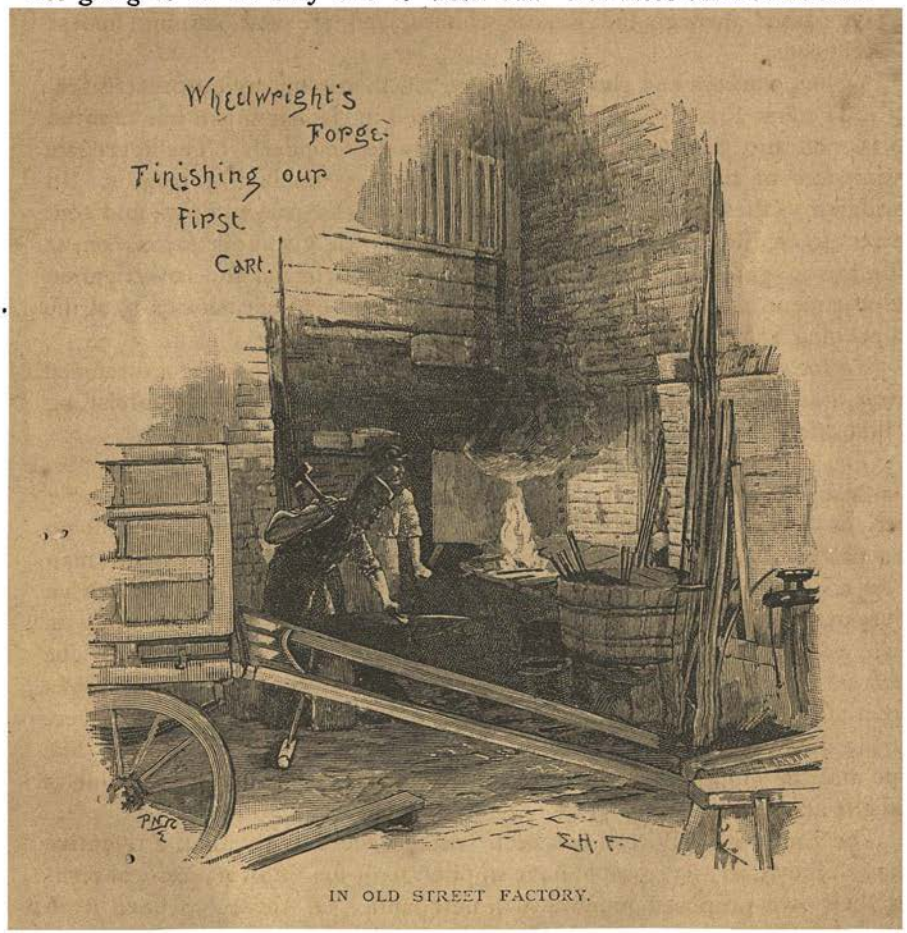
The first Prison Gate Home was opened in January. It has received 211 men and boys, 20 of whom were under eighteen. The aggregate sentences of those received sum up to 216 years and 3 months. In addition to these, 79 men have been met at the prison doors and sent direct to an Elevator. The number spoken with, given our cards, &c., at the prison gates is really uncountable. The Criminal and Investigation Department has dealt with 165 cases, 27 are still on their books; 79 of the remaining 138 have been aided.

In the other cases, prisoners whose friends applied to us for aid refused even assistance. Special care is given to aiding and re-establishing "first offenders."

The Advice Bureau, mentioned in Section 4, Chapter VI., of "In Darkest England," has given much help and solace in a quiet way. Serious legal difficulties bar our way here in certain directions, but no law has ever yet been framed which could prevent a good and wise man from counselling his shorter-sighted brother in a strait. But the Advice Bureau, like the Help and Inquiry, would block its own way if it kept its own counsel less cautiously. Besides, good advice simply cannot be reckoned up in Arabic numerals! The same may be said of the slight direct aid given in the shape of food or money to various cases who were for the time being out of reach of our organised modes of relief. The time and the mode of administration have brought the monetary value of the gift above par.

The Emigration Bureau has been scarcely more as yet than a tentative thing. However, 837 people have applied to it for information concerning their own proposed removal to a new land. Of these 98 have been secured assisted passages and sent abroad. These emigrants should not be confounded with our own proposed colonists. These 98 have gone on their own account, to settle in places of their own choice, and will be entirely independent of the Army, although we have, in nearly every case, given letters of introduction to our officers abroad, which will ensure their bearers a welcome, with sympathy and aid in any trouble or difficulty which may come upon them.

The largest and unquestionably the most important enterprise undertaken, however, nas been the selecting and founding of the first Farm Colony. The results have more than satisfied us of the wisdom of the selection of land and of the perfect facility of the Colony Scheme. It is not going to be an easy one to work out. But these six months have



IN OLD STREET FACTORY.

proved that it is practicable. At present 210 men are on the Colony. Certainly 500 could be employed to advantage at once. The accommodation is not yet sufficient for more. We are erecting additional buildings.

But we must pass rapidly to those points just outside the main Scheme propounded by the General last year which we have *not* as yet been able to work out.

(1.) The Poor Man's Bank. This, it will be remembered, was to furnish loans to poor men of known good character who were in temporary difficulties. This has not been started for the reason that sufficient money was not given or offered for the purpose to enable us to make a start. The dew fell on this bit of the fleece in such small quantities that we assumed that the Bank was not felt to be of such pressing importance as other parts of the Scheme, and could well wait.

(2.) That last statement does *not* apply to the Boys' Home! The crying need of this is forced on us constantly. Juvenile "first offenders" at the "Bridge," boys at our shelters constantly, and worst of all, the sight of boys whom we long to aid and cannot, forces this lack upon us constantly.

We must have at once *(a)* a lodging-house for boys who are earning their own living, where they shall feel free as birds and yet be—unconsciously to themselves—restrained, guarded, moulded; *(b)* an Elevator where we can teach them trades, and *(c)* a country colony of their own to which they can be drafted off. The obstacle to obtaining at least the first of these has been the difficulty of getting a suitable building. Many things must be considered in taking a Social Wing building. Its locality, its price, its construction, its suitability for its specific work, and its immediate neighbourhood, must all be gone into. Then, worst of all, one has to combat the unwillingness of landlords to let any houses whatever for "reformatory" purposes.

(3.) The Preventive Home for Girls runs up against the same stone wall. £1,000 was given specially for its establishment. This sum is still set aside for that purpose, but it is impossible as yet to obtain a suitable house.

(4.) The Inebriates' Home. Again no building! We have had several applications from inebriates. The "Bridge" takes them in temporarily.

The next absolutely necessary link in our chain is, of course, the Over-Sea Colony. The General's tour has afforded him a wonderful opportunity for forming a judgment on its location, and it will doubtless be fixed almost immediately after his return. Leading men of all political parties have discussed the project freely with him, and have almost without exception given it kindly and sympathetic consideration once it was fairly set before them. Especially in New Zealand has it been most cordially received. The Governor and the Premier both are amongst the statesmen who have given it hearty sympathy.

A great deal of misapprehension concerning the Over-Sea Colony existed in the minds of a certain section of Australians. Their objection to have any part of the Australian colonies made a dumping ground for the

criminals and wastrels of England was a natural if not a generous one. No man living would reprehend such a project more strongly than the General. Those who do not understand that have simply not read or not understood his book. On page 147 he writes :—

"COLONISTS FOR THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

"They would be prepared by an education in honesty, truth, and industry, without which we could not have any hope of their succeeding. *While men and women would be received into the City Colony without character, none would be sent over the sea who had not been proved worthy of this trust.*"

At the same time, men whose habits and modes of life we, as Salvationists, regret, are not necessarily of a character which would justify the average man of the world in objecting to their settlement in his country or even in his township. For instance, the man who is reported "submerged through drink," need not necessarily be, or have been, an habitual drunkard. To be found once drunk *at the wrong time* may lose a man situation and character. We may detest his alcoholic propensity. We shall not allow him to drink ever so little liquor and continue to dwell on any spot of ground belonging to our colony. But we do not see the justice or reason of the man who helps to license and maintain a public-house, objecting to our colonist on the ground that drink has once brought him into such financial straits that he voluntarily places himself now under total abstinence rule!

One published account of the first batch of men sent to the Farm Colony, which described them as a "ragamuffinly-looking set," has created great anxiety in the minds of some good people across the sea. Now, "ragamuffin" is simply a person whose clothes are in a dilapidated condition. This was undoubtedly the case with these men. They had been hurriedly selected from the Labour factory for special work, and more hurriedly fitted out from our Old Clothes Depôt, with such garments as they most urgently needed, pending the supply of new garments, which would be issued to them on the Farm and for which they would pay by degrees out of their weekly grants. But we submit that it is hard to brand a man as unsuitable for colonisation purposes because the benevolent gentleman who has supplied him with a cast-off hat happens to wear one two sizes larger than our man; or because, as in another case, he requires boots so large that they are not kept in stock and need to be made to order! As a matter of fact, that batch of men were a decidedly superior set, and mostly tolerably skilled artisans, come down through misfortune or through deeds sinful but not criminal. We go into

this matter somewhat at length, as showing on what slender foundations opponents of our colonisation scheme have built up large erections of conjecture.

Again, a special course of training will be given on the Farm Colony to men who desire to be passed on to the Over-Sea Colony. On page 144 of "In Darkest England," the General says:

"Men and women have simply been shot down into countries without any regard to their possession of ability to earn a livelihood, and have consequently become an incubus upon the energies of the community, and a discredit, expense, and burden. The result is that they gravitate to the towns and compete with the colonial workmen, and thereby drive down wages. We shall avoid that mistake. We need not wonder that Australians and other colonists should object to their countries being converted into a sort of dumping ground on which to deposit men and women totally unsuited to the new circumstances in which they find themselves."

Further still, the "Darkest England" Scheme is not designed solely for the reclamation of the criminal, the regeneration of the vicious, or the re-moulding of idlers and incompetents! See page 207:—

"Because . . . urgency is claimed rightly for those who have no helper, we do not, therefore, forget the needs and the aspirations of the decent working people who are poor indeed, but who keep their feet, who have not fallen, and who help themselves and help each other."

This machinery is not intended exclusively for the hoisting up of those who are already down in the bog. It is so constructed that it can also lay down stepping-stones on which those who stand trembling on the edge may walk across and stand on firm ground. Among such is a huge proportion of our agricultural labourers. These are men who live a life of hard, grinding, deadening toil, never quite starving, but never quite hunger-satisfied, earning by daylight-to-dark-toil an income of from 9s. to 14s. per week, with no prospect of "bettering themselves," and no possibility of dying outside union walls. Your farm labourer *cannot* emigrate himself if he has a family. It is simply an impossibility that he shall even save the few pounds necessary for his half of an "assisted" passage. But once put him down in the right spot, and the man who has learned to feed a family of eight or ten on eleven shillings a week and the product of "twenty lugs" of ground, will know how to dig him up a fortune. We believe there are hundreds of men like this, who would gladly come for preliminary training and testing to our Farm Colony and then settle down over-seas, either on our land or on Government allotments of their own, to be a source of revenue and benefit to their adopted country. Active correspondence and intercourse is going on about this whole over-seas

scheme, and it is quite within the range of possibilities that we shall soon find our emigrants not merely tolerated, but more extensively assisted by Governments than ever before. We should feel quite justified in proposing some such plan as this; we to have for steady, industrious, well-certified married men, such a grant *per capita* as would cover passage-money, a certain number of acres allotted each man, and as much money loaned us as would enable us to build homesteads for them *before* their arrival, the loan to be repayable, after three or four years, by mortgages on the homesteads, *direct from the tenant.*

POSTSCRIPT.

THE "DARKEST ENGLAND" TRUST DEED.

In accordance with the announcement made by General Booth at a public meeting held at Exeter Hall, on the 17th November, 1890, he executed a Trust Deed early in the year, under which he will administer the funds which have been or may be placed at his disposal in connection with the work of the Social Scheme described by "In Darkest England and the Way Out."

The following opinion of eminent counsel upon the provisions of the Deed will be of interest to our subscribers.

A copy of the Trust Deed will be sent free to any person who may desire to obtain it. Application to be made to the Secretary,

101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

OPINION OF COUNSEL.

1.—We are of opinion—

That under the proposed Deed if executed in accordance with the present form of the draft (in the margin of which we have for the purpose of identification written our names) the General for the time being of the Salvation Army will be Trustee of the funds subscribed or received and to be subscribed or received for the "Darkest England" Scheme and of the property for the time being representing the same.

And further—

2. That all funds subscribed or received and to be subscribed or received for the "Darkest England" Scheme and the property from time to time representing the same will be trust property and that all property conveyed in accordance with the provisions of Clause 2 of the Deed will be distinctly ear-marked as forming part of the trust property, but on taking conveyances regard must be had to the statutes regulating conveyances to charitable uses.

And —

3. That the General for the time being of the Salvation Army is precluded from applying any portion of the "Darkest England" fund to the general work of the Salvation Army otherwise than for valuable consideration to be ascertained under Clauses 5 and 6 of the Deed.

And—

4. That the General for the time being of the Salvation Army will as a Trustee for public charitable purposes be amenable to proceedings on the information of the Attorney-General for any breach of the provisions of the Deed; though the discretionary powers reposed in the General for the time being are (as having regard to the basis of the Scheme must necessarily be the case) so wide that it would in our opinion only be in a clear case of departure from the principles of the Scheme or of excess in the execution of the discretionary powers that the Court would interfere.

John Rigby.
Chas. H. Sargant.

Lincoln's Inn, 27th Jan., 1891.

The Deed was duly executed at a Public Meeting in St. James' Hall, London, on the 30th January, 1891.

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THE

"Darkest England" Scheme

STATEMENTS

OF

ACCOUNT.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING

30th NOVEMBER, 1891.

THE "DARKEST ENGLAND" FUND.

CASH STATEMENT.

Dr. **Cr.**

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To DONATIONS as per list (pp. i—lix) ...	103,192 18 11	
Less Cost of the Appeal for Funds...	1,940 15 0	
		101,252 3 11
(An additional sum of £7,269 18s. has been promised)		
„ Net value of Properties and Assets handed over to this Fund by the Salvation Army		4,884 4 9
		£106,136 8 8

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
BY DISTRIBUTION OF FUND:—		
City Colony Fund (page 10)	33,722 6 11	
Farm Colony Fund (page 4)	30,550 0 0	
Over-the-Sea Colony Reserve Fund (page 10)	25,000 0 0	
		89,272 6 11
„ Grant to Farm Colony Working Account (page 3)	1,432 19 2	
„ Grant to City Colony Working Account (page 8)	15,431 2 7	
		16,864 1 9
		£106,136 8 8

THE FARM COLONY.

Dr. WORKING ACCOUNT FOR THE SIX MONTHS ENDED NOVEMBER 30TH, 1891. **Cr.**

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
THE FARM SECTION.			
To STOCK purchased from outgoing tenant at valuation:—			
Live Stock	1,830 10 0		
Hay, Straw, and Tillages	1,058 15 9		
		2,889 5 9	
„ PURCHASES:—			
Live Stock	1,243 14 0		
Grain and Cattle Food...	274 16 11		
Manure	183 18 2		
		1,702 9 1	
„ Horse keep (excluding Home Farm produce consumed)...		494 1 10	
„ Wages*		775 17 7	
„ Railway Carriage, Cartage and Horse hire		363 14 5	
„ Incidentals		60 8 9	
			6,285 17 5
THE MARKET GARDEN SECTION.			
„ Purchases		109 10 0	
„ Wages		150 16 2	
„ Cartage and Horse hire		6 0 4	
			266 6 6
THE DAIRY SECTION.			
„ Live Stock purchased from outgoing tenant at valuation		120 0 0	
„ PURCHASES:—			
Live Stock	97 17 6		
Cattle Food	27 9 8		
		125 7 2	
„ Wages and Sundries		21 16 0	
			267 3 2
Carried forward			6,819 7 1

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
THE FARM SECTION.			
By SALES:—			
Live Stock		384 16 9	
Grain, Hay, and Straw...		397 0 9	
Horse hire charged to Sections ...		604 11 10	
„ STOCK as per Valuation:—			
Live Stock	2,966 0 0		
Crops and Tillages ...	1,825 10 9		
		4,791 10 9	
			6,178 0 1
THE MARKET GARDEN SECTION.			
„ Sales		114 4 11	
„ Stock as per Valuation		250 0 0	
			364 4 11
THE DAIRY SECTION.			
„ Sales		85 16 9	
„ Stock as per Valuation:—			
Milk	4 0 0		
Live Stock	230 0 0		
		234 0 0	
			319 16 9
Carried forward			6,862 1 9

* The item "Wages" includes in every case the cost of the Colonists daily board.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Brought forward		6,819 7 1
THE POULTRY FARM.		
To STOCK purchased from outgoing tenant at valuation	26 6 6	
„ PURCHASES:—		
Poultry and Rabbits ... 90 17 9		
Food 141 11 4		
	232 9 1	
„ Wages and Sundries	30 17 3	
		289 12 10
THE BUTCHERS SHOP.		
To Purchases	65 14 6	
„ Wages	6 18 0	
		72 12 6
		7,181 12 5
To Salaries, Office Expenses, Staff Travelling, Printing and Stationery, Postages and Telegrams, Carriage and Incidentals .	317 5 1	
„ Expenses of Colonists Travelling to Farm, Loss upon Clothing Account, Hire of Tents, and cost of temporary accommodation...	426 10 6	
„ Expenses of Farm Section at the Crystal Palace Anniversary	37 9 0	
„ Depreciation...	242 9 3	
„ Tithes, Rates, Taxes, and Housekeeping Expenses (Staff)	292 12 6	
		1,316 6 4
		£8,497 18 9

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Brought forward		6,862 1 9
THE POULTRY FARM.		
By SALES	38 5 2	
„ STOCK, as per valuation	88 10 0	
		126 1 2
THE BUTCHERS SHOP.		
By SALES		76 2 8
		7,064 19 7
By Grant from the "Darkest England Fund" (page 1)		1,432 19 2
		£8,497 18 9

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1891. **Cr.**

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To FARM COLONY FUND, being the amount from the "Darkest England Fund"		
7 (page 1)		30,550 0 0
„ SUNDRY CREDITORS:—		
Open Accounts	3,418 2 7	
Uncompleted Property purchases ...	4,056 19 2	
		7,475 1 9
		£38,025 1 9

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By FREEHOLD LAND situate at Hadleigh, in Essex, and Buildings thereon, at cost	17,200 7 4	
*Additions during the year	6,826 18 7	
		24,027 5 11
„ FREEHOLD LAND (site of BRICK WORKS) at cost		400 0 0
„ WHARF, AND TRAMWAY Expenditure to date		3,310 18 3
„ FARM IMPLEMENTS, MACHINERY AND PLANT, at cost	1,809 17 1	
Less depreciation	127 5 8	
		1,682 11 5
„ FURNITURE AND FITTINGS at cost ...	1,151 16 2	
Less depreciation	115 3 7	
		1,036 12 7
„ STOCK as valued by Mr. Moore and Sectional Managers:—		
Live Stock	3,382 5 6	
Crops, Tillages and Manure	2,075 10 9	
Milk, Provisions, Clothing and Materials	362 9 10	
		5,820 6 1
„ SUNDRY DEBTORS		1,545 15 11
„ CASH AT THE BANK		201 11 7
		£38,025 1 9

(* These "Additions" embrace the necessary buildings, etc., constructed or in course of construction for the Colonists in training upon the Farm, viz.: Eight Dormitories, Hospital, Barracks, Bathhouse, Officers' Quarters, Reading-room, Blacksmith's Shop, etc.)

We have examined the above statements, with the books, accounts and vouchers relating thereto, and certify the same to be correct. We have also verified the Bank Balance.

KNOX, BURBIDGE, CROPPER & CO., *Chartered Accountants.*

16, Finsbury Circus, E.C.,
December 14th, 1891.

THE CITY COLONY.

Dr. WORKING ACCOUNT FOR THE FOURTEEN MONTHS ENDED NOVEMBER 30TH, 1891. **Cr.**

THE FOOD AND SHELTER SECTION.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
LONDON:—		
To Stock on hand, September 30th, 1890 ...	437 10 6	
„ Purchases, Wages, and Expenses—		
Limehouse	2,738 14 0	
Burne Street	2,024 4 5	
Clerkenwell	1,317 19 8	
Westminster	1,500 2 9	
Whitechapel	3,881 19 11	
The Harbour	1,396 7 10	
The Lighthouse ...	1,418 9 8	
The Ark	1,553 0 4	
Old Street	567 0 2	
The Wharf	143 18 5	
Hanbury St. (Women)	1,443 7 11	
The Bakery	8,104 17 0	
	26,090 2 1	
THE PROVINCES:—		
To Purchases, Wages, and Expenses—		
Leeds	715 4 1	
Bradford	511 4 5	
Bristol	358 3 10	
Cardiff (Women) ...	28 1 1	
	1,612 13 5	
		28,140 6 0

THE INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
MEN'S WORK:—			
To Stock on hand, September 30th, 1890...	466 12 5		
„ Purchases, maintenance of men and their allowances—			
Carpentry	6,604 2 6		
Firewood	2,283 15 7		
Brushes	856 4 1		
Carried forward ...	9,744 2 2	466 12 5	28 140 6 0

THE FOOD AND SHELTER SECTION.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
LONDON:—			
By sale of Tickets—			
Limehouse	2,482 2 7		
Burne Street... ...	1,815 4 0		
Clerkenwell	1,289 18 3		
Westminster... ...	1,134 19 4		
Whitechapel... ...	4,238 9 9		
The Harbour... ...	1,312 12 10		
The Lighthouse ...	1,700 6 4		
The Ark...	1,456 1 5		
Old Street	658 9 5		
The Wharf	90 15 7		
Hanbury St. (Women)	1,234 6 6		
The Bakery	6,879 18 7		
	24,293 4 7		
By Stock on hand, November 30th, 1891 ...	724 12 4		
THE PROVINCES:—			
By Sale of Tickets—			
Leeds	569 17 0		
Bradford	426 6 11		
Bristol	371 11 5		
Cardiff (Women) ...	35 12 3		
	1,403 7 7		
By stock on hand, Nov. 30, 1891	149 12 9		
			26,570 17 3

THE INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
MEN'S WORK:—			
By sales and earnings—			
Carpentry	5,380 4 0		
Firewood	1,370 5 6		
Brushes	696 0 11		
Carried forward ...	7,446 10 5		26,570 17 3

Dr. WORKING ACCOUNT—*continued.* **Cr.**

INDUSTRIAL SECTION—*(Continued).*

MEN'S WORK (*continued*):—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	9,744	2	2	466	12	5	28,140	6	0
To Mats	418	16	3						
„ Boots	154	7	1						
„ Baskets	112	6	2						
„ Upholstery	390	12	11						
„ Engineering	974	6	5						
„ Sandwich Men	383	15	11						
„ Aerated Waters... ...	100	0	10						
				12,278	7	9			

WOMEN'S WORK:—

To Purchases, Manufacturing Wages, and Expenses—									
„ Bookbinding	2,464	15	3						
„ Knitting	449	18	8						
„ Laundry	671	12	8						
				3,586	6	7			
							16,331	6	9

THE MATCH FACTORY.

To Purchases				2,479	8	10			
„ Wages				1,780	10	3			
„ Fuel, Gas, Water, Rents, Rates, and Cartage				553	2	6			
							4,813	1	7
Carried forward							49,284	14	4

INDUSTRIAL SECTION—*(Continued).*

MEN'S WORK (*continued*):—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	7,446	10	5				26,570	17	3
By Mats	298	0	5						
„ Boots	64	7	11						
„ Baskets	59	9	2						
„ Upholstery	382	4	1						
„ Engineering	811	14	2						
„ Sandwich Men	390	11	6						
„ Aerated Waters... ...	84	17	1						
				9,537	14	9			
„ Stock on hand, Nov. 30, 1891				1,632	14	11			

WOMEN'S WORK:—

By Sales and Earnings—									
Bookbinding ...	2,819	5	11						
Knitting	310	4	0						
Laundry	539	13	4						
				3,669	3	3			
Stock on Hand Nov. 30, 1891... ...				351	7	6			
							15,191	0	5

THE MATCH FACTORY.

By Sales				2,638	14	4			
„ Stock on hand, Nov. 30, 1891				2,649	15	8			
							5,288	0	0
Carried forward							47,050	7	8

			£	s.	d.
Brought forward			49,284	14	4
THE RESCUE HOMES.					
To LONDON HOMES—					
Cost of maintenance of six Homes, two Receiving Houses, Training Institution and Staff Quarters, including repairs and alterations, legal charges, rents, medical attendance, "Women's Special Fund," and incidental expenses	6,455	17	8		
„ COUNTRY HOMES—					
Payments on account of Homes at Glasgow, Belfast, Cardiff (2), Middlesboro', and Plymouth ...	522	4	11		
„ CENTRAL RESCUE OFFICE—					
Expenses of training officers, cost of appeals, travelling, postage, salaries, and general expenses ...	1,555	19	8		
„ ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT—					
Travelling, postage, telegrams, salaries, and general expenses ...	293	4	8		
				8,827	6 11
THE PRISON GATE BRIGADE.					
To Housekeeping expenses (less cost of board repaid by prisoners' friends)	243	3	1		
„ Staff salaries	319	9	5		
„ Rents, rates, taxes, fuel, gas, water, repairs, office expenses, traveling and incidentals	511	5	4		
„ Purchases of raw materials for workshop	229	2	5		
				1,303	0 3
Carried forward...				59,415	1 6

			£	s.	d.
Brought forward			47,050	7	8
THE RESCUE HOMES.					
By Donations, subscriptions and collections (pp. lix.-lxvii.)	3,983	11	0		
„ „ for Woolwich Home (page lxviii.)	60	16	5		
„ „ for Cardiff (John Cory, Esq.)	48	15	0		
„ „ for "Women's Special Fund" (page lxviii.)	71	17	7		
„ „ Shelter Fund (page lxviii.)	37	11	10		
„ „ Christmas dinners (page lxviii.)	47	2	8		
„ „ Childrens' breakfasts (page lxviii.)	89	8	8		
„ „ Créche (page lxviii.) ...	57	5	7		
	4,396	8	9		
„ Sales and work done by inmates of the Homes, sale of "Deliverer," fees earned by the Servants' Registry Office, nursing, &c.	1,452	2	10		
" Grant from the Salvation Army Self-Denial Fund	2,310	19	3		
				8,159	10 10
THE PRISON GATE BRIGADE.					
By Donations (page lxix.)	39	12	6		
„ Sales (workshops)	379	10	0		
„ Stock on hand, Nov. 30 1891	63	18	8		
				483	1 2
Carried forward				55,692	19 8

THE CITY COLONY.—*Continued.*

WORKING ACCOUNT—*continued.*

Dr. **Cr.**

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Brought forward		59,415 1 6	Brought forward		55,692 19 8
THE SLUM WORK—			THE SLUM WORK—		
To RENTS, Salaries, Travelling, Gifts of Food and Clothing, Expenses of Opening and Maintaining Provincial Branches, and General Maintenance Expenses		2,807 5 1	By Special Donations (pp. lxix.—lxxii.) ...	896 6 11	
			„ Collections at Slum Meetings, Sale of Literature, and Creche Fees ...	579 1 10	
					1,475 8 9
„ LABOUR BUREAU—Cost of Working...	335 2 6		„ DOSSERS' and Thieves' Dinners and Children's Breakfast Fund		145 8 8
„ EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT—					
Cost of Working (less commissions earned)	95 3 9				
		430 3			
THE SAMARITAN FUND—					
„ DOSSERS' and Thieves' Dinner, including the loss on food distributed during the severe winter at Special Distress Depôt*	170 9 4				
„ Relief distributed in exceptional cases of destitution (less special donations for this object)...	197 2 2	367 11 6			
„ MANAGEMENT—		63,020 4 4			57,313 17 1
Salaries, Travelling, Carriage and Cartage, Incidentals, Central Store, Stable and Warehouse Expenses, Repairs, etc.		2,693 4 1	„ Grant from the "Darkest England" Fund (page 1)		15,431 2 7
			„ Donations—Maintenance Fund ...		1,138 16 11
			„ Dividends and Interest on Investments		1,129 2 1
„ OFFICE EXPENSES—					
Salaries, Printing and Stationery, Postages, Telegrams, Travelling, Repairs, and Legal Charges ...		3,320 2 7			
Carried forward		69,033 11 0	Carried forward		75,012 18 8

* Full particulars of the Special Distress Fund appear in the current published accounts of the Salvation Army.

Dr. WORKING ACCOUNT—*continued.* Cr.

		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Brought forward ...	...	69,033 11 0	Brought forward ...	... 75,012 18 8
To RENTS, Rates, Taxes, Fuel, Gas and Water (offices, warehouses, stables, and officers' quarters)		1,665 0 1		
„ PRELIMINARY EXPENSES incurred in Opening New Shelters in London and the Provinces and the various Factories and Branches of Work enumerated above		2,252 19 11		
„ Expenses of Exhibition at the Salvation Army Anniversary at Crystal Palace	315 0 11			
Less Receipts	132 2 4			
		182 18 7		
„ Depreciation on Furniture and Fittings, Machinery and Plant, Leaseholds, and Loose Tools		1,878 9 1		
		£75,012 18 8		£75,012 18 8

Dr. BALANCE SHEET—NOVEMBER 30TH, 1891. **Cr.**

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.
To the CITY COLONY FUND being the amount from the "Darkest England" Fund (page 1) ...	33,722	6	11
„ SUNDRY CREDITORS	19,357	3	1
„ RESERVE FUND for the OVER-THE-SEA COLONY being the amount from the "Darkest England" Fund (page 1), to be dealt with hereafter ...	25,000	0	0
	£78,079	10	0

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By FREEHOLD AND LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES at cost	27,962	8	4			
Less depreciation on Leaseholds	907	18	0			
				27,054	10	4
„ FURNITURE AND FITTINGS at cost	8,409	7	10			
Less depreciation	586	18	8			
				7,822	9	2
„ STOCK, as valued by Departmental Managers				9,426	6	4
„ MACHINERY AND PLANT at cost ...	2,901	13	7			
Less depreciation	270	7	0			
				2,631	6	7
„ HORSES AND DONKEYS at cost ...	919	13	8			
Less depreciation	61	3	10			
				858	9	10
„ LOOSE TOOLS at cost	224	19	5			
Less depreciation	52	1	7			
				172	17	10
„ SUNDRY DEBTORS				3,831	16	6
„ CASH at the Bank	621	2	4			
„ „ in hand	79	4	1			
„ INVESTMENTS (Colonial Government Stocks)				25,581	7	0
				700	6	5
				£78,079	10	0

We have examined the above statements with the books, accounts and vouchers relating thereto, and certify the same to be correct.
We have also verified the Bank Balances and Investments.

KNOX, BURBIDGE, CROPPER & CO., *Chartered Accountants.*

16, Finsbury Circus, E.C.,
December 14th, 1891.

THE "DARKEST ENGLAND" FUND.

Dr. GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.—NOVEMBER 30TH, 1891. (For details see pages 4 and 10.) **Cr.**

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To CAPITAL FUNDS:—		
City Colony	33,722 6 11	
Farm Colony	30,550 0 0	
Over Sea Colony (Reserve) ...	25,000 0 0	
		89,272 6 11
„ SUNDRY CREDITORS:—		
City Colony...	19,357 3 1	
Farm Colony	7,475 1 9	
		26,832 4 10
		£116,104 11 9

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By FREEHOLD AND LEASEHOLD PROPERTY:—		
City Colony	27,054 10 4	
Farm Colony	27,738 4 2	
		54,792 14 6
„ FURNITURE AND FITTINGS, MACHINERY AND PLANT, LOOSE TOOLS, ETC.:—		
City Colony	11,485 3 5	
Farm Colony	2,719 4 0	
		14,204 7 5
„ STOCK:—		
City Colony...	9,426 6 4	
Farm Colony	5,820 6 1	
		15.246 12 5
„ SUNDRY DEBTORS:—		
City Colony	3,831 16 6	
Farm Colony	1,545 15 11	
		5,377 12 5
„ CASH:—		
City Colony...	700 6 5	
Farm Colony	201 11 7	
		901 18 0
„ INVESTMENTS (Colonial Government Stocks)		25,581 7 0
		£116,104 11 9

have examined the above statements with the books, accounts and vouchers relating thereto, and certify the same to be correct. have also verified the Bank Balances and Investments.

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